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THE TRANSFORMERS™
ALL HAIL MEGATRON
#1
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CVR A

THE TRANSFORMERS™

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

1

Shane McCarthy
Guido Guidi



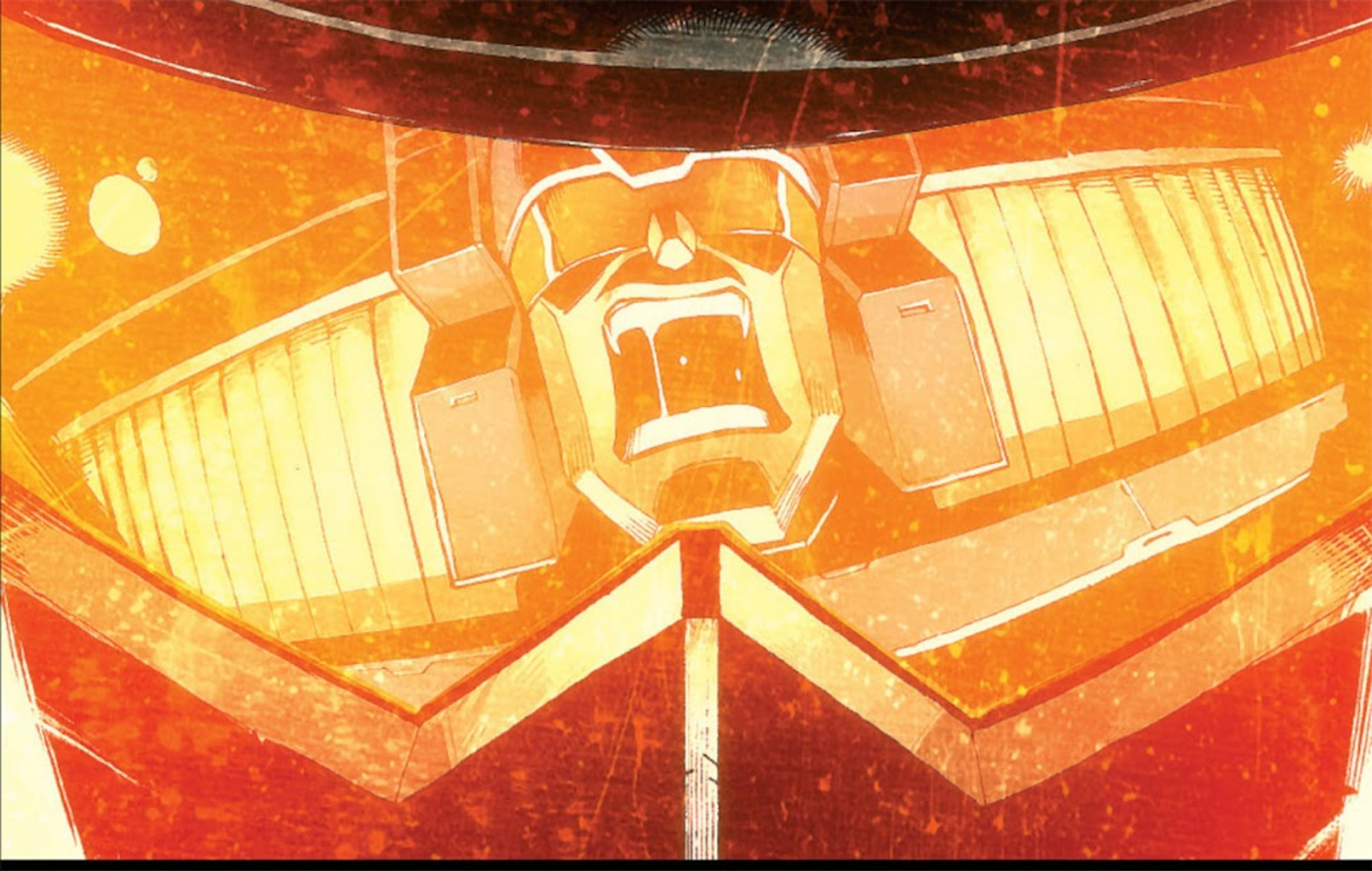
THE TRANSFORMERS™

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

#1
CVR RIA




THE TRANSFORMERS™
REFLECTOR
TAKARA
AMC · DECEPTICON
SMILE
ALL HAIL MEGATRON
SHANE MCCARTHY
GUIDO GUIDI
COLLER AFTER BOLLAND



THE TRANSFORMERS™: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #1

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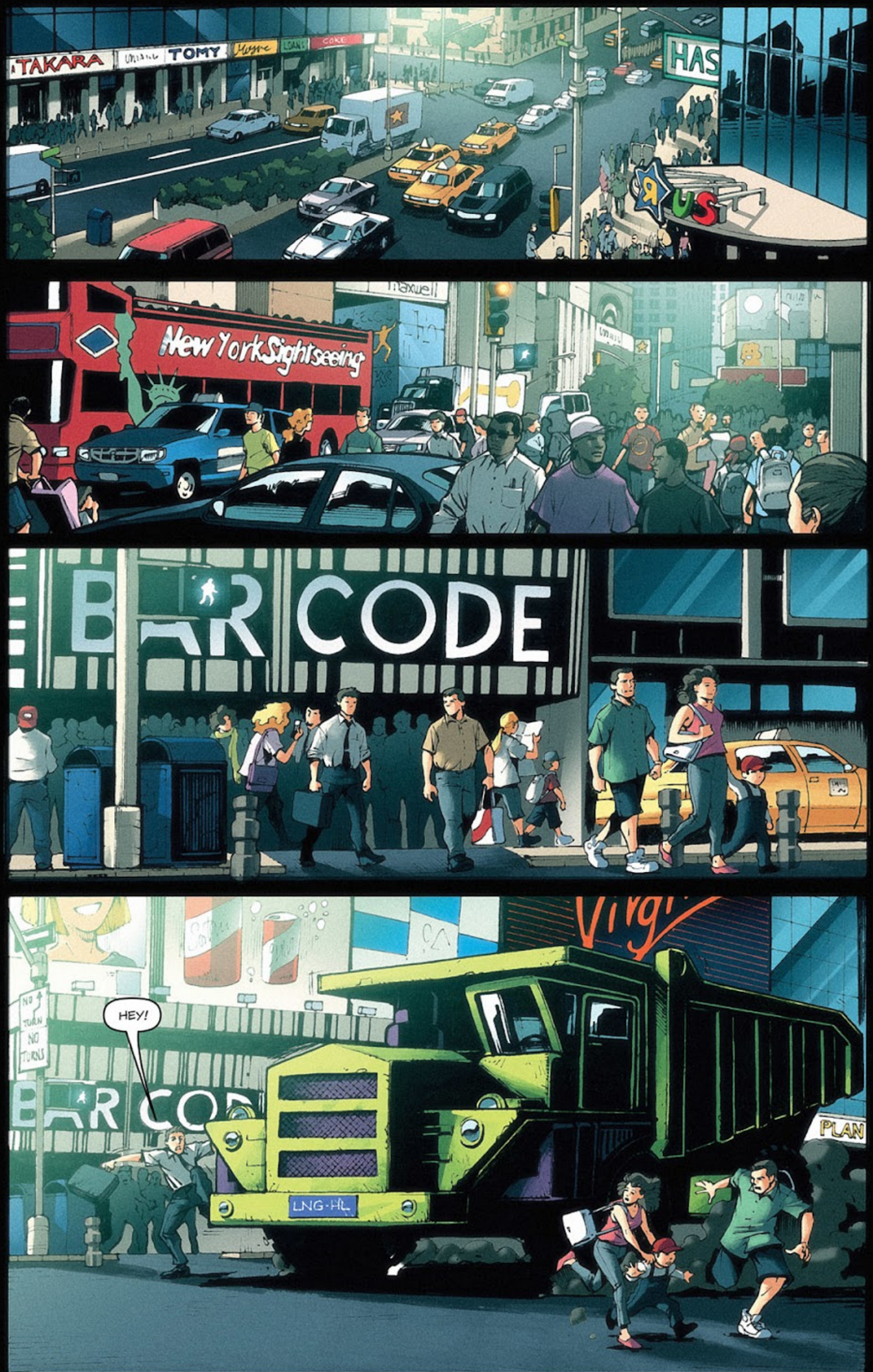
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A CIVIL WAR.
A WORLD IN RUINS.
AN UNSUSPECTING PLANET.
A NEW BATTLEGROUND...


ONE YEAR LATER.


TAKARA
TOMY
HAS
R US
New York Sightseeing
BAR CODE
HEY!
NO TURN
NO TURNS
LNG-HL
PLAN


WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING! YOU'RE GONNA KILL SOMEBODY!
YOU- HEY!
WHOA...!


ARE THEY WALKING AROUND?! THAT'S AWESOME!
IS THIS A *MOVIE* THING? WHAT *MOVIE* IS THIS?
HOLY...! *DUDE*, GET A PHOTO OF THIS! GET A *PHOTO*!
MAN, THIS AIN'T RIGHT...
HUMAN CREATURES OF EARTH, WE COME IN *PEACE*. WE COME TO YOU TO PREACH THE MESSAGE OF *UNITY*, *CO-OPERATION*, AND *GOODWILL* BETWEEN OUR RACES...
...OURS IS A MESSAGE OF *KINDNESS*.
HAHAHAHA!


THE CREATURES' BUILDING MATERIALS ARE *STRANGE*. EVERYTHING SEEMS WEAK... *SOFT*.

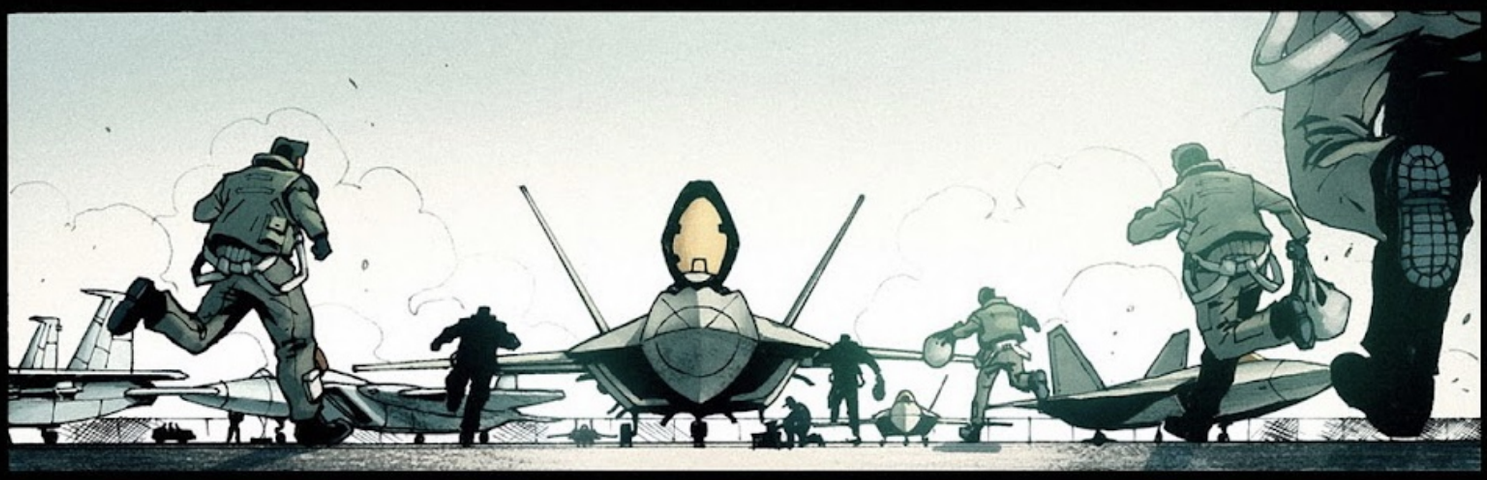

FLYBOYS ARE HERE.


LOOK AT THEM *RUN*! OUR VERY *PRESENCE* FILLS THEM WITH *TERROR*!
YOU WANNA SEE TERROR, WAIT TILL *MEGATRON* GETS HERE.
MEGATRON?
FEAR!
TERROR!
RUN!
TAXI
I AM THE MASTER OF THESE THINGS, NOT–




MEGATRON!
A *PLEASURE*. IT'S NOT OFTEN WE SEE YOU ON THE FRONT LINES SO... *EARLY*. AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR PLAN IS WORKING *PERFECTLY*. THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS—
"DESTRUCTION"?
AS *ALWAYS*, STARSCREAM, YOU *TALK* BIG...
NK


...WHEN EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU IS *SMALL*.




DJ! HOLD UP.


THANKS FOR RALLYING THE TROOPS BACK THERE, MAN. YOU ALWAYS KNOW JUST WHAT TO SAY.

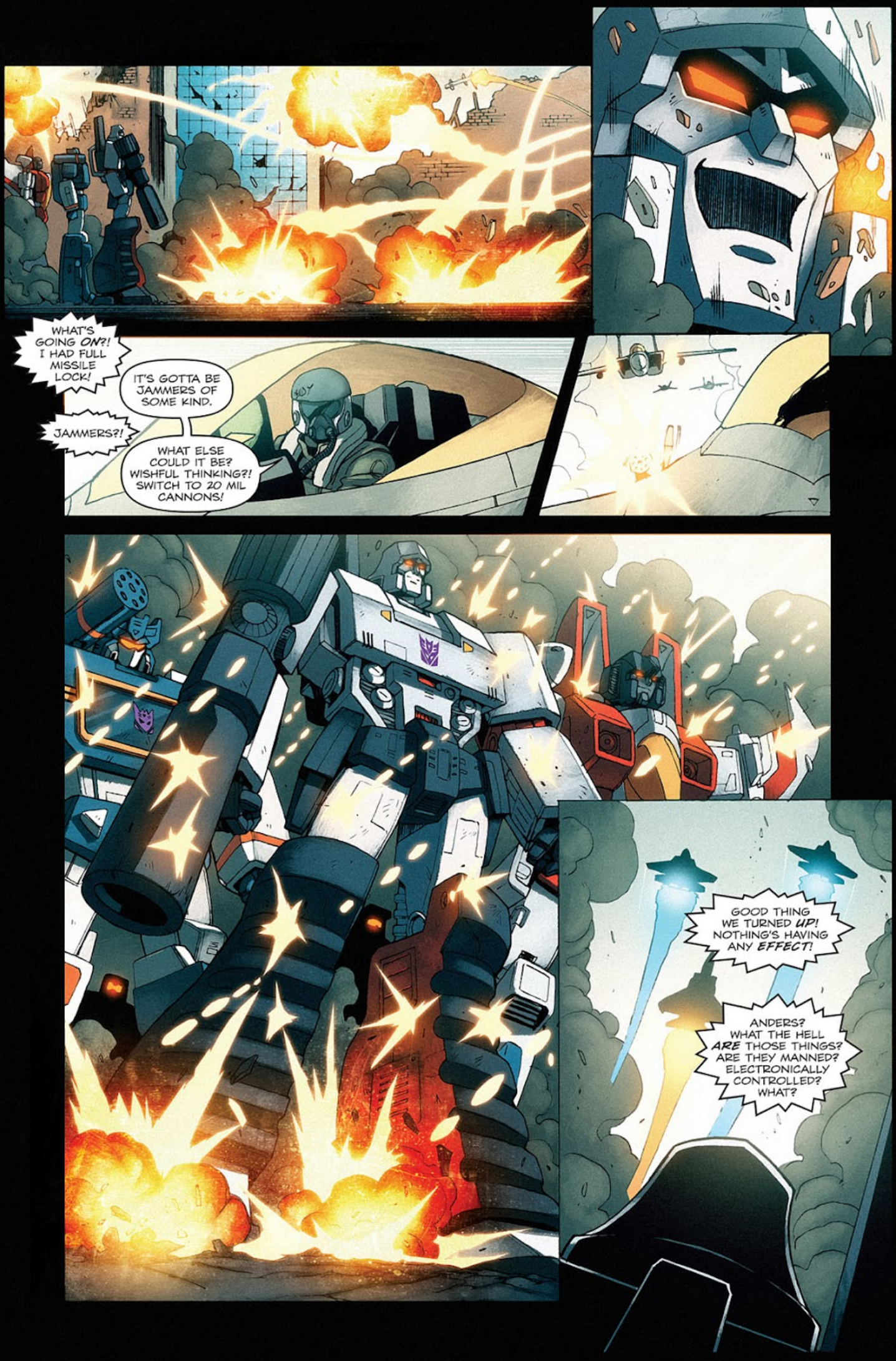

COME ON, SAVING THE NATION FROM GIANT, MECHANIZED TERRORISTS IN TIMES SQUARE? GETTING GUYS PUMPED FOR THAT AIN'T ROCKET SCIENCE.
BUCK ROGERS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT.


DO WHAT YOU DO BEST, ANDY. LEAD US INTO THIS THING, AND WE'LL CLEAN THEIR CLOCKS.
YOU GOT IT.

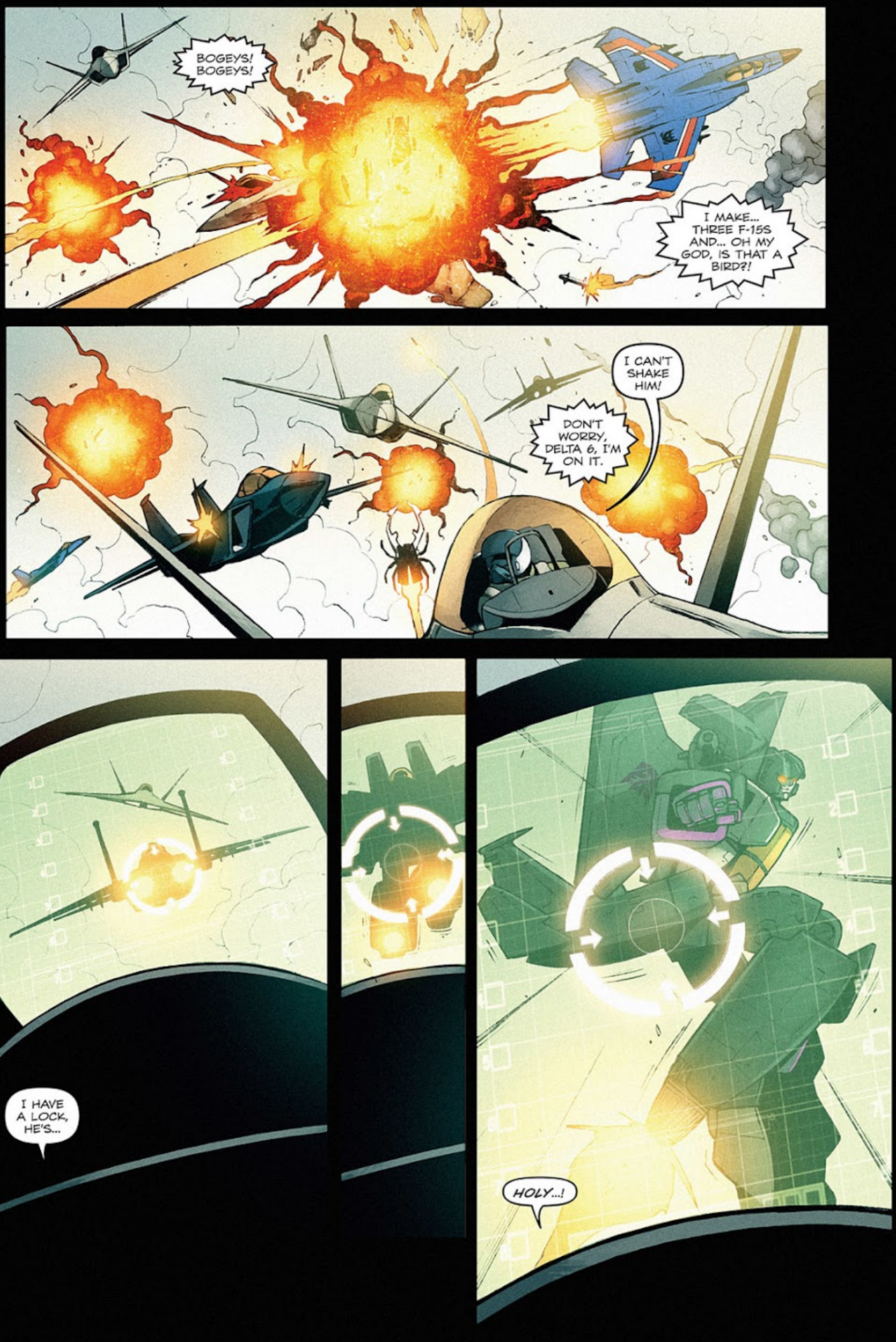



ATTENTION, MEGATRON. HOSTILE AIRCRAFT APPROACHING. ORIGIN, SOUTH BY SOUTHEAST.
FINALLY.
ETA, ONE MINUTE, TWENTY-THREE SECONDS.
DECEPTICON FIGHTERS! TRANSFORM AND ATTACK!


HALT! IGNORE THAT.
LET THEM COME.
HOLY-! THOSE THINGS ARE REAL! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE THOUGHT THEY WERE A HOAX!
CUT THE CHATTER, DELTA 3. LESS TALK, MORE SHOOT. THIS IS DELTA 1 TO ALL AIRCRAFT, PREPARE TO ENGAGE BANDITS.
SOUNDWAVE, IF YOU WILL?


WHAT'S GOING ON?! I HAD FULL MISSILE LOCK!
IT'S GOTTA BE JAMMERS OF SOME KIND.
JAMMERS?!
WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE? WISHFUL THINKING?! SWITCH TO 20 MIL CANNONS!
GOOD THING WE TURNED UP! NOTHING'S HAVING ANY EFFECT!
ANDERS? WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE THINGS? ARE THEY MANNED? ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED? WHAT?


ANDERS?
GOD HELP US.
DECEPTICONS! THE HUMANS HAVE HAD THEIR CHANCE, NOW...
...TEAR THEM APART!


BOGEYS! BOGEYS!
I MAKE... THREE F-15S AND... OH MY GOD, IS THAT A BIRD?!
I CAN'T SHAKE HIM!
DON'T WORRY, DELTA 6, I'M ON IT.
I HAVE A LOCK, HE'S...
HOLY...!


I'M HIT! I'VE LOST THE ENGINE... CONTROLS ARE... DAMMIT!
DJ!
IT CHANGED, ANDY! THE F-15 CHANGED!
THE JETS, THEY'RE THOSE THINGS! THEY CHANGE INTO THOSE MACHINES ON THE GROUND!
I CAN'T–I'M... I'M GONNA HAVE TO RIDE THIS ONE IN. I'M SORRY, MAN!
WHAT?! DJ, NO!

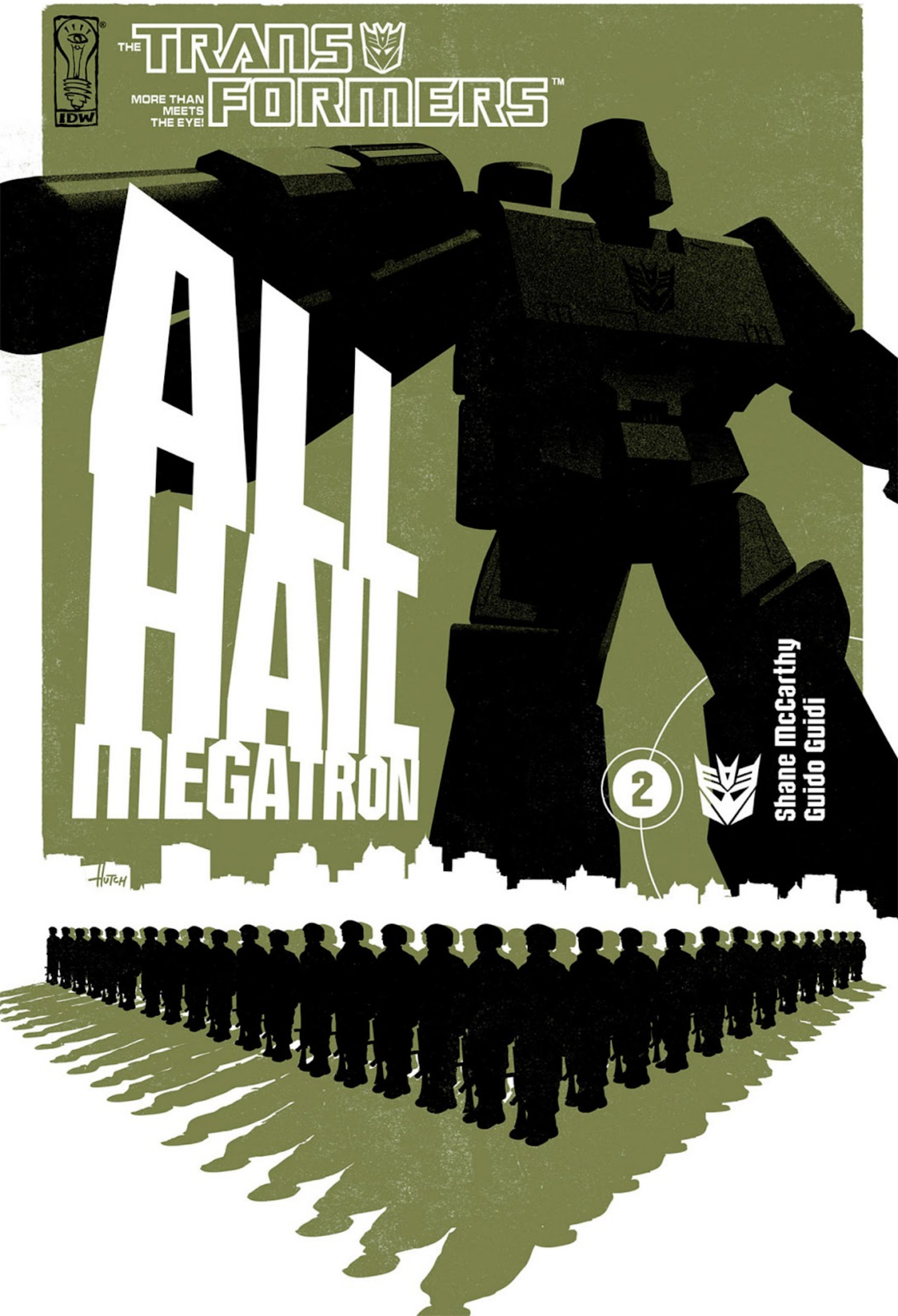

HOW DARE YOU.
I...
...AM...
...MEGATRON!


DJ!
DAMMIT!
DAMMIT!


CYBERTRON.


TO BE CONTINUED...


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ALL MEGATRON
2
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THE TRANSFORMERS™

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

#2
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SO, DANNY, ISN'T IT? YOUR WIFE TELLS ME YOU'RE INTO CARS.
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
I'M INTO CARS MYSELF ACTUALLY. RECENTLY PURCHASED THE LATEST HYBRID; THEY'RE ALL THE RAGE YOU KNOW.
KEYLESS ENTRY, VOICE-ACTIVATED FEATURES, PLUS A STATE-OF-THE-ART GPS NAVIGATION SYSTEM.
AND SO ENVIRONMENTALLY CONSCIOUS.
YOU?
1968 V8 FASTBACK WITH A 390 CUBIC-INCH BIG BLOCK. PUMPS OUT OVER 500 HORSES. PERSONALLY MODIFIED.
COMES WITH A MAP.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT. YOU WON'T MIND IF I BORROW MY HUSBAND FOR TWO SECONDS?


HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP THERE, SLUGGER?
LOVING IT.
REALLY?
OF COURSE. WE WERE DISCUSSING CARS.
CARS. WITH CHAD WELLS.
YOU WERE DREAMING OF KILLING HIM, WEREN'T YOU?
FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS, ALL WITH THIS TOOTHPICK.
YOU'RE ADORABLE.
AND YOU'RE IGNORING YOUR GUESTS. GO ON, MINGLE. IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOUR WORK. I'LL BE FINE.
YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY SMARMY, ELITIST SNOBS WHO'VE SPENT THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON LOOKING DOWN THEIR NOSES AT YOU.
CAN'T YOU AT LEAST TELL THEM WHAT YOU DO?
WHAT'S THE POINT? GO. MINGLE.
THIS IS YOUR DAY NOT M—


COLONEL WITWICKY.
AT EASE, SON.
AT THE PERSONAL REQUEST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES I'M HERE TO ESCORT YOU TO NEW YORK CITY, SIR.
WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY.
WHAT *KIND* OF AN EMERGENCY?

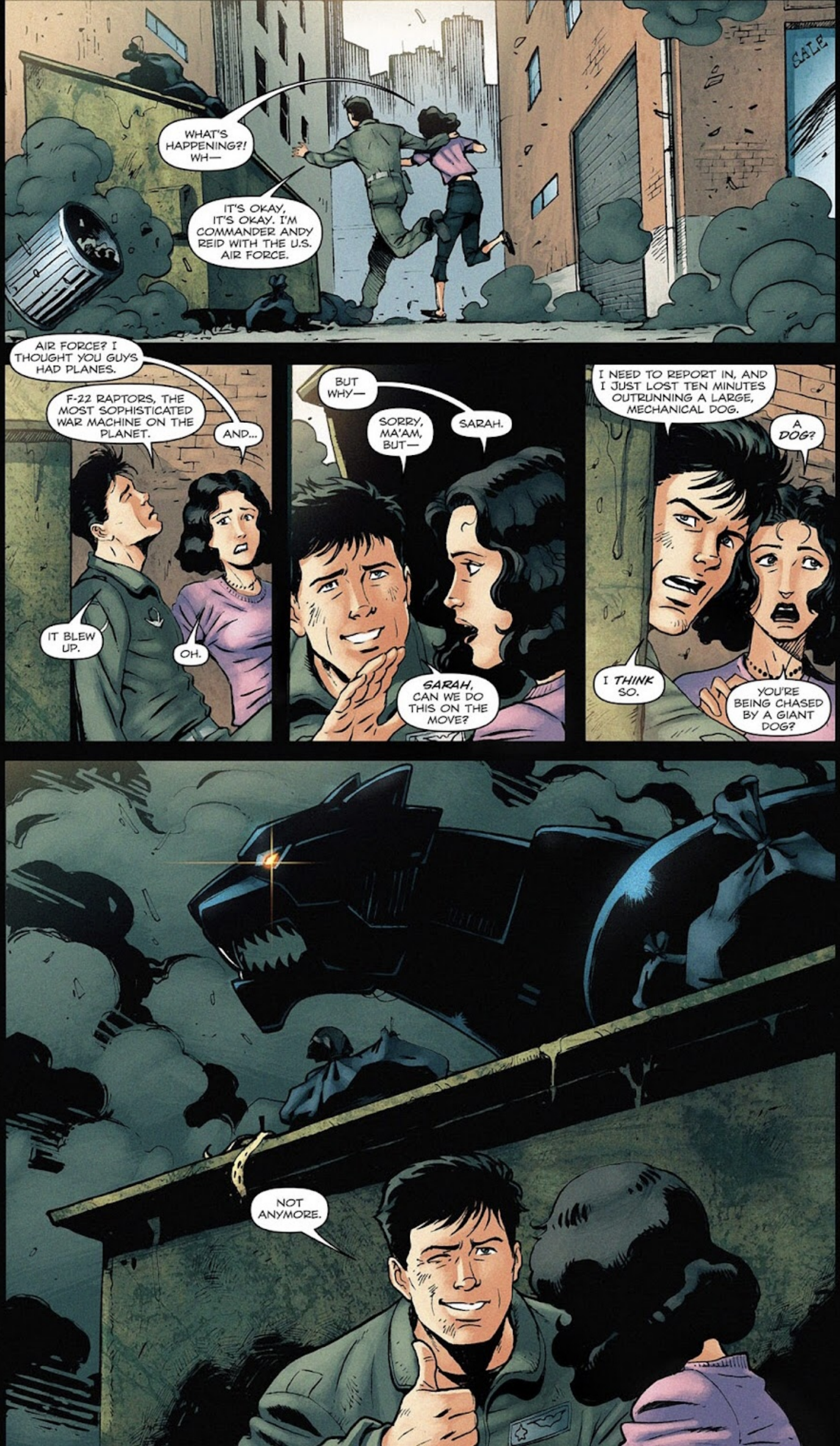

BRING 'EM DOWN!




GROCERY
LOANS

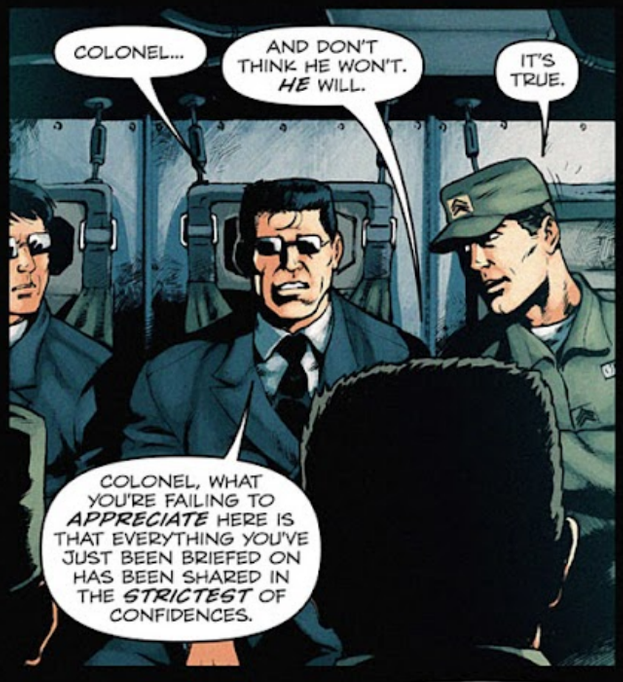

LOOK OUT!
GARAGE
TV
SALE
DVD-HI


SALE

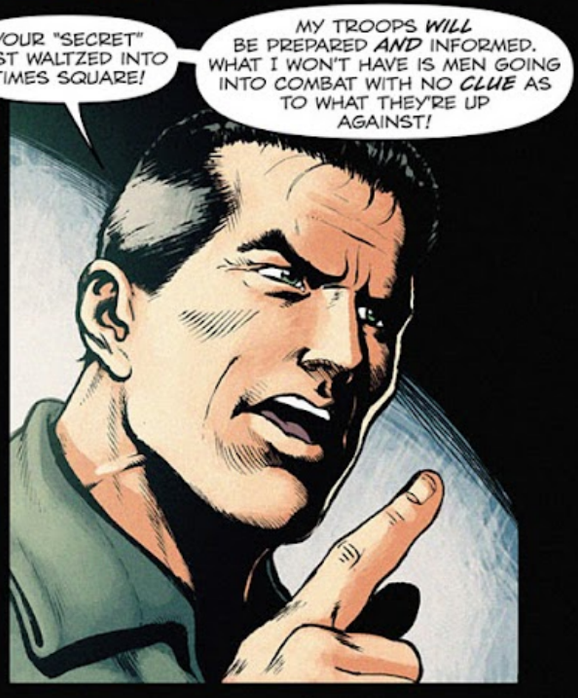

WHAT'S HAPPENING?! WH—
IT'S OKAY, IT'S OKAY. I'M COMMANDER ANDY REID WITH THE U.S. AIR FORCE.
SALE
AIR FORCE? I THOUGHT YOU GUYS HAD PLANES.
F-22 RAPTORS, THE MOST SOPHISTICATED WAR MACHINE ON THE PLANET.
AND...
IT BLEW UP.
OH.
BUT WHY—
SORRY, MA'AM, BUT—
SARAH.
SARAH, CAN WE DO THIS ON THE MOVE?
I NEED TO REPORT IN, AND I JUST LOST TEN MINUTES OUTRUNNING A LARGE, MECHANICAL DOG.
A DOG?
I THINK SO.
YOU'RE BEING CHASED BY A GIANT DOG?
NOT ANYMORE.


WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME, AGENT GRANT...


...HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: IF I HEAR THE WORDS "CIA CLEARANCE" ONE MORE TIME, SERGEANT MANNING HERE IS GOING TO USE HIS SERVICE REVOLVER TO KNOCK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT.
COLONEL...
IT'S FUN, REALLY. YOU'LL LOVE IT.


COLONEL...
AND DON'T THINK HE WON'T. HE WILL.
IT'S TRUE.
COLONEL, WHAT YOU'RE FAILING TO APPRECIATE HERE IS THAT EVERYTHING YOU'VE JUST BEEN BRIEFED ON HAS BEEN SHARED IN THE STRICTEST OF CONFIDENCES.


EVERYONE ON BOARD IS BOUND BY FEDERAL LAW. YOU WILL NOT SHARE THIS INFORMATION WITH ANYONE.
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS SPENT A LOT OF TIME AND MONEY KEEPING THE SPECIFICS OF THIS SPECIES A SECRET AND—
"TIME AND MONEY," AGENT GRANT? THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL GO TO MY TROOPS WITH? "TIME AND MONEY"?


YOUR "SECRET" JUST WALTZED INTO TIMES SQUARE!
MY TROOPS WILL BE PREPARED AND INFORMED. WHAT I WON'T HAVE IS MEN GOING INTO COMBAT WITH NO CLUE AS TO WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST!


YAAAA!
RUN! GO, SARAH, GET OUT OF HERE!
INSIDE. QUICKLY.


HURRY!
LCD 21"
FRAGILE
FONY
UP
DVD
17"
I HATE DOGS.


"CIA CLEARANCE." SERGEANT MANNING, TAKE CARE OF AGENT GRANT WILL YOU?
COLONEL.
AT EASE.
LIEUTENANT COLONEL HAWKE REQUESTED I FIND YOU.
HAWKE'S HERE? THAT'S THE FIRST GOOD NEWS I'VE HAD ALL DAY.
TELL THE LIEUTENANT COLONEL I WANT ALL SENIOR OFFICERS IN THE COMMAND TENT IN 10 MINUTES.
YES, SIR.
HE ALSO WANTED YOU INFORMED THAT GROUND FORCES ARE DEPLOYED AND PREPARING TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY.
WHERE?
CENTRAL PARK, SIR.
CENTRAL PARK.
FORGET 10 MINUTES, I WANT THEM THERE IMMEDIATELY.
YES, SIR.


MEGATRON, LASERBEAK HAS RETURNED.
ENEMY FORCES GATHERING. DIRECTION: NORTH, NORTHEAST.
SIZE: CONSIDERABLE.
GROUND FORCES? THAT'LL MEAN BALLISTICS, NO GUIDANCE SYSTEMS WE CAN INTERFERE WITH.
SEND THE INSECTICONS.
NO, I THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR A LITTLE... FINESSE.
SOUNDWAVE...
...UNLEASH FRENZY.


SIR, ENEMY SIGHTED!
ONLY FOUR OF 'EM. SCOUTING PARTY.
FOUR? IDIOTS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST.
ONE *SMALL* DECEPTICON AGAINST *HUNDREDS OF TROOPS*? EVEN AGAINST THESE ODD LIFE-FORMS, YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MINDS.
WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE *NEW* GUY.


JUST *WATCH*, CONSTRUCTICON. YOU'LL SEE.
ONCE HE'S OUT, KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.
FRENZY, EJECT.
OPERATION...
...ANNIHILATION.


FRENZY'S CENTRAL CORE CONSTANTLY EMITS AN INTENSE INFRASONIC FREQUENCY.
IT CAUSES ANYTHING NEARBY TO EXPERIENCE VIOLENT NIGHTMARES...
...AND EXTREMELY HORRIFIC DELUSIONS...
...EVEN *HIM*.
NO ONE'S IMMUNE. WELL...
...*ALMOST* NO ONE.


STAY CLOSE! WE'RE ALMOST OUT.
THIS IS INSANE...
WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING?!
GET OUT OF HERE! RUN!
NOT HELPING, BRIDGE.
LAND LINES ARE OUT, CELL PHONES...
WHOEVER CONTROLS THOSE MACHINES... MAYBE THEY'RE JAMMING THEM SOMEHOW.
NO, THE MACHINES ARE JAMMING THEM, LIKE THE MISSILES.
YOU MEAN THE PEOPLE—
I MEAN THE MACHINES.
I SAW THEM TALK. I WATCHED THEM FROM THE GROUND.
WE GOT IT WRONG. THEY'RE ALIVE, AND IF I DON'T REPORT IN IMMEDIATELY, WE'RE AS GOOD AS—


HOLLAND TUNNEL
DAMN.
POLICE
ALIEN ROBOTS?!
TOP SECRET


DON'T TRY MY PATIENCE WITH ANY "I DON'T BELIEVE IT" CRAP, STEVENS. ANY TIME YOU NEED A REALITY CHECK, GO POKE YOUR HEAD OUTSIDE.


SIR, I THOUGHT WE'D DEALT WITH THIS BEFORE, WITH THOSE TERRORISTS, THE... UH...
THAT'S IT. ALL THOSE REPORTS OF "GIANT ROBOTS" TURNED UP WAREHOUSES OF MACHINE PARTS BUT NO MENTION OF "ALIENS."
THE MACHINATION.
HAWKE
US ARMY


LAST I HEARD THEY WERE SHUT DOWN, PUT AWAY.
COVER-UP. SCAPEGOATS.
"C.I.A. CLEARANCE," WHAT ELSE?
COLONEL!
WHAT IS IT?
SIR, WE HAVE A REPORT BACK FROM THE CENTRAL PARK ASSAULT. THERE WERE CASUALTIES.
HOW MANY DID WE LOSE?
ALL OF THEM, SIR.


THE BRIDGES ARE FALLING!
THE TIME HAS COME!
CONSTRUCTICONS!
UNITE!


PREPARE FOR DEVASTATION.
FDNY
THAT THING MUST BE MASSIVE!
WHAT'S THIS?
LIVE FEED...
"...NOT SURE WHERE FROM, BUT IT'S GOING OUT EVERYWHERE."
IT'S WADING INTO THE RIVER!
GOOD GOD...
KENTUCKY
US ARMY


"...THE TUNNELS!"
CONTINUED...


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THE TRANSFORMERS
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THE TRANSFORMERS
ALL HAIL MEGATRON
#3
CVR RE
AHM Astrotrain robot mode



THE TRANSFORMERS™: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #3

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The DECEPTICONS arrived in Times Square and immediately began laying waste to New York City. An Air Force squadron, under the command of Andy Reid, engaged the hostile invaders, but to little effect. Andy was shot down after losing his best friend DJ but managed to join up with refugees on the ground.

General "Sparkplug" Witwicky, by special request of the President, was called in to oversee the ground assault. All attacks by Earth forces were easily repelled.

In a shocking turn, the DECEPTICONS destroyed the bridges surrounding the city and, using DEVASTATOR, flooded all tunnels leading into New York.

The city is completely isolated...

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3


DADDY!
HEY, YOU OKAY, MAN?
DADDY, CAN WE GO HOME? PLEASE?
YEAH, YEAH, I'M FINE.
WHERE'S MOMMY?


DOES HE KNOW? I MEAN, DOES HE KNOW THOSE THINGS ARE UP THERE?
HE DIDN'T SEE THEM. HE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.
JUST THE NOISES, THE RUNNING... HE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING...
I DON'T LIKE IT HERE, DADDY.
HEY, IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE SOON, OKAY?
SOMEONE'S GOING TO COME FOR US. A FIREMAN OR POLICEMAN, YOU'LL SEE. THEN—
YOU *HEAR* THAT?
IT'S A TRAIN!
A TRAIN'S COMING!
WE'RE SAVED!


D-62
CHIK-CHIK-CHAK-CHIK




MORE INNER-CITY EXPLOSIONS.
NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT NOW.
TROOP MOVEMENTS?


TROOPS AND MOST OF THE VEHICLES HAVE BEEN PULLED BACK INTO THE RESIDENTIAL AREAS AS ORDERED.
TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THIS PLACE LOOKS DESERTED.
GOOD, LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY.


"LESS OF A TARGET FOR ONE OF THEIR IMPROMPTU RAIDS."

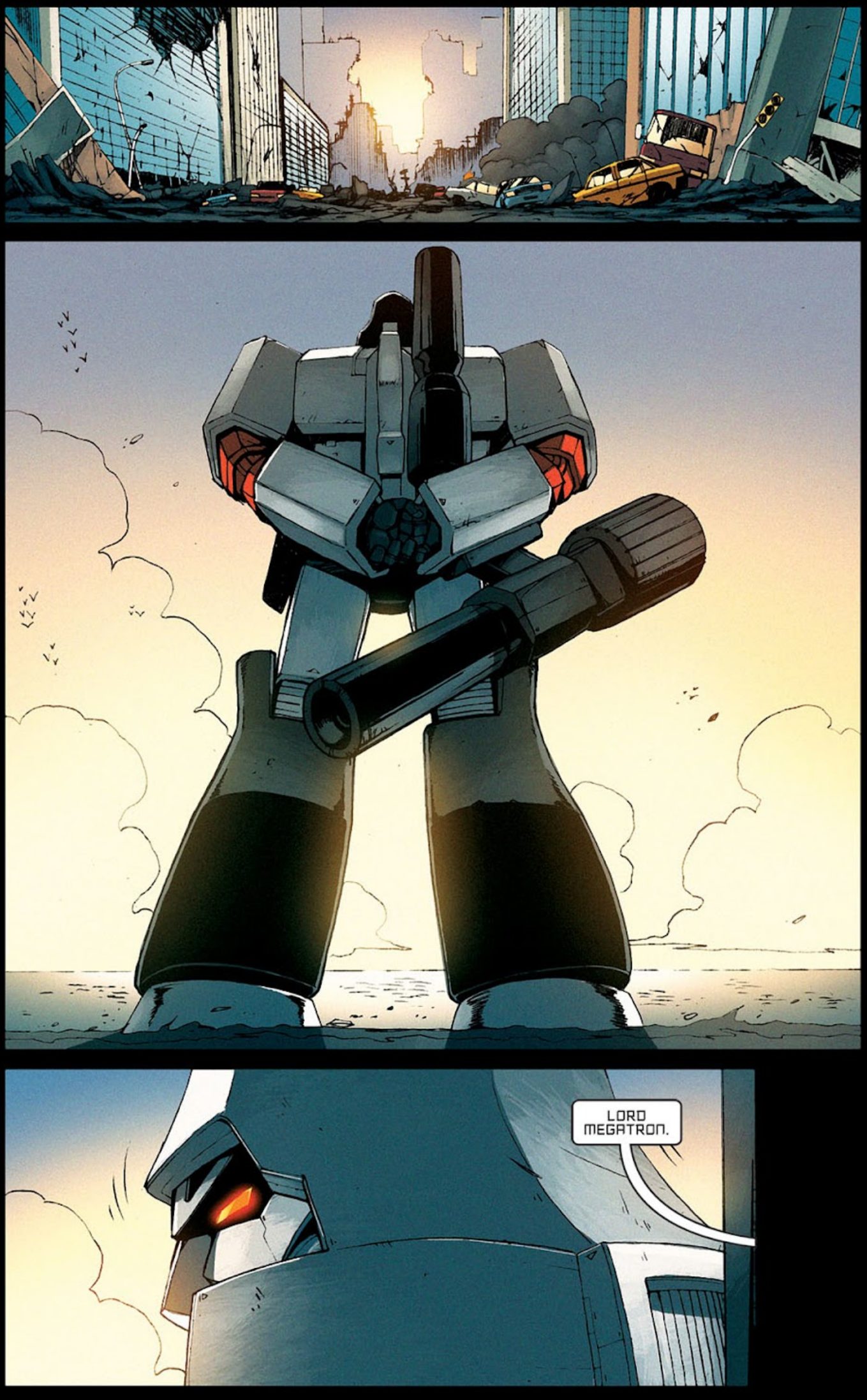

SIR, WE'RE GETTING REPORTS... LOS ANGELES AND SAN DIEGO ARE CURRENTLY UNDER ATTACK.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE MANPOWER WE CAN GET IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE ANY CHANCE OF HITTING BACK.
PATCH ME THROUGH TO THE NORTH FRONT!
HAWKE
US ARMY
US ARMY
DEATH TOLL ESTIMATES ARE SITTING AROUND 200,000 AND CLIMBING.
"FIRST THEY TAKE THE BRIDGES...
"...THEN THEY FLOOD THE TUNNELS..."

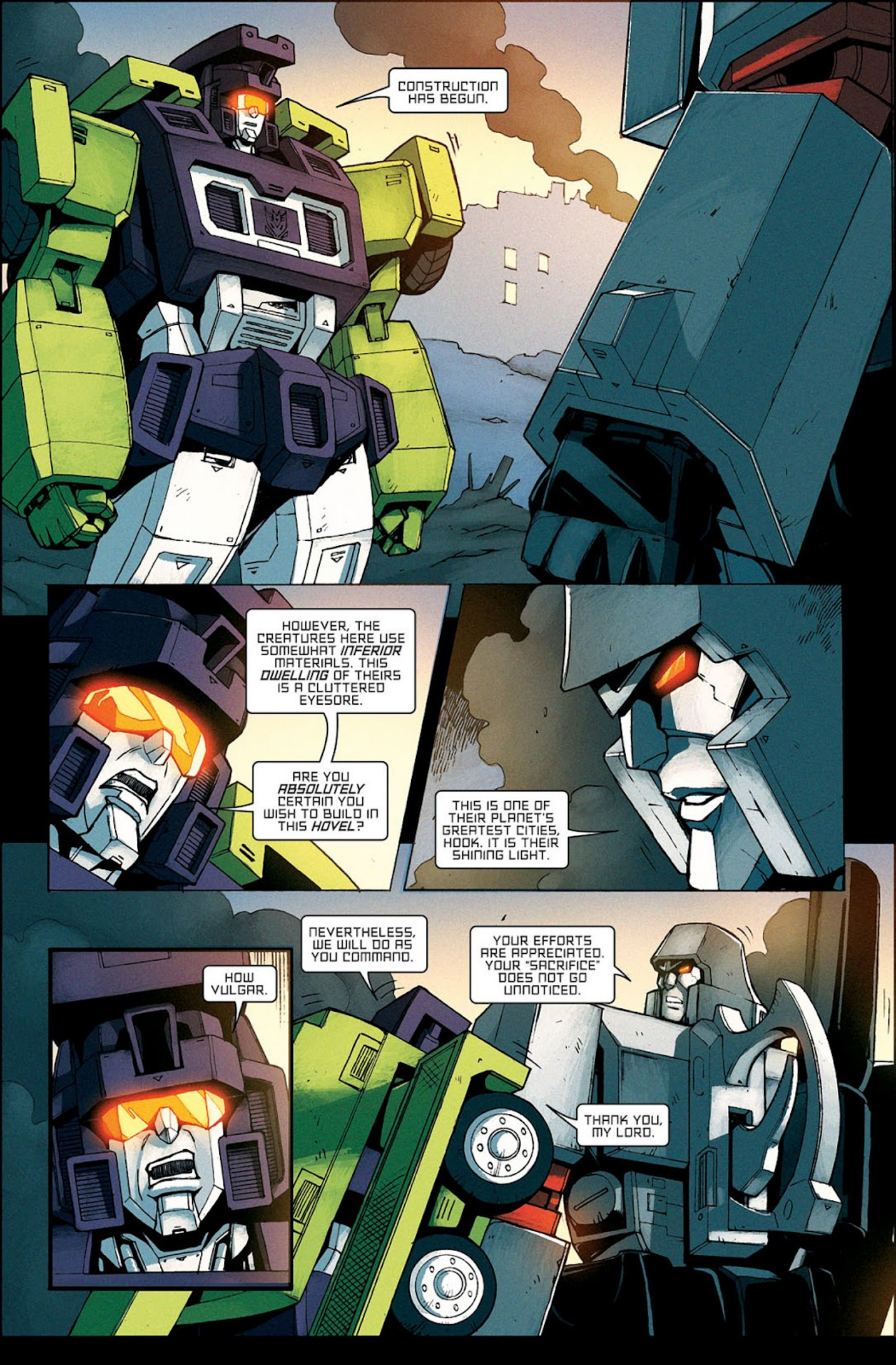

NORTH IS CUT OFF. THEY'VE TURNED THE PLACE INTO A DAMNED SANCTUARY.
WE'RE FACING OFF AGAINST A SADISTIC, MILITARY GENIUS THE LIKES OF WHICH WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
SAN FRANCISCO...
IN A MATTER OF DAYS THE ENEMY HAS SUCCESSFULLY SECURED THE PERFECT STRONGHOLD FROM WHICH TO LAUNCH ANY NUMBER OF ATTACKS.
US ARMY
GETTING WORD FROM WASHINGTON, SIR...
GROUND TROOPS, AIR STRIKES, AND HEAVY ARTILLERY ARE ALL OUT.
THEY CAN CONTROL OR INTERFERE WITH ANY GUIDED MISSILE, WHICH LEAVES THE "DUMB" ALTERNATIVE.
AND WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO START CARPET BOMBING OUR OWN PEOPLE.
ONE GIANT HOSTAGE SITUATION.
WITWICKY
US ARMY
ANY WORD FROM THE FLEET?
A BRIEF MESSAGE CAME IN OVER THE RADIO...

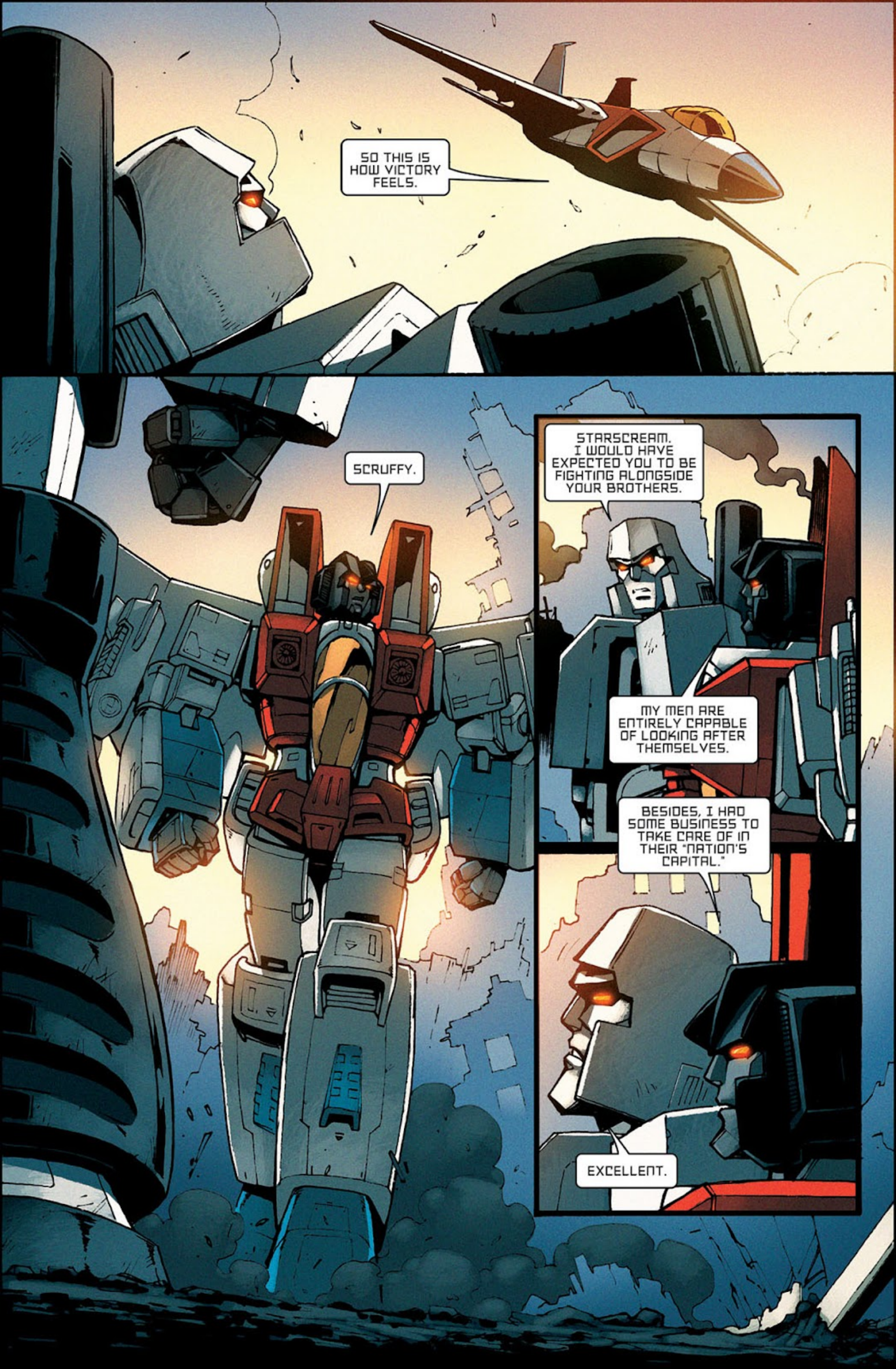

"...AND IF I NEVER HEAR THAT MESSAGE AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE, IT'LL BE TOO SOON."

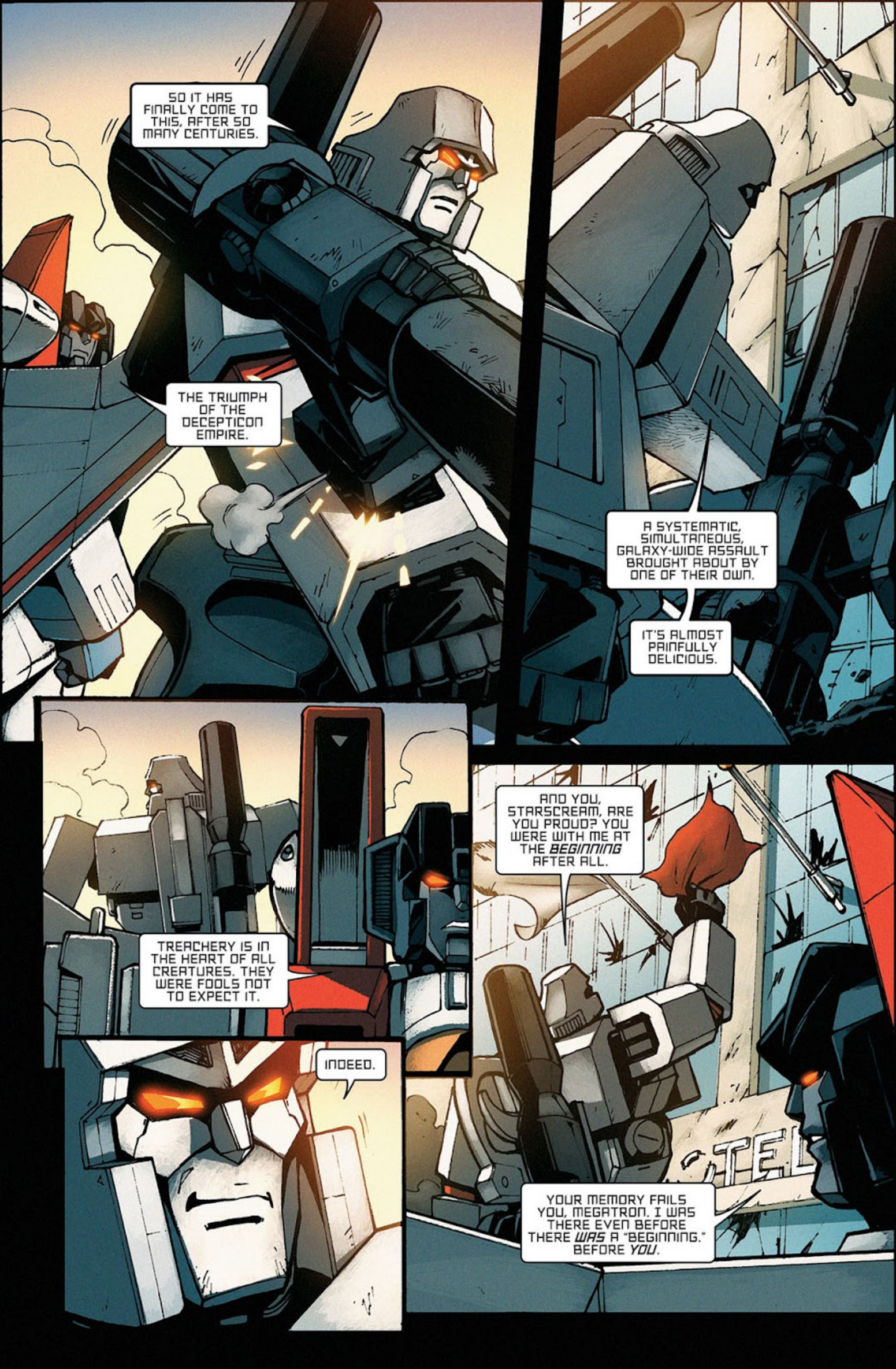

THIS IS ABOUT AS BAD AS IT GETS.
THEY HAVEN'T WON YET, SON. WE'VE STILL GOT A COUNTRY TO DEFEND.
SIR. WASHINGTON...
I'VE GOT THE NORTH FRONT, SIR.
SIR...?
HAWKE
WITWICKY
U.S ARMY

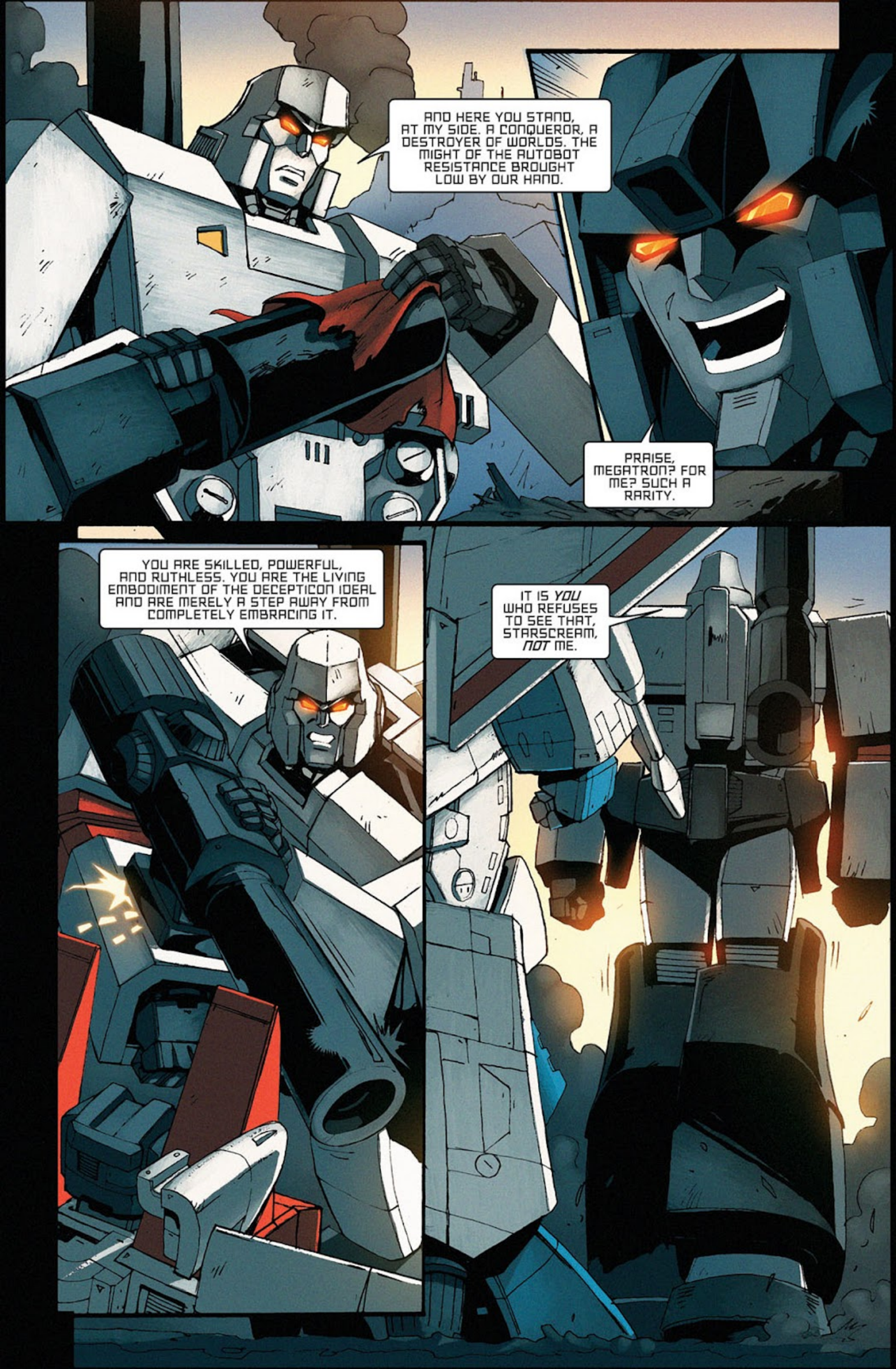

OF AMERICA
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UNITED

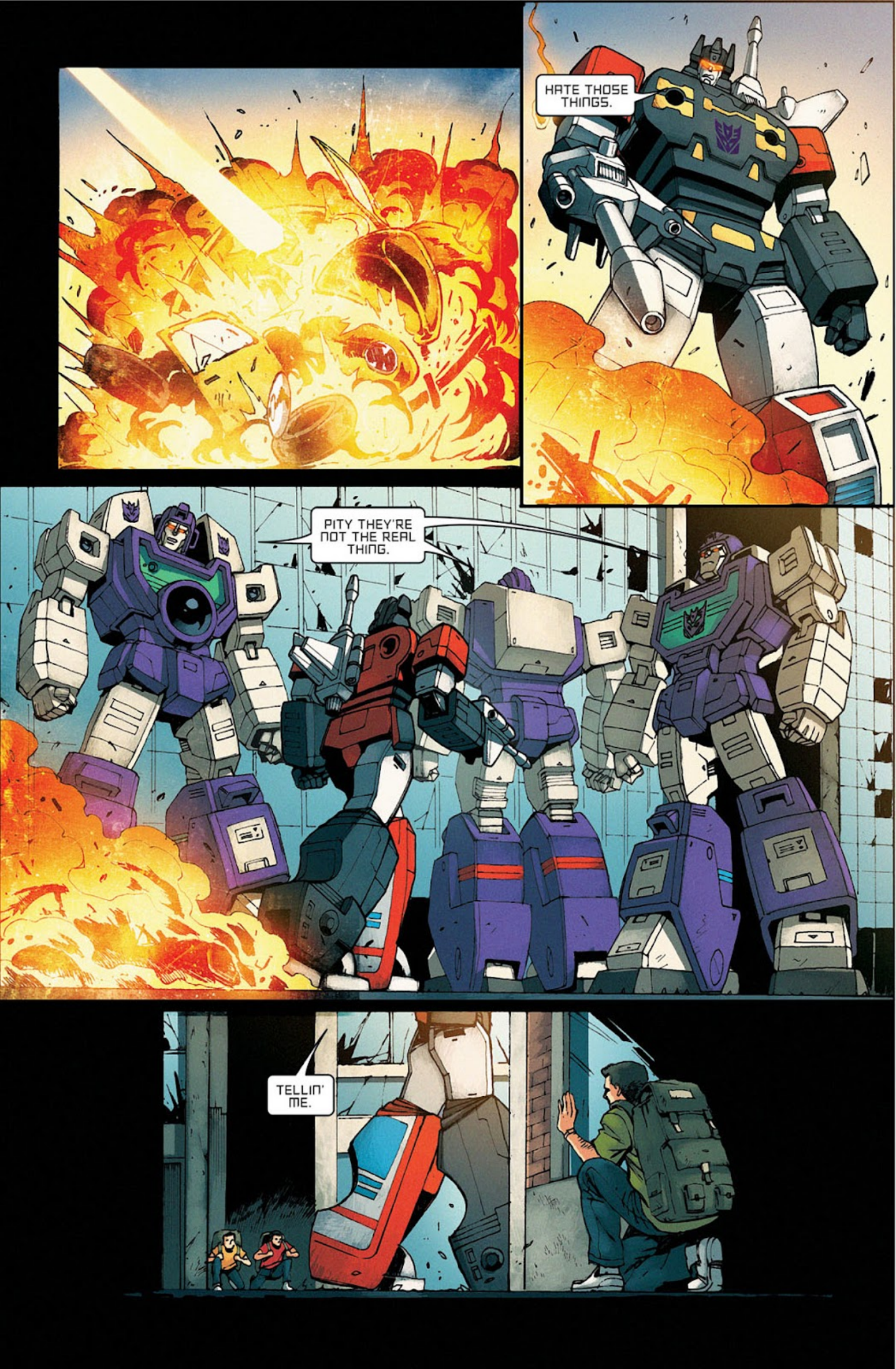

LORD MEGATRON.

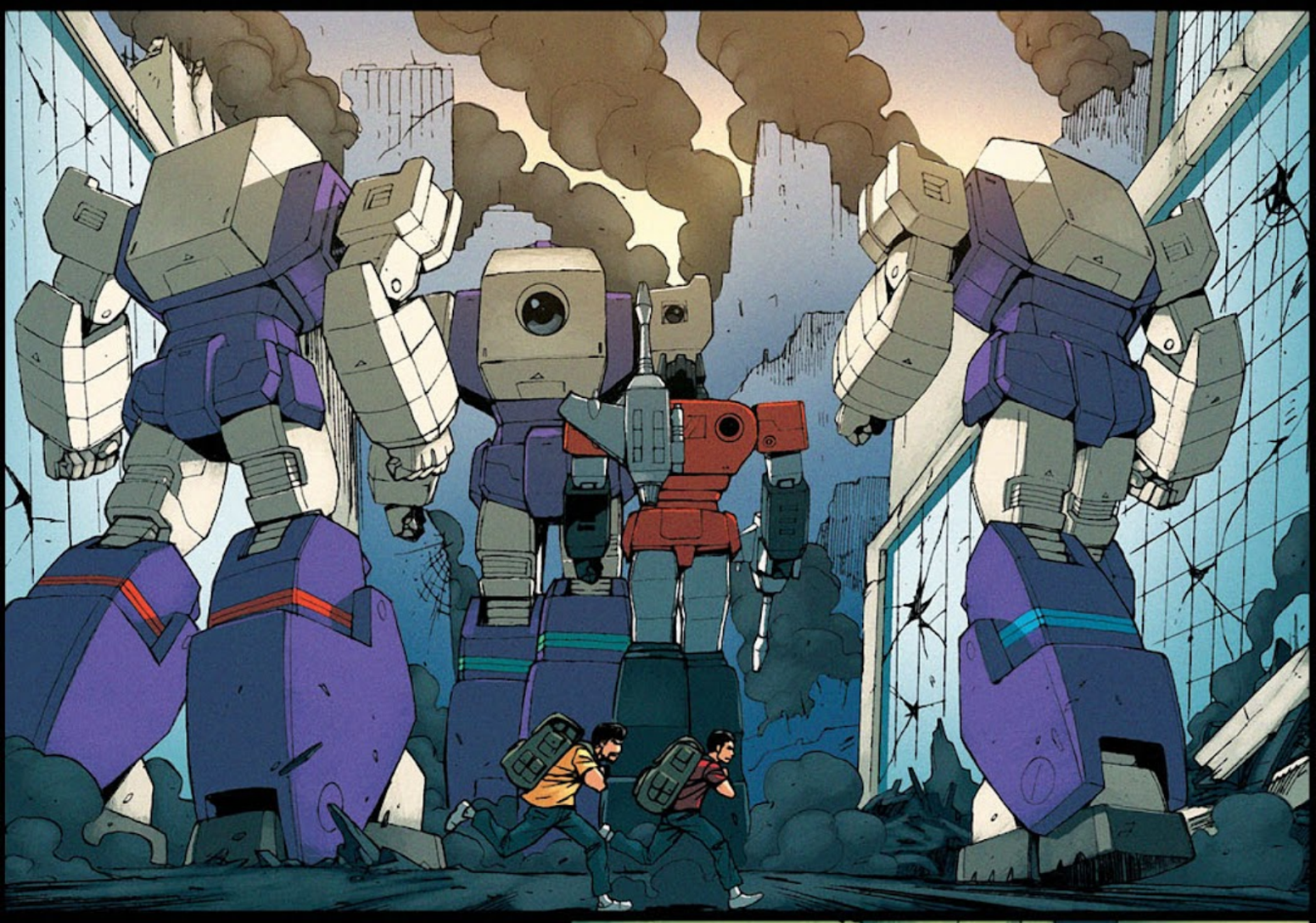

CONSTRUCTION HAS BEGUN.
HOWEVER, THE CREATURES HERE USE SOMEWHAT *INFERIOR* MATERIALS. THIS *DWELLING* OF THEIRS IS A CLUTTERED EYESORE.
ARE YOU *ABSOLUTELY* CERTAIN YOU WISH TO BUILD IN THIS *HOVEL*?
THIS IS ONE OF THEIR PLANET'S GREATEST CITIES, HOOK. IT IS THEIR SHINING LIGHT.
HOW VULGAR.
NEVERTHELESS, WE WILL DO AS YOU COMMAND.
YOUR EFFORTS ARE APPRECIATED. YOUR "SACRIFICE" DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED.
THANK YOU, MY LORD.


SO THIS IS HOW VICTORY FEELS.
SCRUFFY.
STARSCREAM. I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO BE FIGHTING ALONGSIDE YOUR BROTHERS.
MY MEN ARE ENTIRELY CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER THEMSELVES.
BESIDES, I HAD SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF IN THEIR "NATION'S CAPITAL."
EXCELLENT.


SO IT HAS FINALLY COME TO THIS, AFTER SO MANY CENTURIES.
THE TRIUMPH OF THE DECEPTICON EMPIRE.
A SYSTEMATIC, SIMULTANEOUS, GALAXY-WIDE ASSAULT BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONE OF THEIR OWN.
IT'S ALMOST PAINFULLY DELICIOUS.
TREACHERY IS IN THE HEART OF ALL CREATURES. THEY WERE FOOLS NOT TO EXPECT IT.
INDEED.
AND YOU, STARSCREAM, ARE YOU PROUD? YOU WERE WITH ME AT THE *BEGINNING* AFTER ALL.
YOUR MEMORY FAILS YOU, MEGATRON. I WAS THERE EVEN BEFORE THERE *WAS* A "BEGINNING." BEFORE *YOU*.


AND HERE YOU STAND, AT MY SIDE. A CONQUEROR, A DESTROYER OF WORLDS. THE MIGHT OF THE AUTOBOT RESISTANCE BROUGHT LOW BY OUR HAND.
PRAISE, MEGATRON? FOR ME? SUCH A RARITY.
YOU ARE SKILLED, POWERFUL, AND RUTHLESS. YOU ARE THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF THE DECEPTICON IDEAL AND ARE MERELY A STEP AWAY FROM COMPLETELY EMBRACING IT.
IT IS *YOU* WHO REFUSES TO SEE THAT, STARSCREAM, *NOT* ME.


HATE THOSE THINGS.
PITY THEY'RE NOT THE REAL THING.
TELLIN' ME.



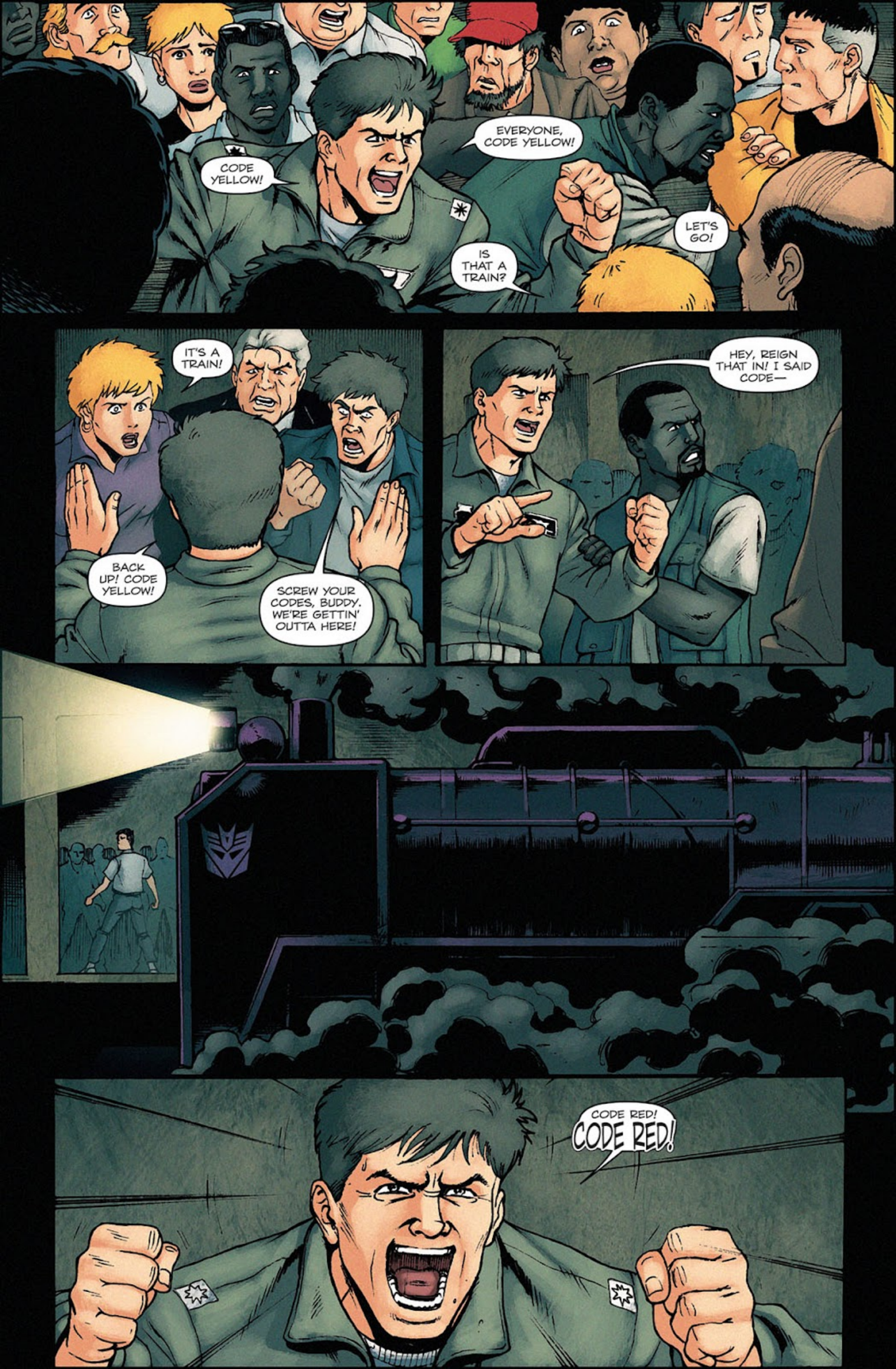

"LAST GROUPS HAVE COME IN. WE'VE GOT ALL THE SUPPLIES WE'LL GET FOR TODAY.


"I HEAR RUMORS THERE ARE OTHER PLACES LIKE THIS. OTHER PEOPLE USING STATIONS..."


...IF IT'S TRUE, I DOUBT THEY'RE AS ORGANIZED AS US.
AIR FORCE
TEAM EFFORT.
I JUST WISH THERE WAS A WAY OUT OF THIS CITY, OR SOME WAY I COULD CONTACT BASE.


AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THAT BY STARING AT THE CROWD?
NO. I'M KEEPING AN EYE OUT.
FOR?
MEG.
MY FRIEND, DJ, HE, WELL, HE DIDN'T MAKE IT... BUT HIS GIRLFRIEND MEG, SHE LIVES... LIVED...
I DON'T KNOW.
SHE LIVES IN NEW YORK? WE'LL FIND HER.
THE GUYS YOU WORK FOR, THEY EVER TELL YOU WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE?
NO. WE WERE CONFRONTING A "MECHANIZED TERRORIST ATTACK."
NO IDEA WHERE THEY CAME FROM. MAYBE WE MADE THEM, WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE DID.
AND IF NOT?
MARTIANS?


EITHER WAY THEY'RE A THREAT. YOU BEEN RUNNING THE DRILLS?
LIKE CLOCKWORK. KIDS LOVE 'EM.
YOU KNOW, YOU'VE DONE AN INCREDIBLE JOB HERE.
YOU SOUND SURPRISED.
WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT A HELL OF A LOT FROM A MAN WHO THOUGHT A JAGUAR WAS A DOG.
THAT WAS A *JAGUAR*?
YOU HEAR THAT?
TRAIN?
MAYBE...


CODE YELLOW!
EVERYONE, CODE YELLOW!
IS THAT A TRAIN?
LET'S GO!
IT'S A TRAIN!
BACK UP! CODE YELLOW!
SCREW YOUR CODES, BUDDY. WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!
HEY, REIGN THAT IN! I SAID CODE—
CODE RED!
CODE RED!


RUN! GET THE KIDS!
BRIDGE! HERE!
GO!
CONTINUED...


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MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

All Hail Megatron



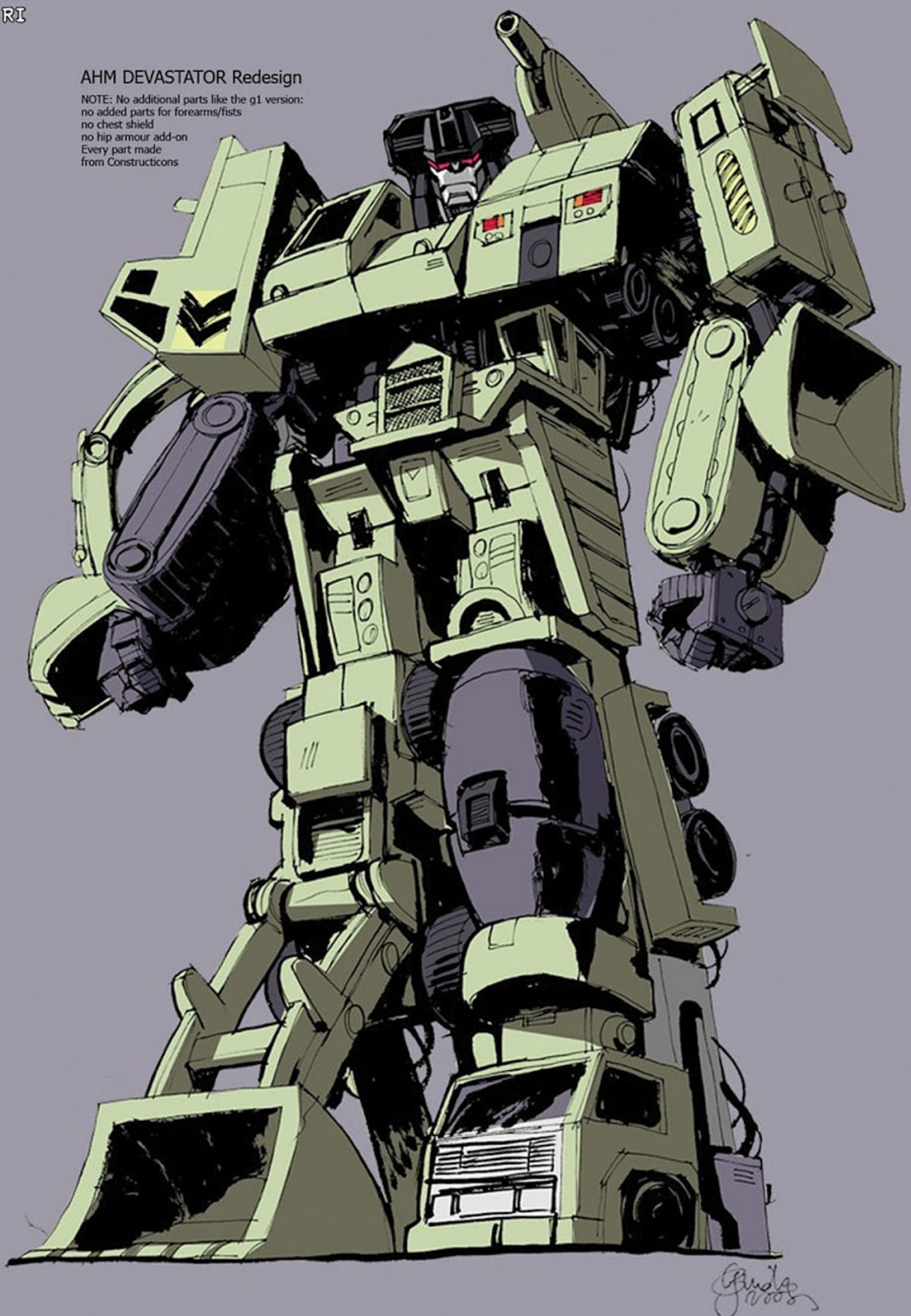
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Shane McCarthy
Guido Guidi

THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON

#4
CVR RI





THE TRANSFORMERS™: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #4

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The DECEPTICONS have captured New York City, decimated the U.S. military, and have at last succeeded in bringing America to its knees.

Throughout the city, groups of people have banded together for safety as they hide from the DECEPTICON menace. Andy and Bridge, having formed one of these groups, succeeded in establishing a secure hiding place in one of the subway stations.

Sadly, this respite was short-lived as ASTROTRAIN, disguised as a locomotive, discovered their whereabouts and immediately set about slaughtering everyone he could see.

It appears all hope is lost...

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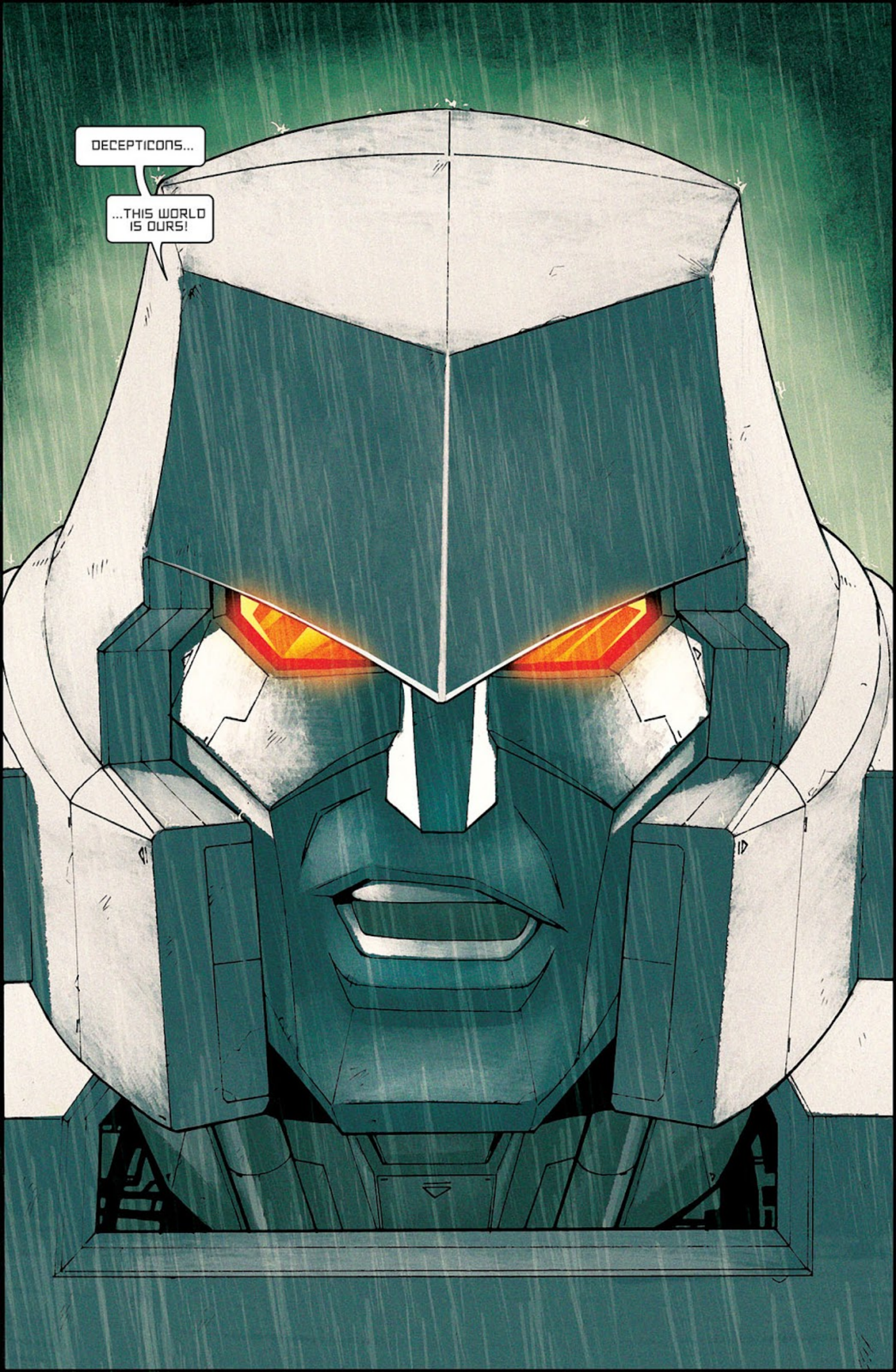
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DECEPTICONS...
...THIS WORLD IS OURS!

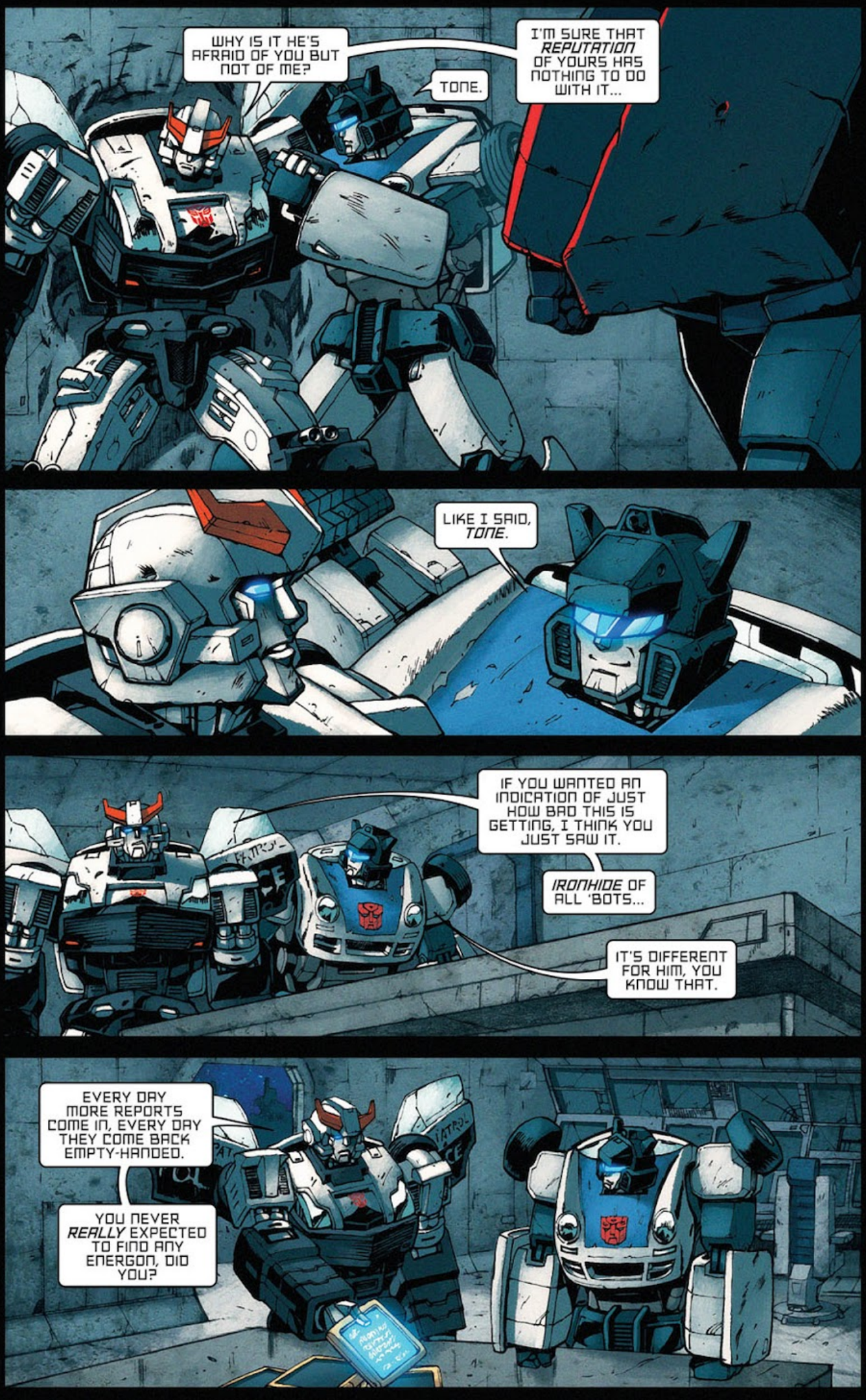

THE HUMAN ARMIES HAVE FALLEN...
...THEIR MACHINES AND DEVICES ARE OURS TO CONTROL...
...THEIR WEAPONS ARE AS NOTHING BEFORE OUR MIGHT!
EVEN NOW, ALL AROUND US THEY COWER IN FEAR...
"...CRUSHED...
"...DEFEATED...
"...AND PRAYING FOR RELIEF."


BUT IT WILL NOT COME.
AT LAST WE HAVE SUCCEEDED, AT LAST THE MIGHT OF THE DECEPTICON EMPIRE HAS PREVAILED.
WE ARE GLORIOUS IN OUR VICTORY...
...AND UNITED IN OUR CAUSE.
YOU ARE GODS, THE MIGHTIEST OF OUR RACE. I CAST MY EYES UPON YOU... AND I AM PROUD.
ACROSS THE GALAXY OUR BROTHERS SHARE IN YOUR SUCCESS, THE LAST OF THE OUTPOSTS HAVE FALLEN.
NOTHING HAS BEEN LEFT STANDING.
MY DECEPTICON BROTHERS...

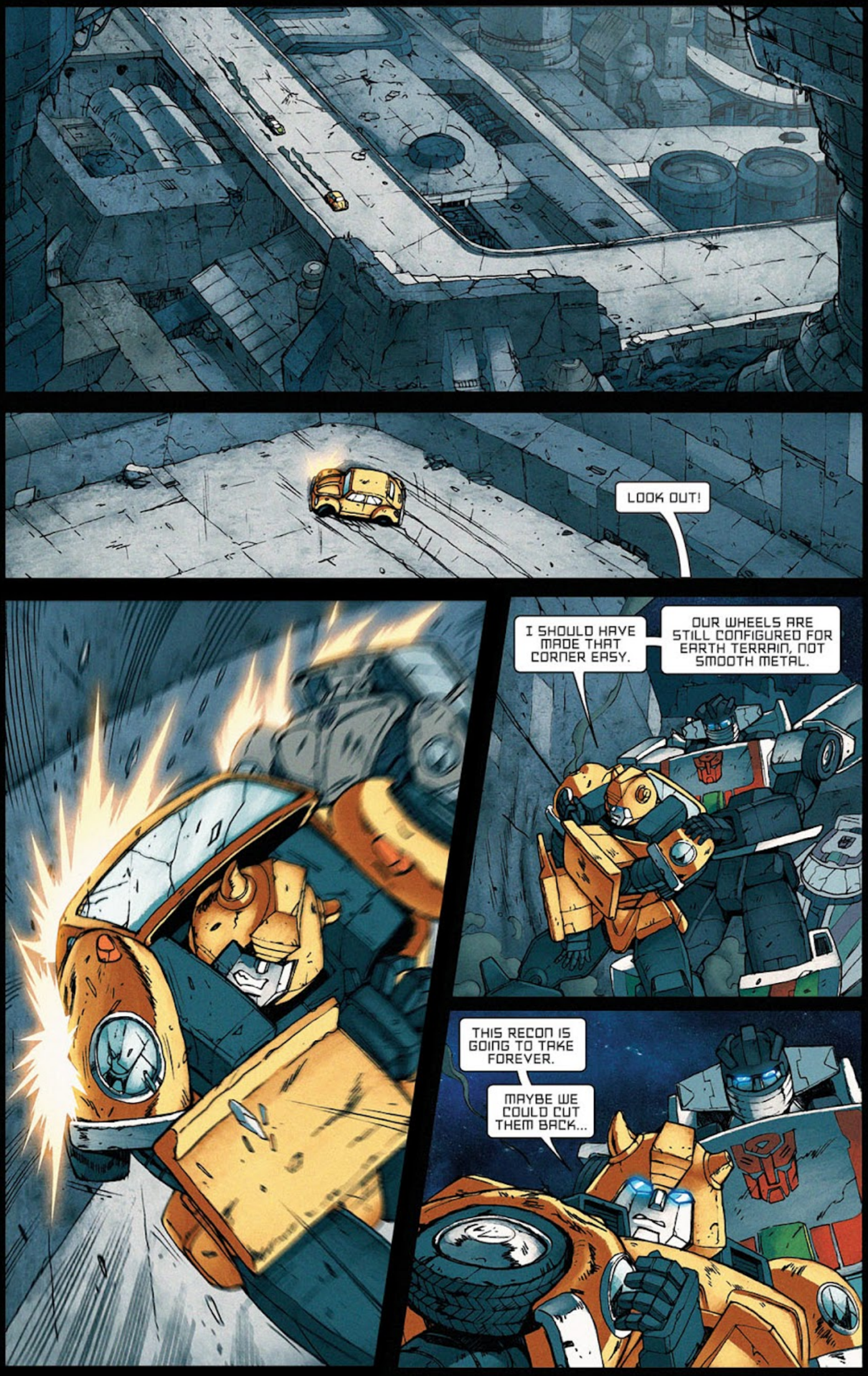

"...THE AUTOBOT RESISTANCE IS NO MORE."

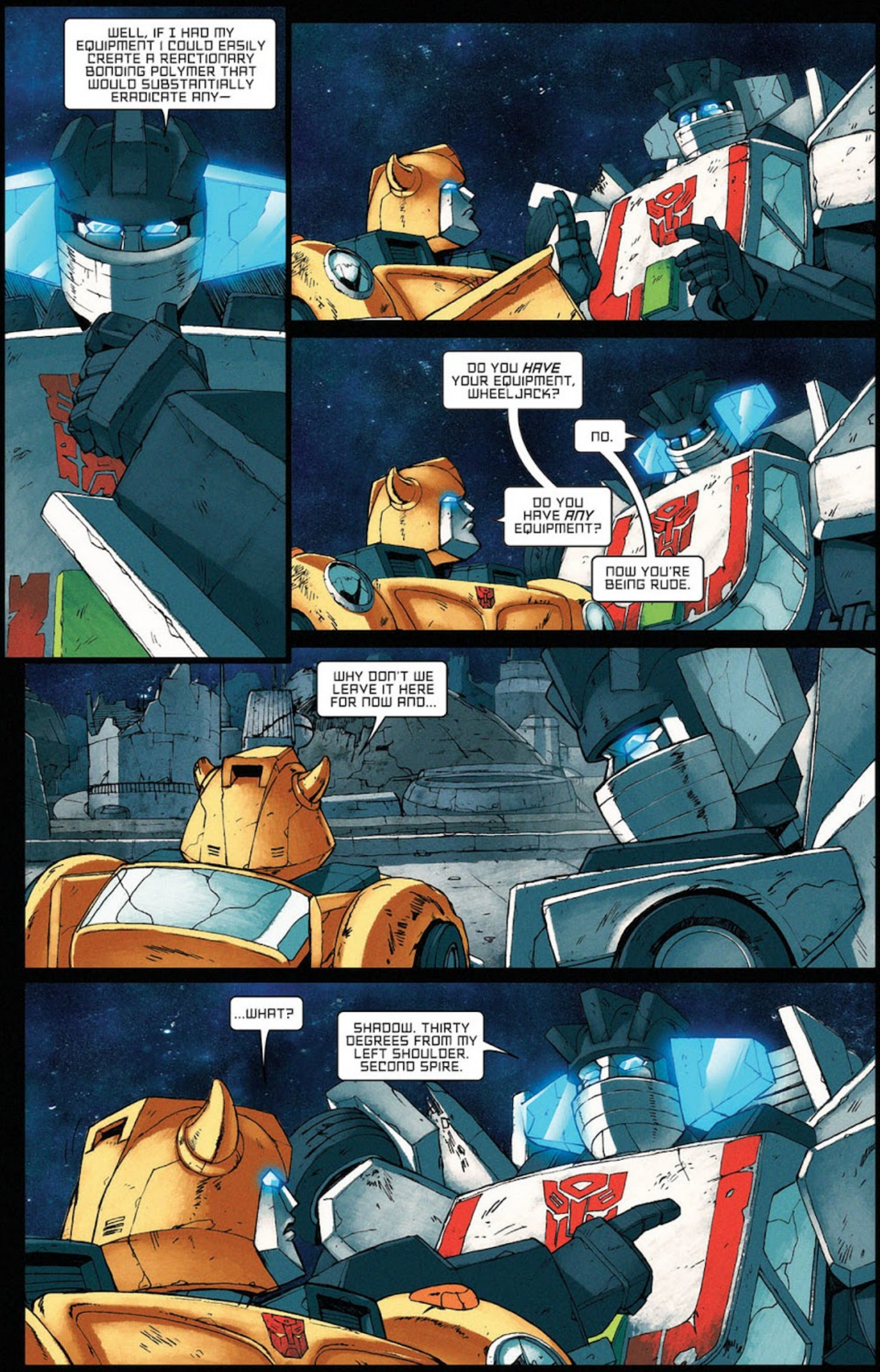

WHAT?! HOW CAN YOU BE SO IMPOSSIBLY *STUBBORN*?!
LOOK AROUND YOU, THIS SITUATION IS *ENTIRELY* DIFFERENT, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ADJUSTED TO THAT!
WELL, I *CAN'T* CAN I?! I GUESS I JUST AIN'T *BUILT* THAT WAY!
WHAT? YOU *ARE* BUILT THAT WAY! YOU'RE PART OF A RACE THAT'S SPECIFICALLY *DESIGNED* TO *BE* "THAT WAY." WE ADAPT TO ANY SITUATION, IT'S WHAT WE *DO*!
AND SELLING EACH OTHER OUT, WHERE DOES *THAT* FIT INTO ADAPTING? IS THAT PART OF WHAT WE DO?
YOU KNOW—
I *KNOW* HE DID IT! I *KNOW* HE SOLD US OUT, AND HE'S GOT IT COMIN'!
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT AT *ALL*, IRONHIDE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY *ONE* OF US.
YEAH?
YES! FOR ALL WE KNOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN *YOU*!

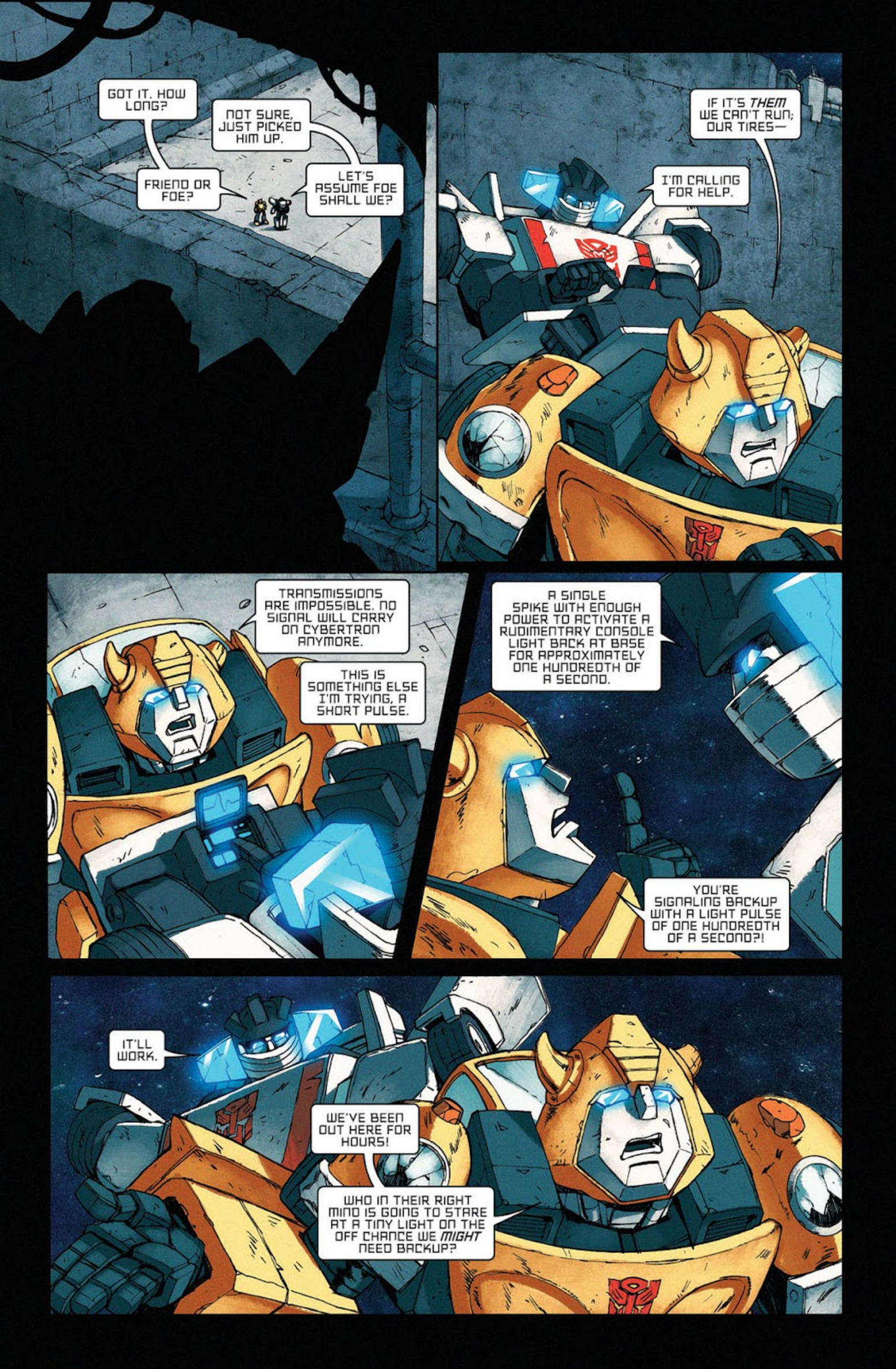

STRIKING A SUPERIOR OFFICER. SMART.
YEP.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO APOLOGIZE.
NOPE.
CARE TO TAKE THIS OUTSIDE?
WHY WAIT?
THAT'S ENOUGH.
TAKE A WALK, RED.
TAKE. A. WALK.


WHY IS IT HE'S AFRAID OF YOU BUT NOT OF ME?
TONE.
I'M SURE THAT *REPUTATION* OF YOURS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT...
LIKE I SAID, *TONE*.
IF YOU WANTED AN INDICATION OF JUST HOW BAD THIS IS GETTING, I THINK YOU JUST SAW IT.
IRONHIDE OF ALL 'BOTS...
IT'S DIFFERENT FOR HIM, YOU KNOW THAT.
EVERY DAY MORE REPORTS COME IN, EVERY DAY THEY COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.
YOU NEVER *REALLY* EXPECTED TO FIND ANY ENERGON, DID YOU?

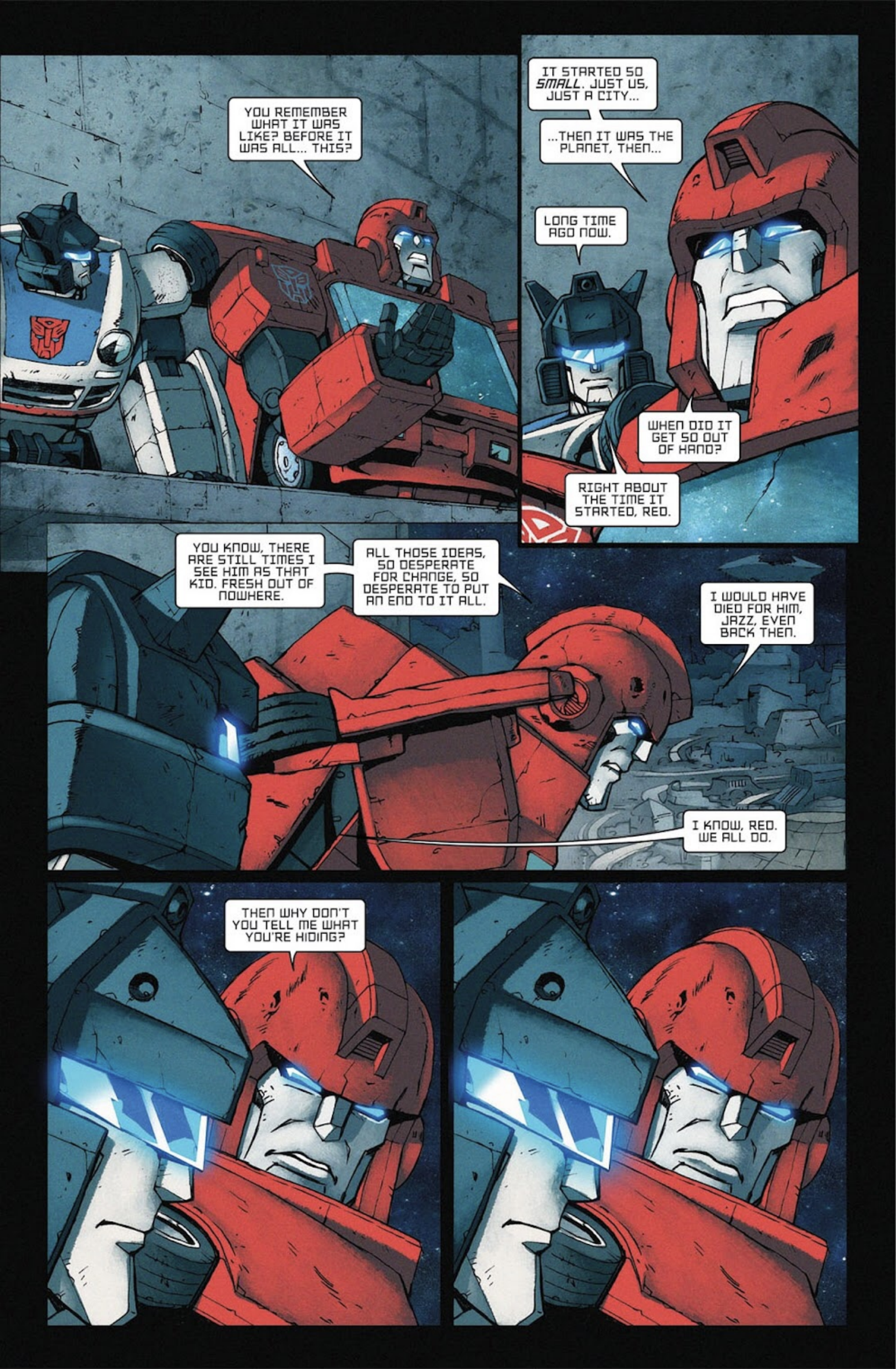

GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'.
IT COULD BE WORSE. SO FAR WE'VE GONE UNDETECTED...
LET'S HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY.
WHAT'S THE WORD FROM RATCHET?
EVERYTHING WE HAVE IS BEING FED INTO PRIME JUST TO KEEP HIM ALIVE AND WE'RE RUNNING OUT FAST.
IF WE LOSE HIM, JAZZ... IF THE OTHERS KNEW ABOUT—
WELL THEY *DON'T*, AND WE'RE GOING TO *KEEP* IT THAT WAY.
"RIGHT NOW HOPE'S ABOUT ALL WE GOT."

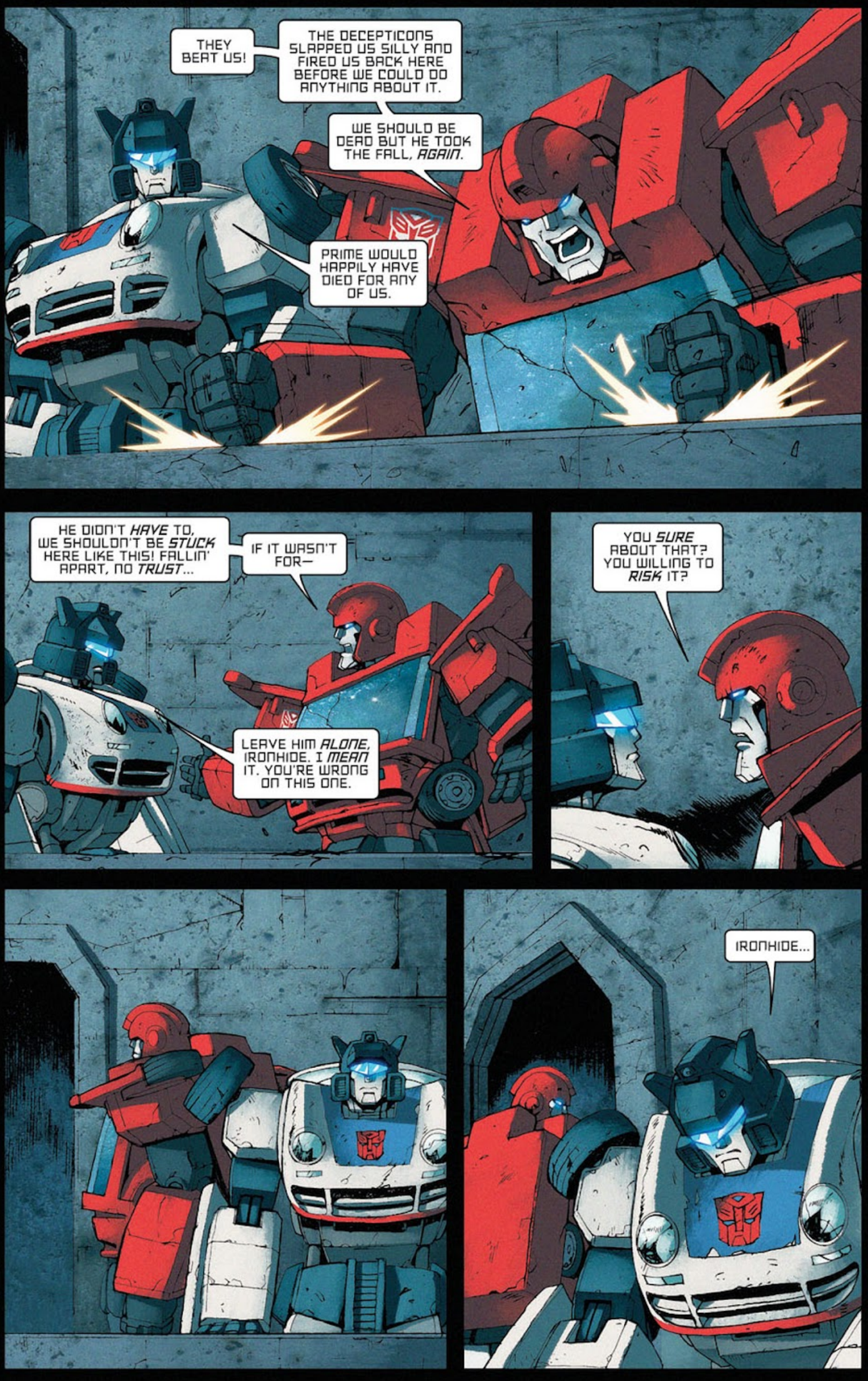

LOOK OUT!
I SHOULD HAVE MADE THAT CORNER EASY.
OUR WHEELS ARE STILL CONFIGURED FOR EARTH TERRAIN, NOT SMOOTH METAL.
THIS RECON IS GOING TO TAKE FOREVER.
MAYBE WE COULD CUT THEM BACK...

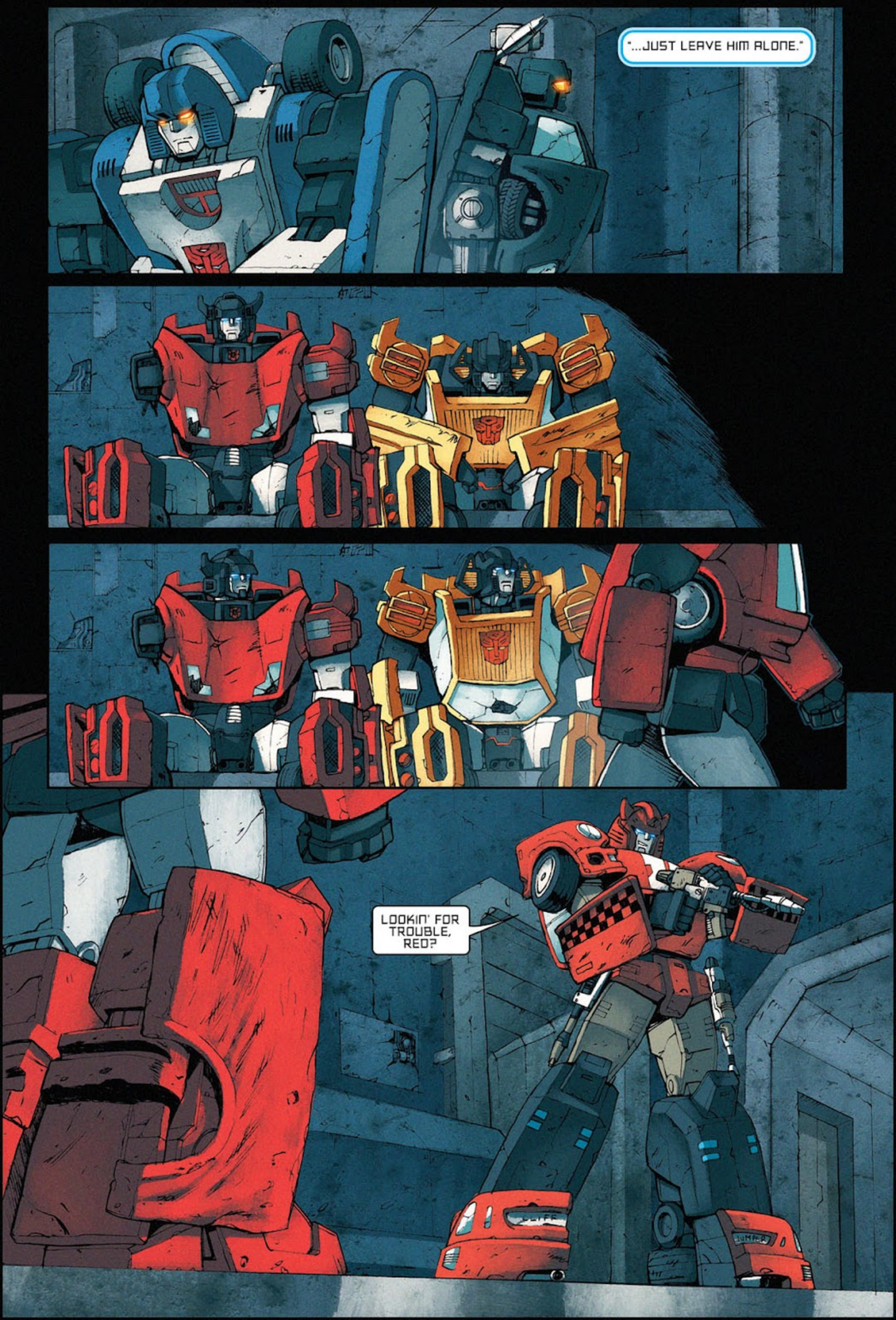

WELL, IF I HAD MY EQUIPMENT I COULD EASILY CREATE A REACTIONARY BONDING POLYMER THAT WOULD SUBSTANTIALLY ERADICATE ANY—
DO YOU *HAVE* YOUR EQUIPMENT, WHEELJACK?
NO.
DO YOU HAVE *ANY* EQUIPMENT?
NOW YOU'RE BEING RUDE.
WHY DON'T WE LEAVE IT HERE FOR NOW AND...
...WHAT?
SHADOW. THIRTY DEGREES FROM MY LEFT SHOULDER. SECOND SPIRE.


GOT IT. HOW LONG?
NOT SURE, JUST PICKED HIM UP.
FRIEND OR FOE?
LET'S ASSUME FOE SHALL WE?
IF IT'S *THEM* WE CAN'T RUN; OUR TIRES—
I'M CALLING FOR HELP.
TRANSMISSIONS ARE IMPOSSIBLE. NO SIGNAL WILL CARRY ON CYBERTRON ANYMORE.
THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE I'M TRYING, A SHORT PULSE.
A SINGLE SPIKE WITH ENOUGH POWER TO ACTIVATE A RUDIMENTARY CONSOLE LIGHT BACK AT BASE FOR APPROXIMATELY ONE HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND.
YOU'RE SIGNALING BACKUP WITH A LIGHT PULSE OF ONE HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND?!
IT'LL WORK.
WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR HOURS!
WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND IS GOING TO STARE AT A TINY LIGHT ON THE OFF CHANCE WE *MIGHT* NEED BACKUP?


SHOW TIME.
STARGAZING, IRONHIDE? NOT LIKE YOU.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?


YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE? BEFORE IT WAS ALL... THIS?
IT STARTED SO *SMALL*. JUST US, JUST A CITY...
...THEN IT WAS THE PLANET, THEN...
LONG TIME AGO NOW.
WHEN DID IT GET SO OUT OF HAND?
RIGHT ABOUT THE TIME IT STARTED, RED.
YOU KNOW, THERE ARE STILL TIMES I SEE HIM AS THAT KID. FRESH OUT OF NOWHERE.
ALL THOSE IDEAS, SO DESPERATE FOR CHANGE, SO DESPERATE TO PUT AN END TO IT ALL.
I WOULD HAVE DIED FOR HIM, JAZZ, EVEN BACK THEN.
I KNOW, RED. WE ALL DO.
THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE HIDING?

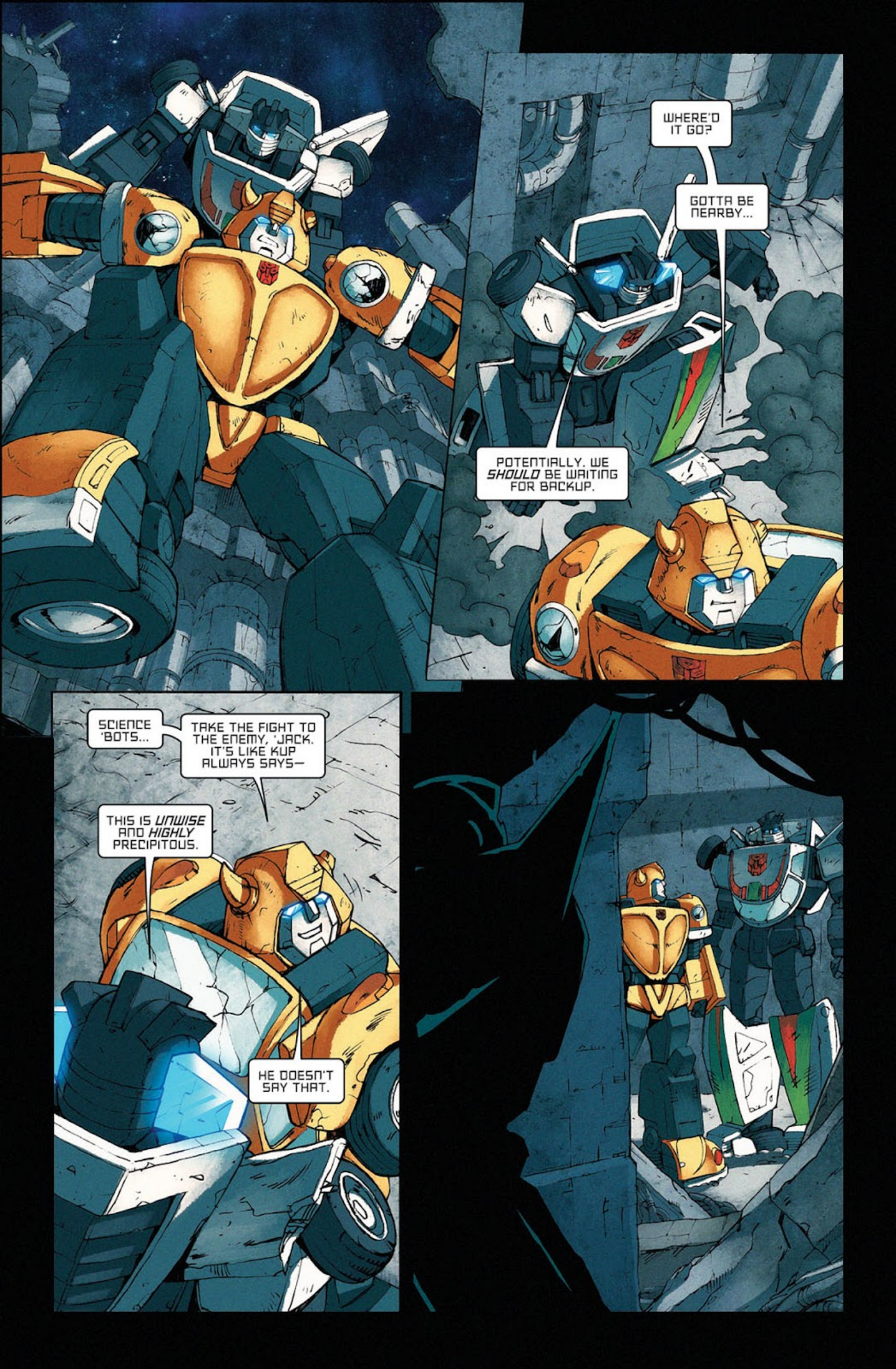

THEY BEAT US!
THE DECEPTICONS SLAPPED US SILLY AND FIRED US BACK HERE BEFORE WE COULD DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
WE SHOULD BE DEAD BUT HE TOOK THE FALL, *AGAIN*.
PRIME WOULD HAPPILY HAVE DIED FOR ANY OF US.
HE DIDN'T *HAVE* TO, WE SHOULDN'T BE *STUCK* HERE LIKE THIS! FALLIN' APART, NO *TRUST*...
IF IT WASN'T FOR—
LEAVE HIM *ALONE*, IRONHIDE. I *MEAN* IT. YOU'RE WRONG ON THIS ONE.
YOU *SURE* ABOUT THAT? YOU WILLING TO *RISK* IT?
IRONHIDE...


"...JUST LEAVE HIM ALONE."
LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, RED?


GOT A SIGNAL FROM WHEELJACK. COULD BE INTERESTING.
LET'S DO IT.
HEY, I WANT IN.
NAH, KID. YOU STAY PUT.
IRONHIDE, COME ON. I'M GOING CRAZY JUST SITTING HERE.
I NEED YOU HERE, SUNSTREAKER.
WE MIGHT BE A WHILE.
"AND I WANT SOMEONE I CAN TRUST KEEPING WATCH."


YOU'RE WRONG! LOOK WHERE WE WERE LAST TIME AND THEY STILL GOT TO US!
WE'RE COMPLETELY UNPROTECTED HERE WE—
WE'RE UNPROTECTED EVERYWHERE!
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT'S IT *LOOK* LIKE I'M DOING?
THEY'RE ABOUT TO *KILL* EACH OTHER.
WELL, IF *THEY* DON'T THOSE *THINGS* WILL.
THEY NEED A *LEADER*, BRIDGE.
WELL, THEY LOST ONE. ANDY'S GONE...
THEY NEED *YOU*.
WHAT WOULD *I* KNOW. THE ONLY REASON I'M EVEN *HERE* IS BECAUSE OF HIM.
YOU SAVED OUR LIVES THAT FIRST DAY.
BECAUSE I SAW HIM SAVE *YOURS*. I WAS *HIDING* SARAH, I'M NO HERO.
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, OKAY?


MAN UP! PEOPLE'S LIVES ARE AT STAKE!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU THINK YOU CAN OR EVEN IF YOU CAN. THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU BECAUSE THEY ALREADY HAVE!
THEY NEED YOU.
NOW PICK YOURSELF UP, STOP BEING SO PATHETIC, AND GET IN THERE AND FIX THIS!
OR SO HELP ME I'LL HURT YOU IN WAYS THAT'LL MAKE WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE LOOK LIKE A LITTLE GIRL'S TEA PARTY!
I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SO TOUGH.
ONE OF US HAS TO BE.
OUCH.


WHERE'D IT GO?
GOTTA BE NEARBY...
POTENTIALLY. WE *SHOULD* BE WAITING FOR BACKUP.
SCIENCE 'BOTS...
TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE ENEMY, 'JACK. IT'S LIKE KUP ALWAYS SAYS—
THIS IS *UNWISE* AND *HIGHLY* PRECIPITOUS.
HE DOESN'T SAY THAT.


MAKE A MOVE, LOSE THE HEAD. CLEAR?
CLIFFJUMPER?


THAT WAS RASH.
IT WAS DARK, I THOUGHT—
—YOU HAD A GUN TO HIS HEAD!
SO?
HOT ROD?! HOW... WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON CYBERTRON?!
IT IS YOU! THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
IT WORKED, YOU GOT MY MESSAGE! IT WORKED!
WAIT TILL THE OTHERS HEAR ABOUT THIS.
MESSAGE?
OTHERS?


HOT ROD, *WHAT* OTHERS? UNTIL NOW WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST US. HOW DID YOU GET HERE AND WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
WHAT AM I?! MY *MESSAGE*, WE WERE SHOT DOWN BY THE DECEPTICONS, WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED HERE WITH NO WAY OFF PLANET!
WE'D ALMOST COMPLETELY GIVEN UP HOPE, BUT NOW, WELL...
...THANK THE MATRIX YOU'RE HERE TO RESCUE US!
CONTINUED...
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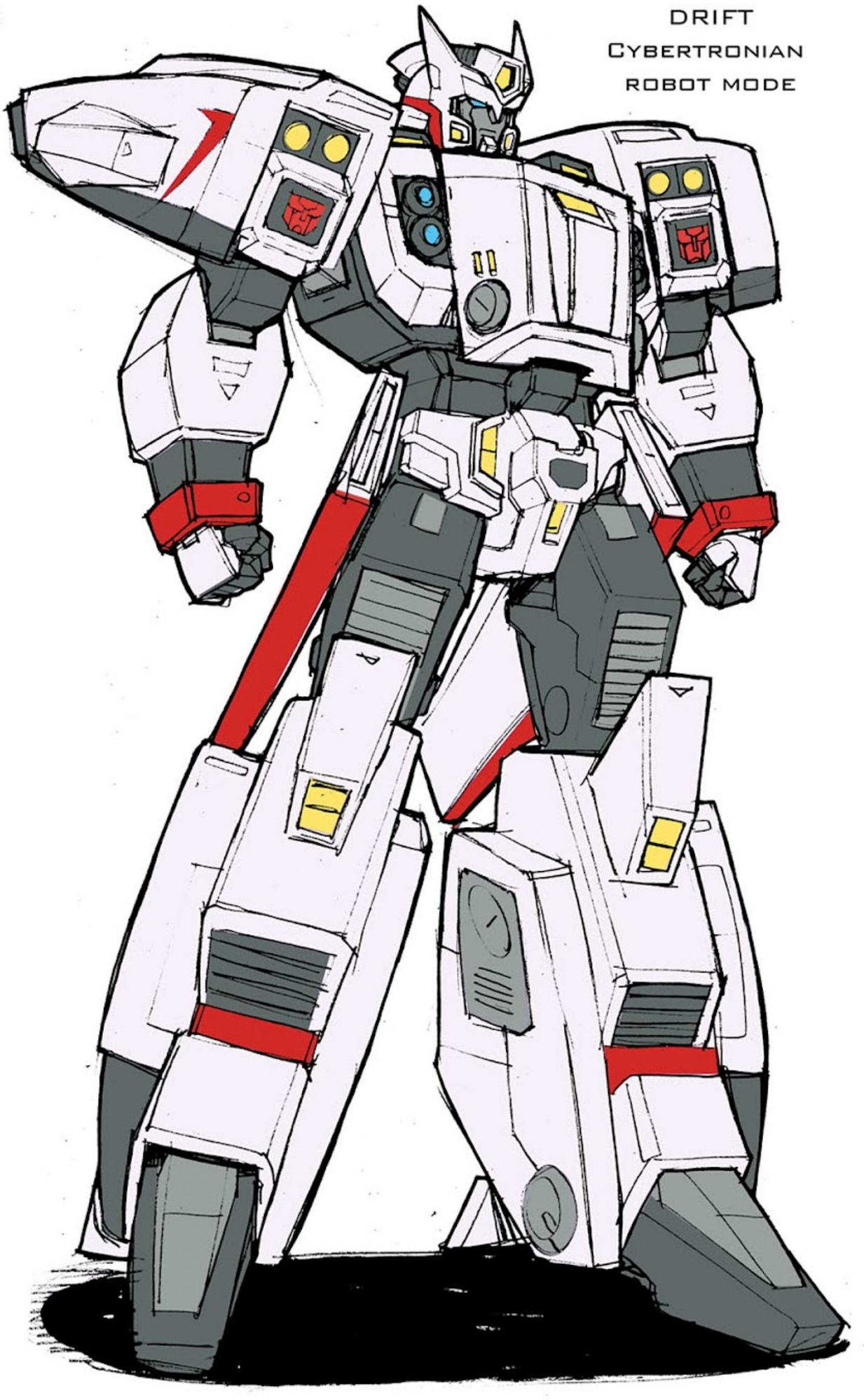

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THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #5

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The Decepticons continue their conquest of Earth as the Autobots struggle for survival on Cybertron.

The Autobots, trapped on their home world and now under the command of Jazz, suffered great losses at the hands of the Decepticons. Battered and beaten, their trust and unity are failing as the knowledge that they have an unidentified traitor in their midst threatens to tear them apart.

With no hope of rescue, the Autobots scour the planet for any source of energy they can find; not only to save themselves but, to revitalize their dying leader, Optimus Prime.

One of these searches leads to a shocking discovery: they are not the only Autobots on Cybertron...

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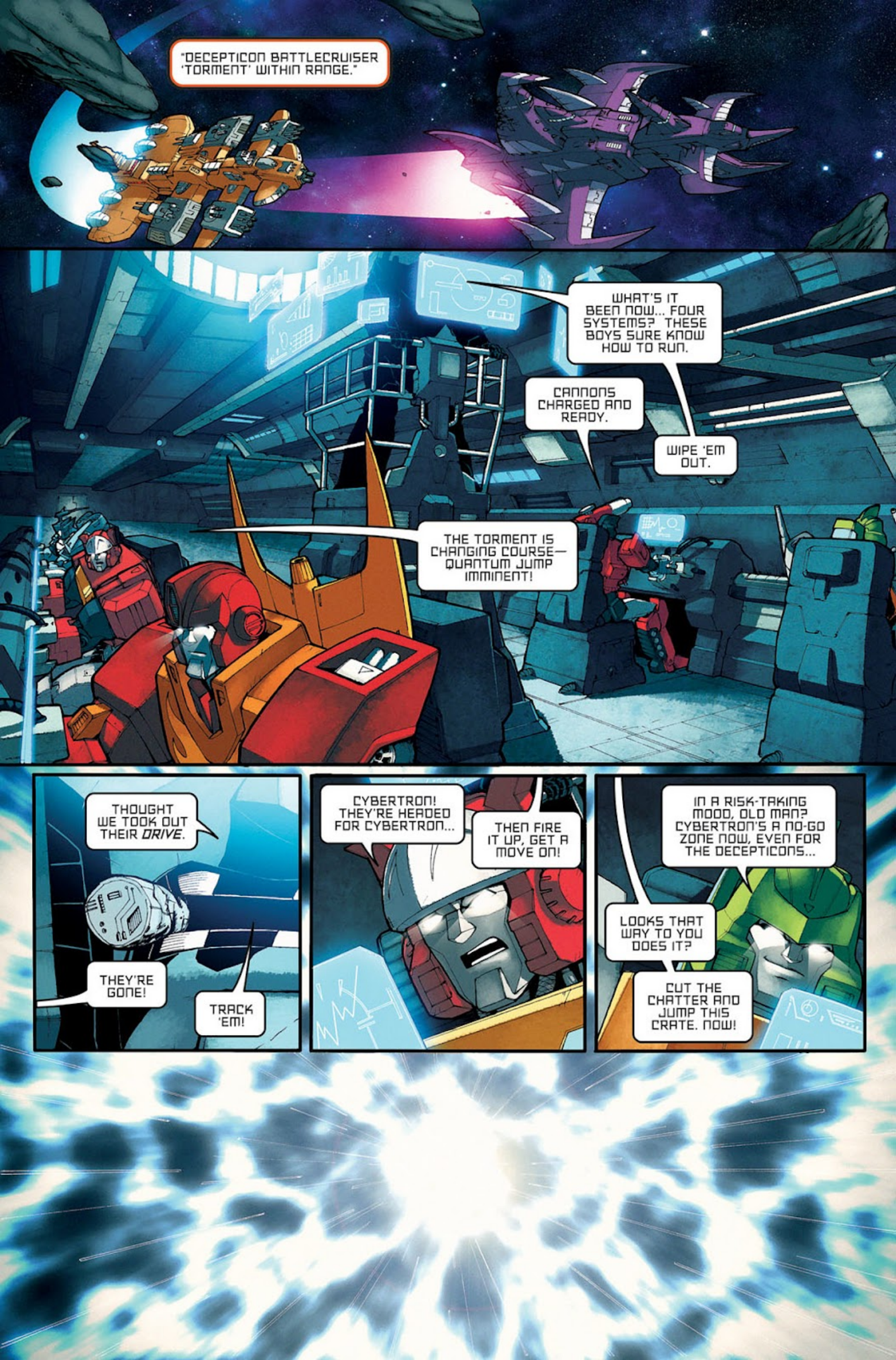
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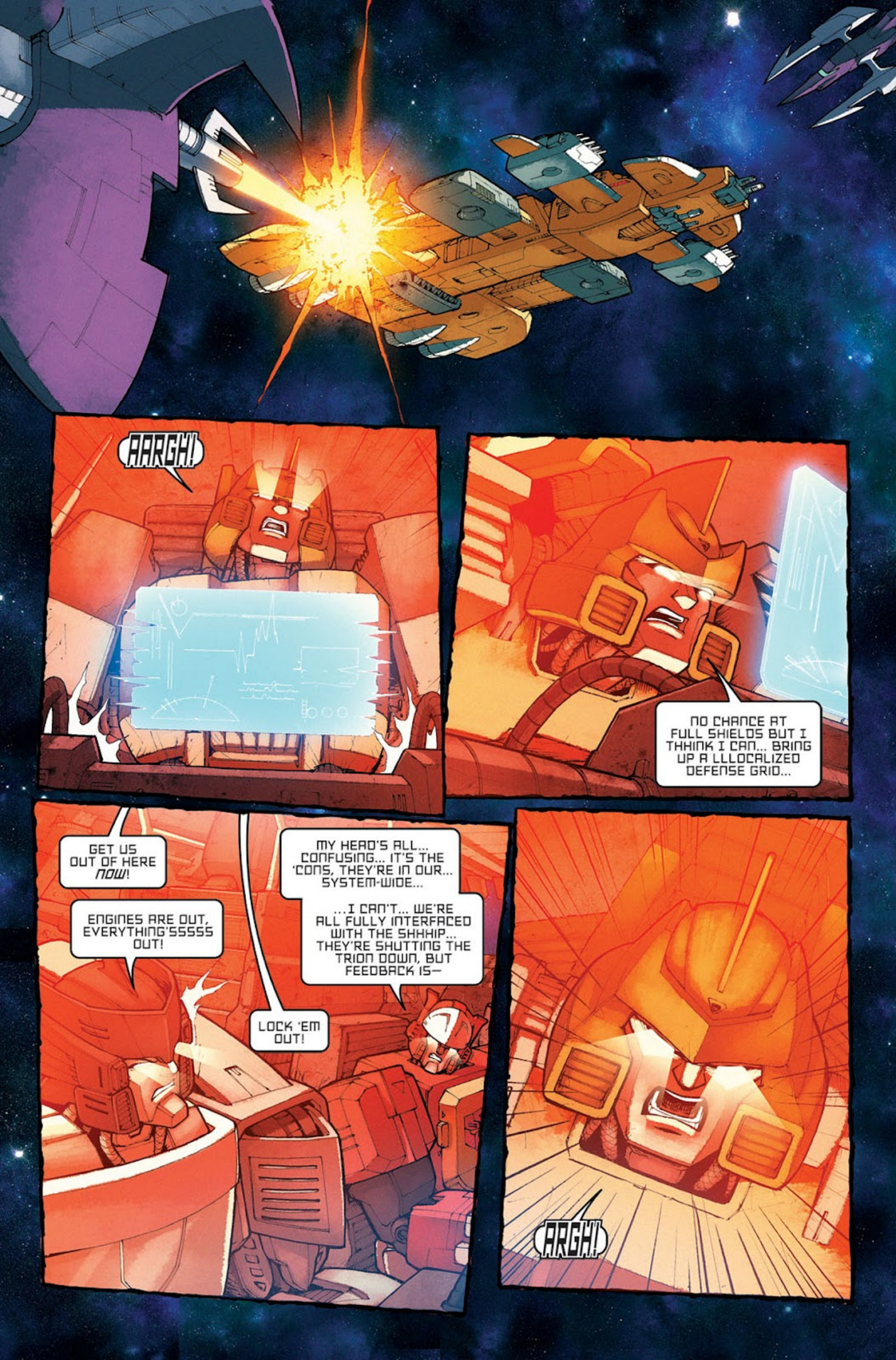
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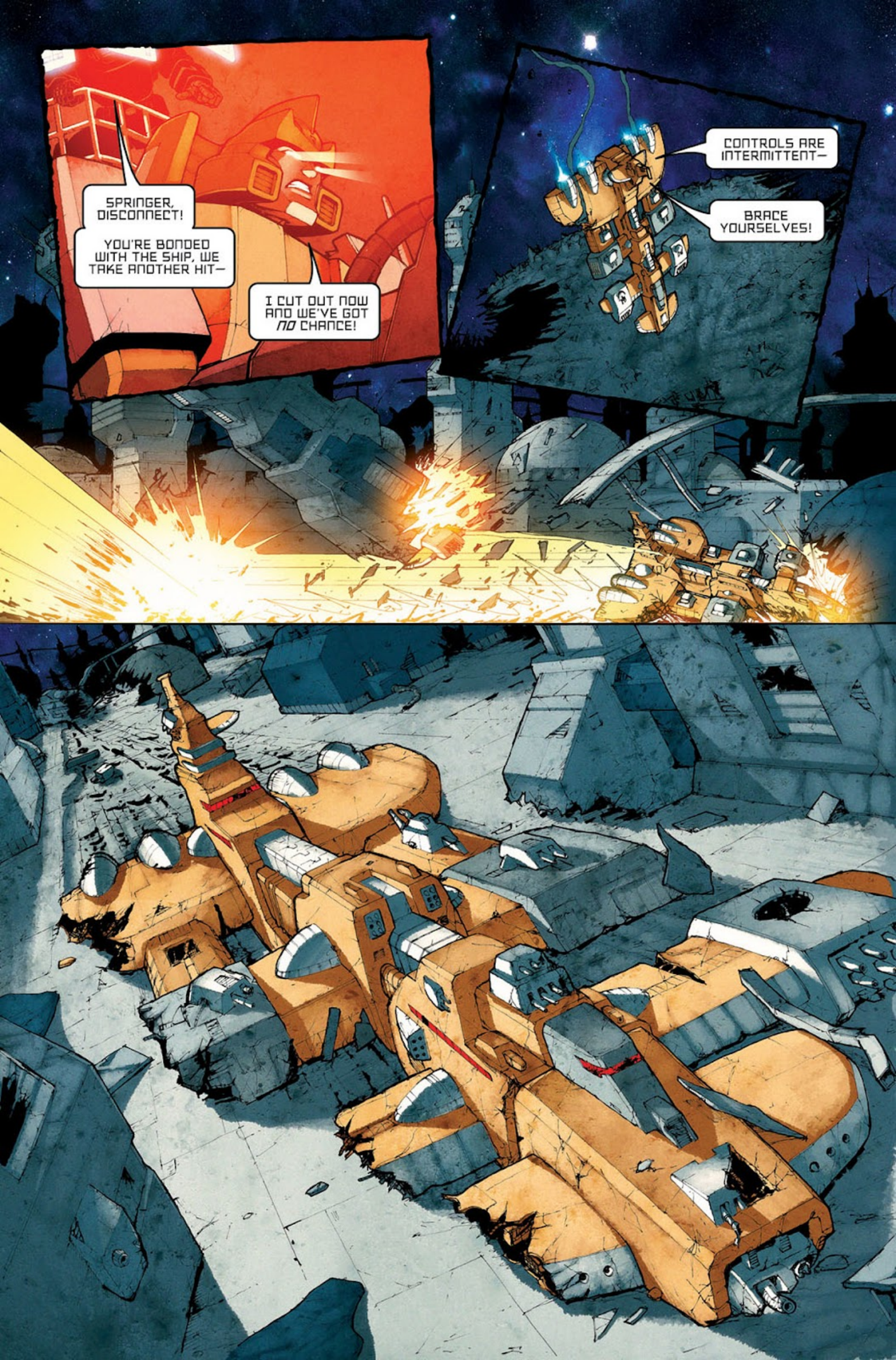
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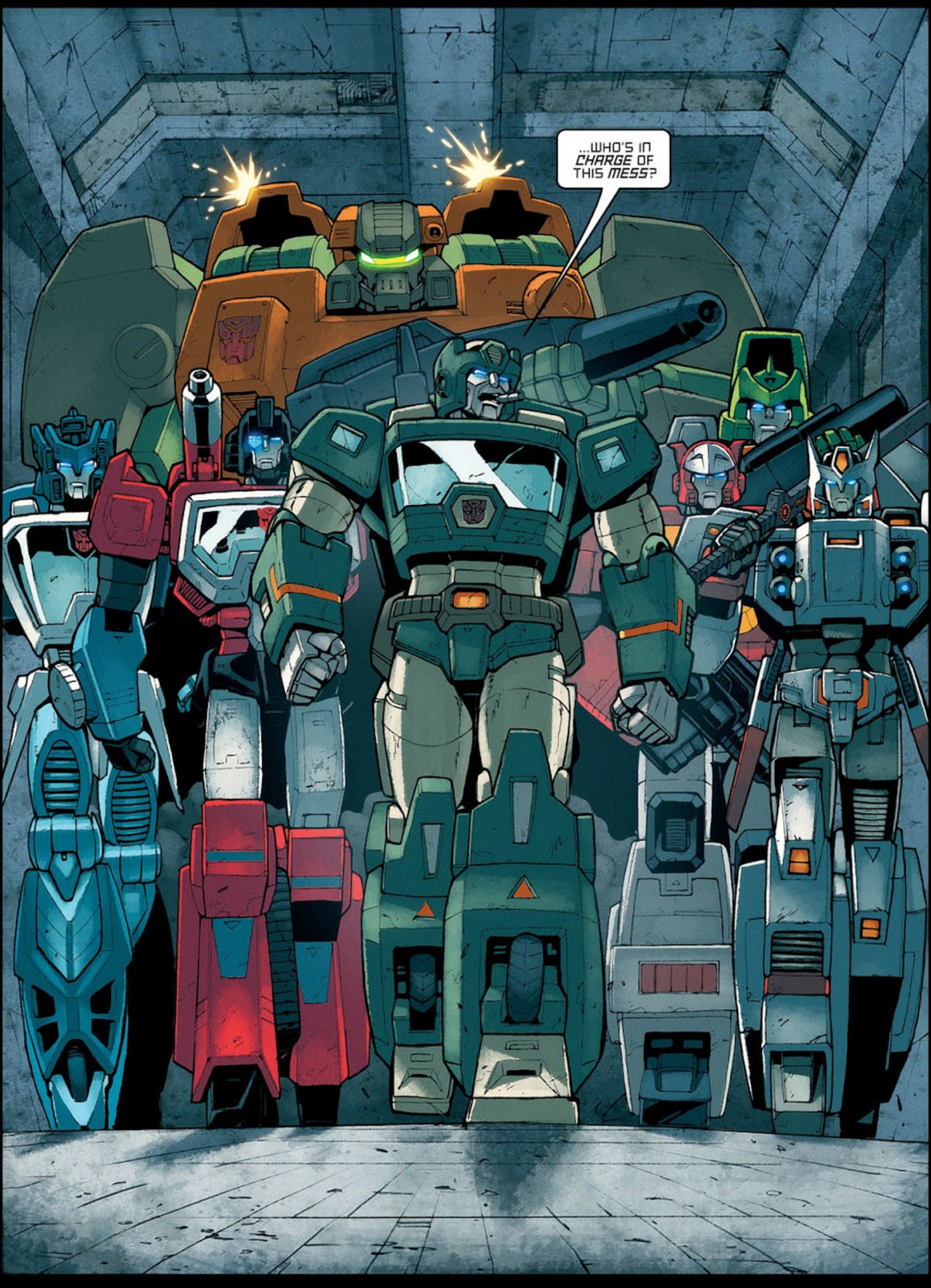

"DECEPTICON BATTLECRUISER 'TORMENT' WITHIN RANGE."
WHAT'S IT BEEN NOW... FOUR SYSTEMS? THESE BOYS SURE KNOW HOW TO RUN.
CANNONS CHARGED AND READY.
WIPE 'EM OUT.
THE TORMENT IS CHANGING COURSE— QUANTUM JUMP IMMINENT!
THOUGHT WE TOOK OUT THEIR DRIVE.
THEY'RE GONE!
TRACK 'EM!
CYBERTRON! THEY'RE HEADED FOR CYBERTRON...
THEN FIRE IT UP, GET A MOVE ON!
IN A RISK-TAKING MOOD, OLD MAN? CYBERTRON'S A NO-GO ZONE NOW, EVEN FOR THE DECEPTICONS...
LOOKS THAT WAY TO YOU DOES IT?
CUT THE CHATTER AND JUMP THIS CRATE. NOW!


WHOA! THREE MORE DECEPTICON BATTLECRUISERS COMING IN FAST!
THEY'RE PREPARING TO FIRE!
WE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT...
SHIELDS ARE DOWN!
WHAT?!
THEY'RE DOWN! I'M TRYING TO BRING THEM UP... I CAN'T SEEM TO INTERFACE—
NAVIGATION IS OUT!


AARGH!
NO CHANCE AT FULL SHIELDS BUT I THHINK I CAN... BRING UP A LLLOCALIZED DEFENSE GRID...
GET US OUT OF HERE *NOW*!
ENGINES ARE OUT, EVERYTHING'SSSSS OUT!
MY HEAD'S ALL... CONFUSING... IT'S THE 'CONS, THEY'RE IN OUR... SYSTEM-WIDE...
...I CAN'T... WE'RE ALL FULLY INTERFACED WITH THE SHHHIP... THEY'RE SHUTTING THE TRION DOWN, BUT FEEDBACK IS—
LOCK 'EM OUT!
ARGH!


SPRINGER, DISCONNECT!
YOU'RE BONDED WITH THE SHIP, WE TAKE ANOTHER HIT—
I CUT OUT NOW AND WE'VE GOT *NO* CHANCE!
CONTROLS ARE INTERMITTENT—
BRACE YOURSELVES!


SPRINGER MANAGED TO SAVE US, BUT THE FEEDBACK WAS IMMENSE WITH THE SHIELDS DOWN.
WE ALL SURVIVED, BUT THE TRION WAS OUT OF COMMISSION.
WE FIGURED THE 'CONS WOULD MAKE ANOTHER PASSBY OR, EVEN WORSE, THE SWARM WOULD FIND US, SO WE HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF THERE.
TOOK ALL THE ENERGON AND FOUND OURSELVES A HIDING PLACE. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ENERGON TO SURVIVE A WHILE BUT NOT ENOUGH TO FIX THE TRION.
BEEN SCOUTING AROUND FOR MORE EVER SINCE.
WE KNOW THE FEELING.
ORDERS WERE TO CONSERVE ENERGY, BUT I RIGGED A MESSAGE BEACON ANYWAY. I WAS SO *SURE* YOU'D HEARD IT—
OF *COURSE* THEY DIDN'T, KID. I TOLD YOU, MESSAGES ARE A WASTE OF TIME HERE.
NOW...


...WHO'S IN *CHARGE* OF THIS *MESS*?

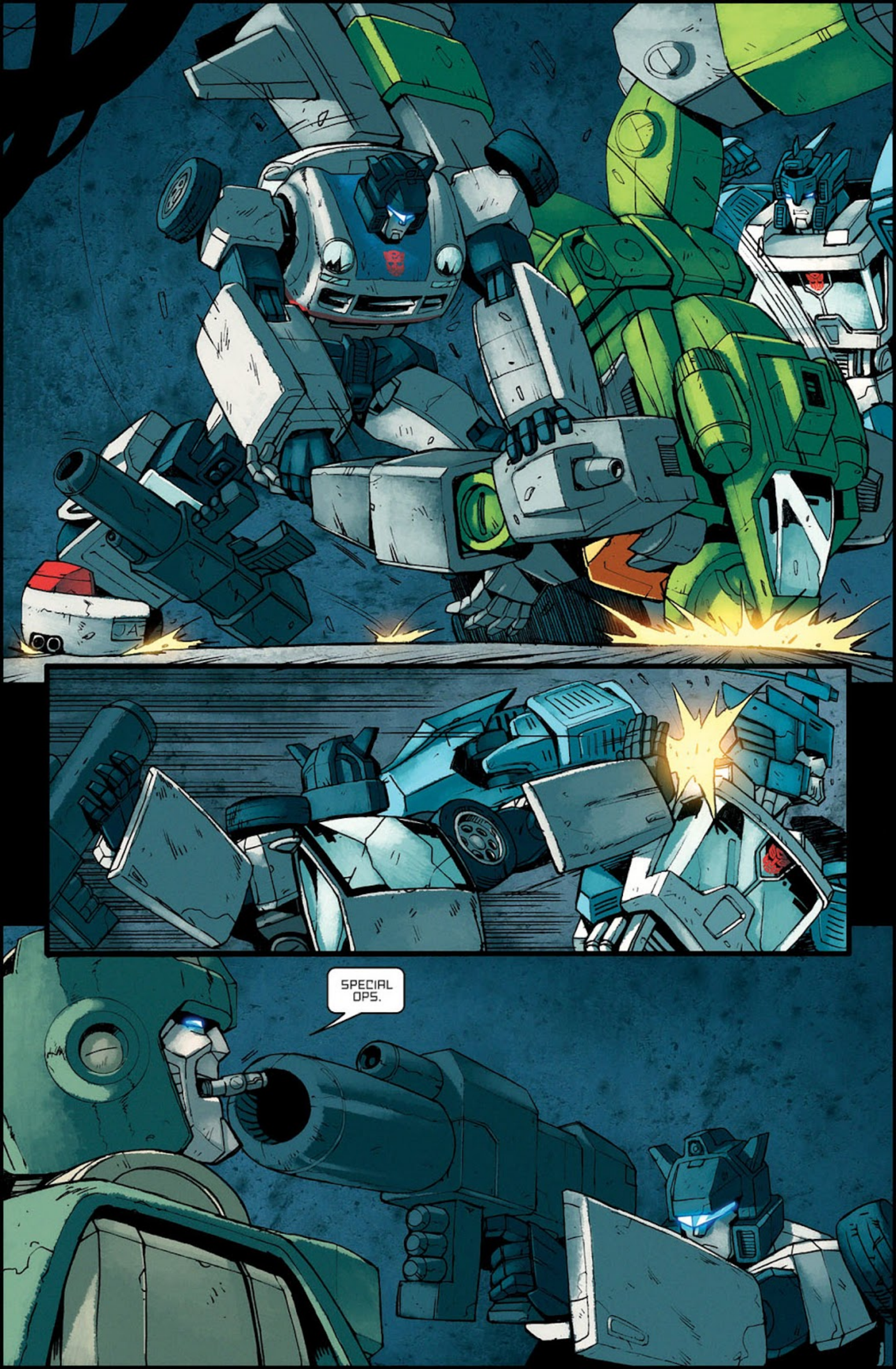

COLONEL... HE'S HERE.
SEND HIM IN.
WITWICKY
U.S. ARMY
AND HAWKE?
NO INTERRUPTIONS.
SIR.
COMMANDER.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAD.
YOU TOO, BOY.


HAVE YOU SPOKEN WITH YOUR MOTHER?
DAD—
WELL?
BIT HARD TO FROM THE FIELD.
YOU KNOW SHE—
I KNOW.
SHE MISSES YOU.
I KNOW, DAD.
UGLY S.O.B. ISN'T HE?
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE. THEY'RE UNTOUCHABLE.
NOW THEY'VE BRANCHED OUT, ATTACKING THE REST OF THE COUNTRY.
THE UN IS RECONVENING IN VERSAILLES, AND THERE'S CONCERN REGARDING THEIR POSSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION—
I GET IT. THE CHIEFS WANT THIS DEALT WITH IN-HOUSE.
THE PRESIDENT'S DEAD, THE COUNTRY'S FALLING APART, AND WE NEED THIS DEALT WITH IN A WAY THAT DOESN'T MAKE US LOOK WEAK.
WE NEED TO SAVE *LIVES. MILLIONS* OF LIVES OTHER COUNTRIES MAY DEEM EXPENDABLE FOR THE GOOD OF THE PLANET.
CODENAME: MEGAMAN
WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE...
THIS IS WHAT I DO, DAD.
SON—
DAD... THIS IS WHAT I *DO*. IT'S WHAT MY *MEN* DO.
THIS IS HOW IT *IS*.


A DIVERSION'S PLANNED, OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY. YOU'LL SLIP IN UNNOTICED.
AND THE WEAPON?
THREE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD. NEW YORK IS WHERE IT WAS INVENTED.
LUCKY.
THIS FEELS LUCKY TO YOU?
NO, BUT I WAS—
THERE'S NO LUCK.
NO LUCK. GOT IT.
COORDINATES ARE IN YOUR BRIEF.
YOU THINK THIS'LL MAKE A DIFFERENCE?
THEY ALL TAKE THEIR ORDERS FROM HIM.
THEY'VE BEEN BROADCASTING ENOUGH FOOTAGE FOR US TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HOW THEY WORK. THEY'RE USING IT TO CAUSE PANIC—
IT'S WORKING.
BUT NOW IT'S WORKING FOR *US*.
HE'S THE TARGET. TAKE HIM DOWN AND IT'LL LEAVE THE OTHERS DIRECTIONLESS.


SPIKE...
IT'S OKAY, DAD. IT'S OK.
WITWICKY
SON...
...CALL YOUR MOTHER. PLEASE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY'RE ACTUALLY GETTING HIM TO DO IT.
CAN YOU THINK OF ANYONE BETTER?
COURSE NOT. BUT EVEN IF IT WORKS, IT'S A SUICIDE MISSION. I THOUGHT THE COLONEL WOULD HAVE STEPPED IN, TRIED TO STOP IT.
STOP IT?
HE *ORDERED* IT.


"MESS"?
YOU GOT ANOTHER NAME FOR IT?
SO, I TAKE IT *YOU'RE* IN CHARGE THEN?
THIS IS *PRIME'S* UNIT. IF HE'S NOT HERE, I THOUGHT *PROWL* WAS SECOND IN COMMAND.
HE'S OUT, YOU'RE IN?
IN PARTICULAR SITUATIONS THERE'S A SHIFT IN THE CHAIN OF COMMAND.
WE EACH HAVE OUR SPECIALITY.
OH NO.
THIS NEVER GETS OLD.
WELL, YOUR "SPECIALITY" COULD USE SOME WORK. WE WALKED RIGHT IN WITHOUT A SINGLE SENTRY IN SIGHT.
I'VE GOT IT COVERED.
THAT'S WHAT YOUR SPECIAL OPS TRAINING IS TELLING YOU, IS IT?
AMONG OTHER THINGS...
SUCH AS?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
TRY IT. YOU COULDN'T GET WITHIN TWO FEET OF ME.
UH-UH.
I'M A WHOLE LOT BIGGER THAN YOU, YOU *KNOW* HOW THIS IS GONNA END.


SPECIAL OPS.

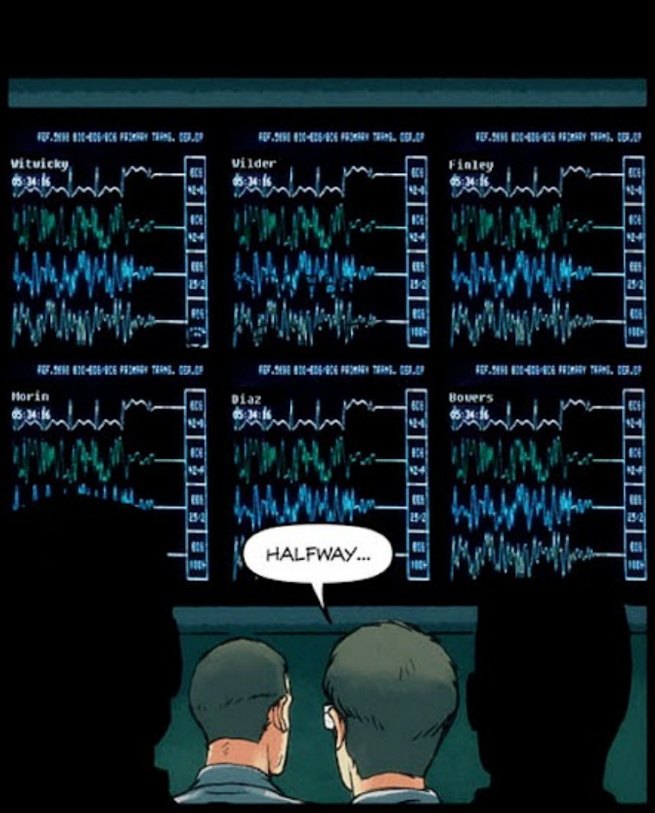

IT'S NOT THAT THERE WEREN'T ANY SENTRIES, YOU JUST DIDN'T SEE THEM.
YOU DIDN'T SEE THEM BECAUSE I DIDN'T *WANT* YOU TO.
MIRAGE!
HMM.
NOW, IF WE'RE DONE PROVING OURSELVES...
... THERE'S SOMETHING YOU NEED TO SEE.




WITWICKY


CLEAN SIGNALS ON ALL OF THEM.
IT SHOULD STAY THAT WAY UNTIL THEY REACH THE OTHER SIDE.
Witwicky
Wilder
Finley
Diaz
Bowers




Witwicky
Wilder
Finley
Morin
Diaz
Bowers
HALFWAY...

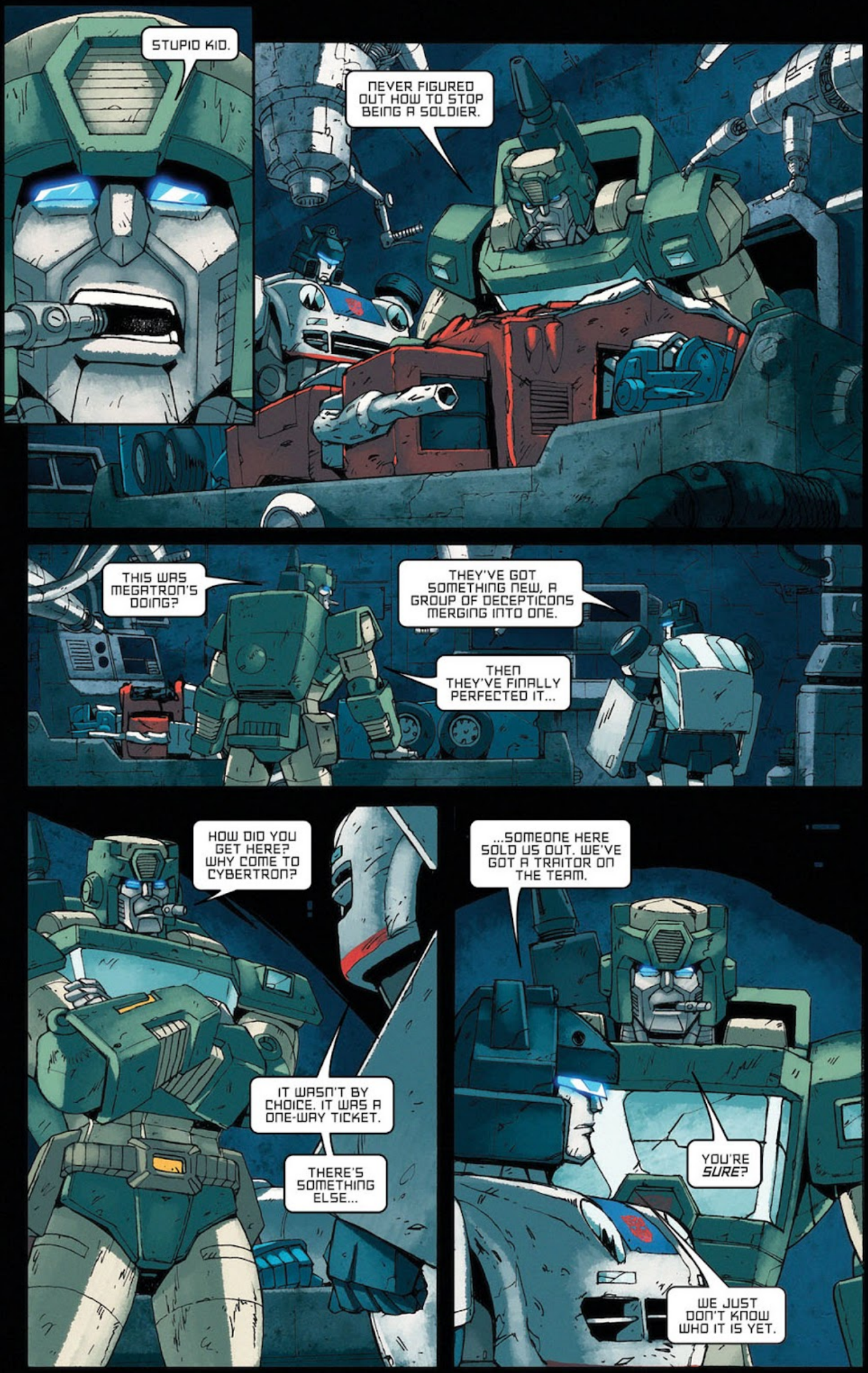



I HEAR SOMETHING.




MC
60
A


WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?!
HAWKE
US ARMY
WITWICKY
US ARMY
WE LOST THEM. THEY'RE GONE.
THEY DIDN'T EVEN MAKE IT ACROSS.


STUPID KID.
NEVER FIGURED OUT HOW TO STOP BEING A SOLDIER.
THIS WAS MEGATRON'S DOING?
THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING NEW, A GROUP OF DECEPTICONS MERGING INTO ONE.
THEN THEY'VE FINALLY PERFECTED IT...
HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHY COME TO CYBERTRON?
IT WASN'T BY CHOICE. IT WAS A ONE-WAY TICKET.
THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...
...SOMEONE HERE SOLD US OUT. WE'VE GOT A TRAITOR ON THE TEAM.
YOU'RE *SURE*?
WE JUST DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS YET.


WELL, THAT EXPLAINS IT. THE DECEPTICONS WERE GIVEN OUR ACCESS CODES, *THAT'S* HOW THEY BROUGHT US DOWN.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY...
AND I CAN ONLY ASSUME YOU HAVEN'T TOLD THEM ABOUT PRIME YET.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THEY KNOW HE'S DYING—
I GAVE YOU HELL BACK THERE, KID, BUT YOU'RE DOIN' OKAY.
MANAGING TO KEEP THOSE BOYS TOGETHER WHEN THEY SHOULD BE RIPPING EACH OTHER APART.
I MIGHT BE A BLUSTERING OLD FOOL, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M THAT STUPID?
PRIME DOESN'T KEEP ME AROUND FOR MY GOOD LOOKS, JAZZ.


"MEGATRON HAS IT, DOESN'T HE?"
"YES."
"YES, HE DOES."


I JUST KILLED MY SON.




HE'S IN HIS EARLY TEENS, GOOD KID, WELL-LIKED. REAL CHARMER.


WE'RE AT A DINNER, SUNDAY AFTERNOON THING. FAMILY GATHERING. WE'RE AT A DINNER, AND HE'S OFFERED SOME WINE.


NO, HE SAYS.
HE'S IN HIS TEENS, AND HE REFUSES TO DRINK. WON'T EVEN TRY IT.


HIS MOTHER ASKS, WHY WON'T YOU DRINK?
BECAUSE DADDY DOESN'T.


HE GETS OLDER, LOVES WORKING ON CARS.
BECAUSE YOU LOVE WORKING ON CARS.
BECAUSE I LOVE WORKING ON CARS.
BECAUSE DADDY DOES.


COMES HOME ONE DAY AND SAYS, I'M ENLISTING, I'M JOINING THE ARMY.
WHY? SHE ASKS.
I WANT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, HE SAYS.


BUT SHE LOOKS AT ME—SHE GIVES ME THIS LOOK, AND I KNOW, I KNOW WHAT SHE'S THINKING...

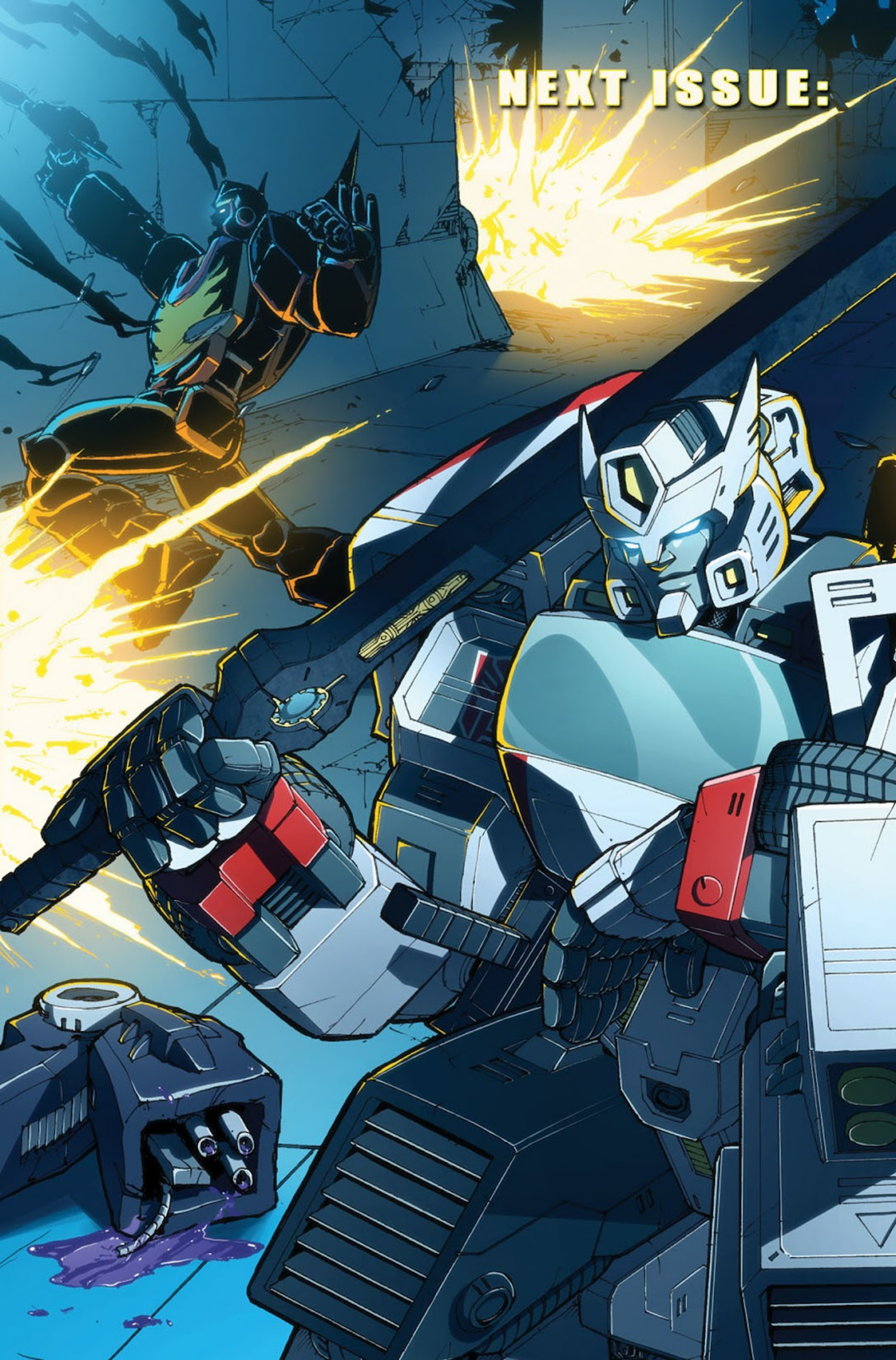



...BECAUSE DADDY DOES.


THE LAST TIME I SAW MY WIFE I WAS JOKING AROUND, BEING A JACKASS...
...NOW I HAVE TO CALL HER AND TELL HER OUR BOY'S NEVER COMING HOME AGAIN.


HE'S NEVER COMING HOME AGAIN, AND IT'S MY FAULT.


CONTINUED...


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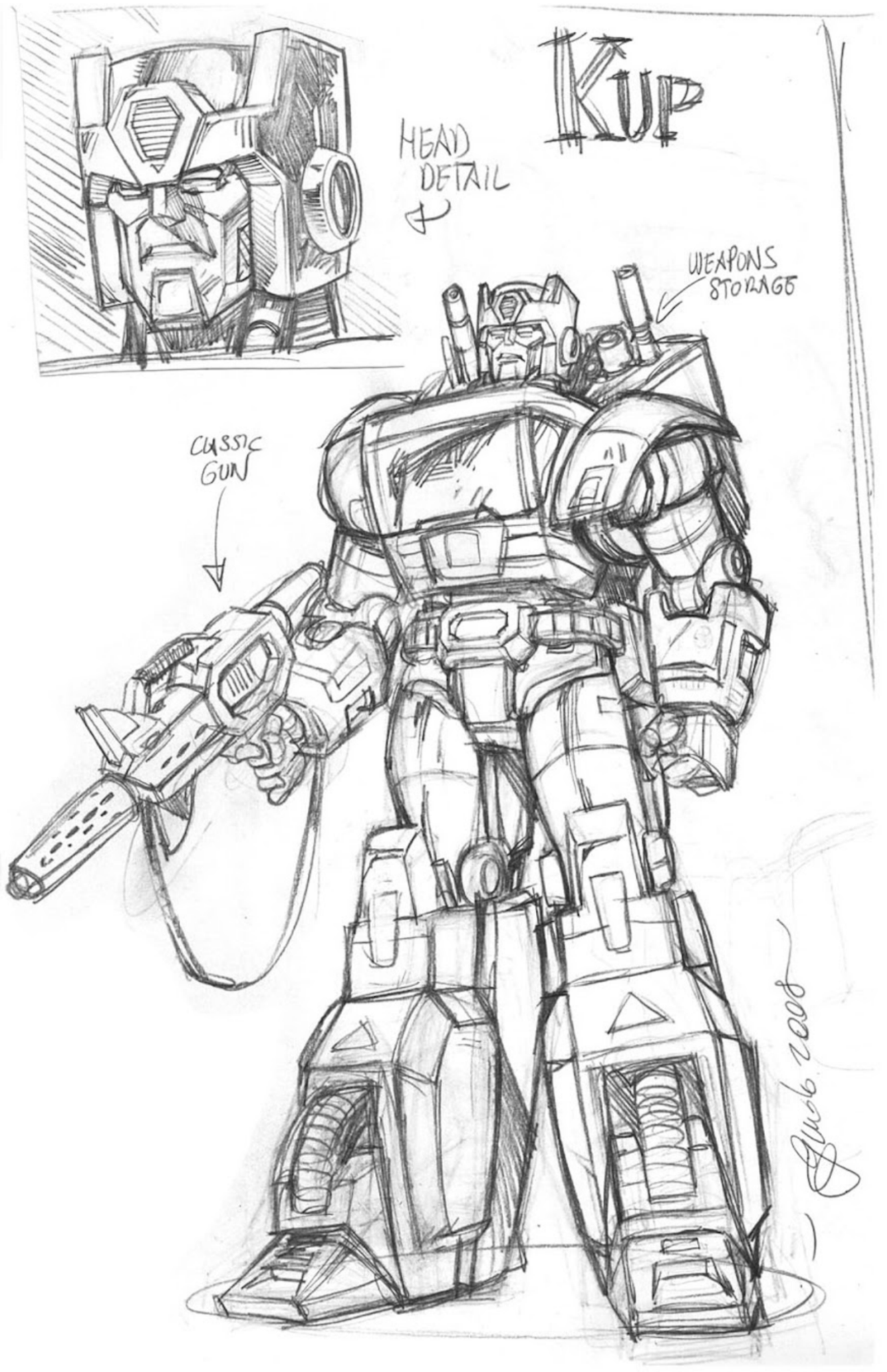

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THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #6

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The two groups of Autobots trapped on Cybertron, one led by Kup the other Jazz, have joined forces. However what should have been a joyous reunion was sullied by old feuds, news of a traitor on the team, and the revelation that Megatron now possesses the Autobot Matrix of Leadership.

Meanwhile, on Earth, the military has planned a high-risk mission to assassinate Megatron. To do this they enlisted the aid of Spike Witwicky and his team of Navy SEALs. Father and son were reunited as Sparkplug prepared them for what lays ahead.

Sadly, mere minutes into their task, Spike and his men were slaughtered by Ratbat as they attempted to cross the river to New York.

As Sparkplug wrestles with the guilt of having sent his son to his death, Spike secretly managed to survive and silently slipped into the city unnoticed...

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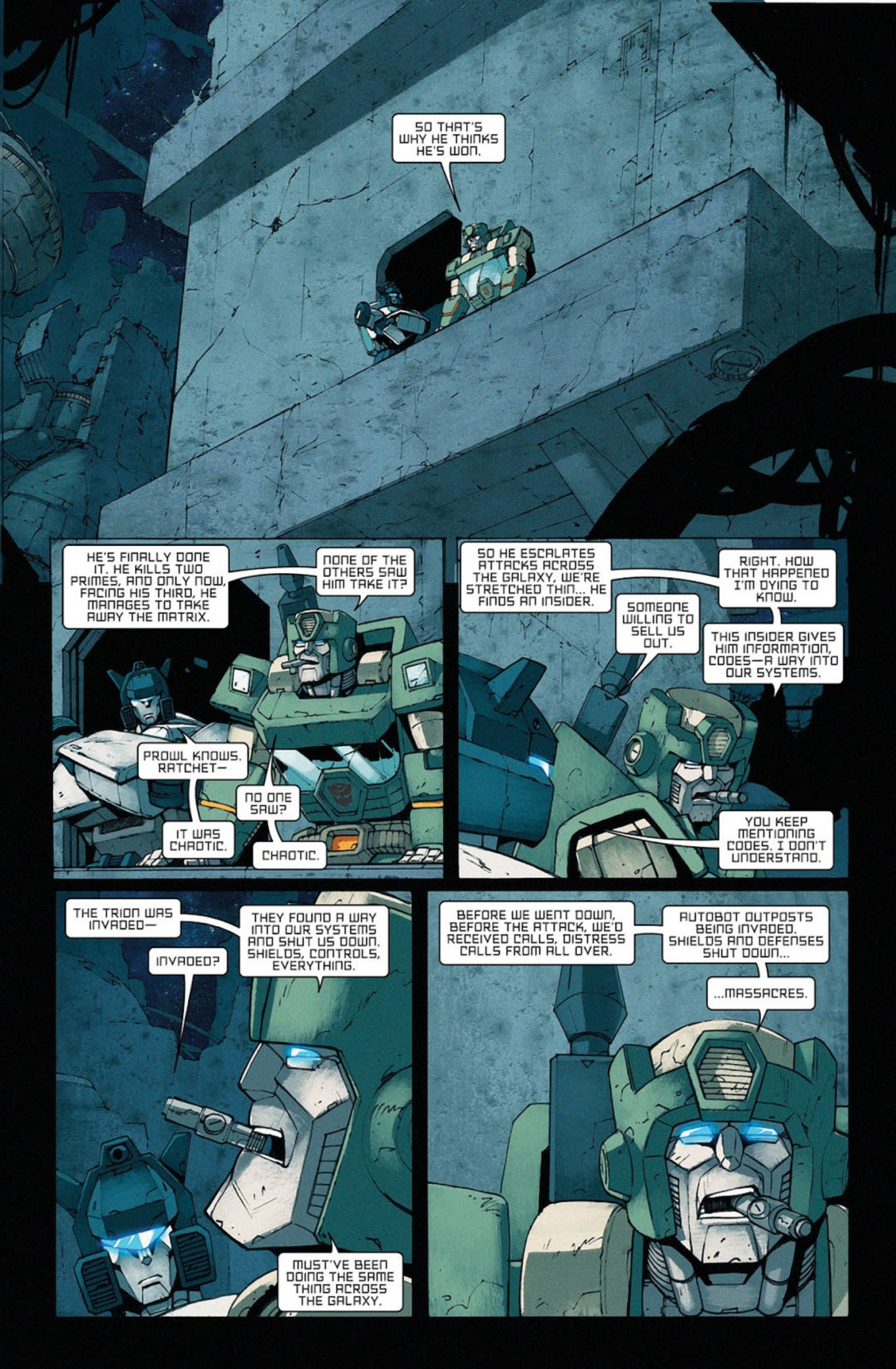
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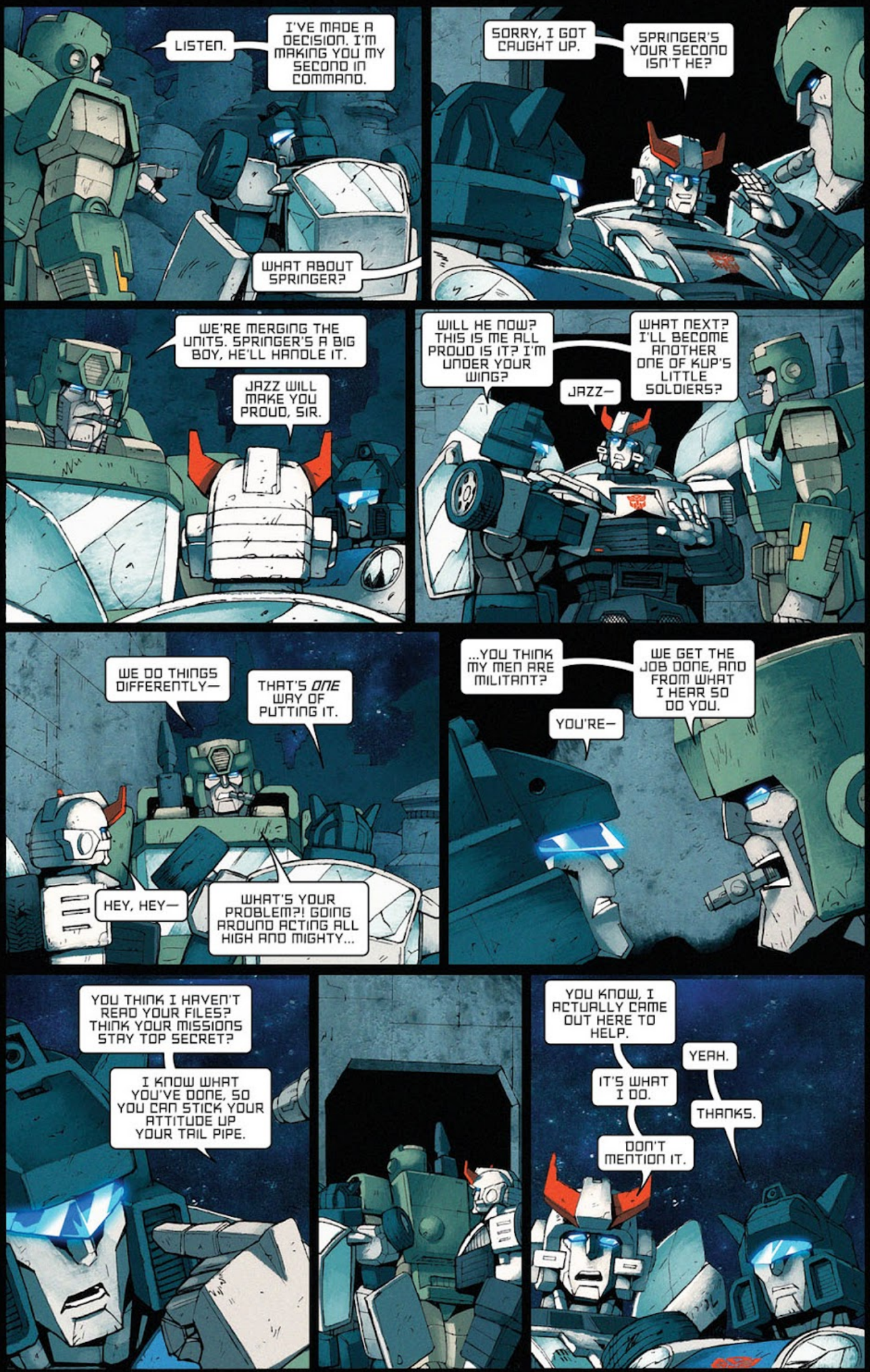
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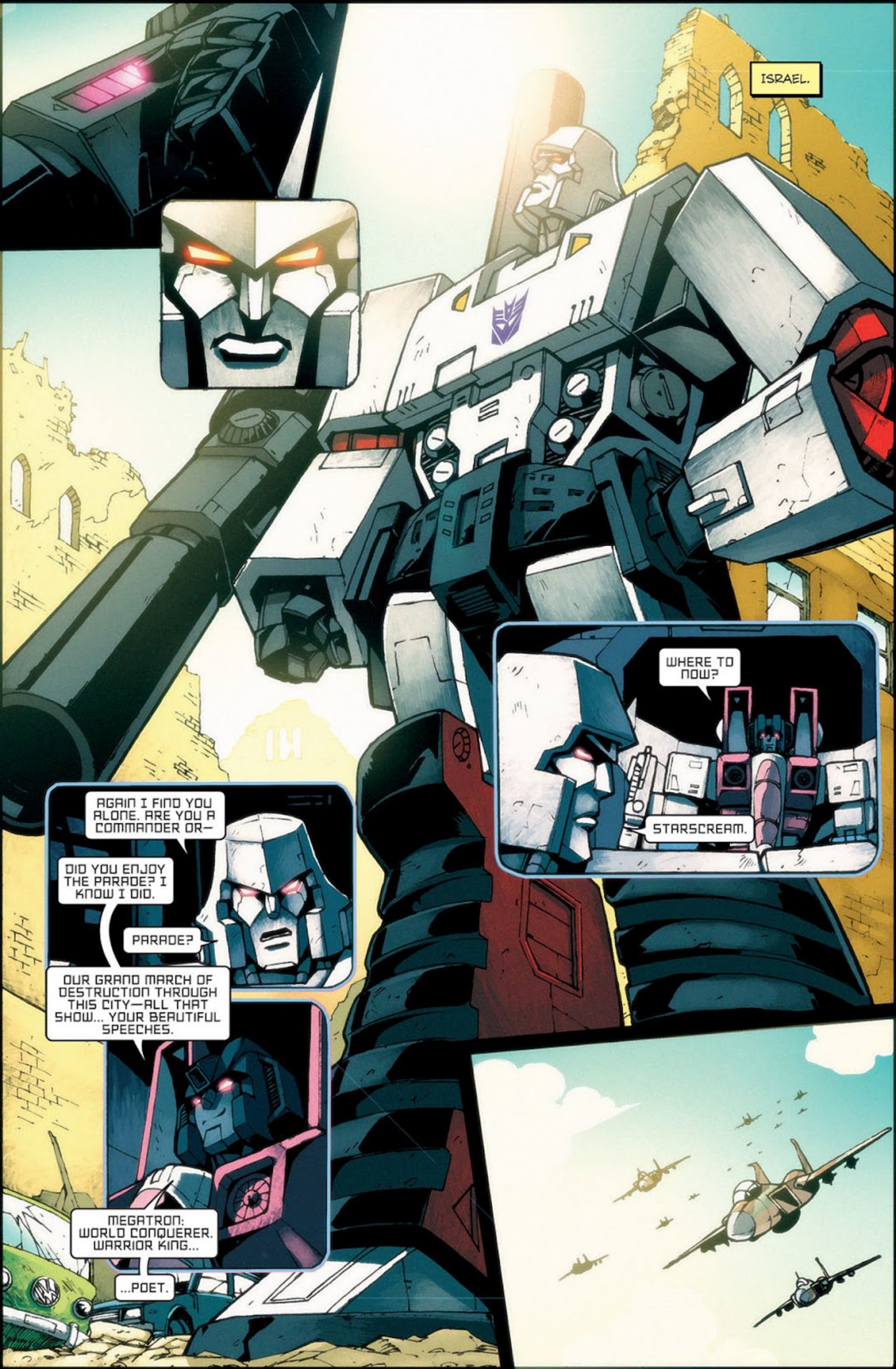
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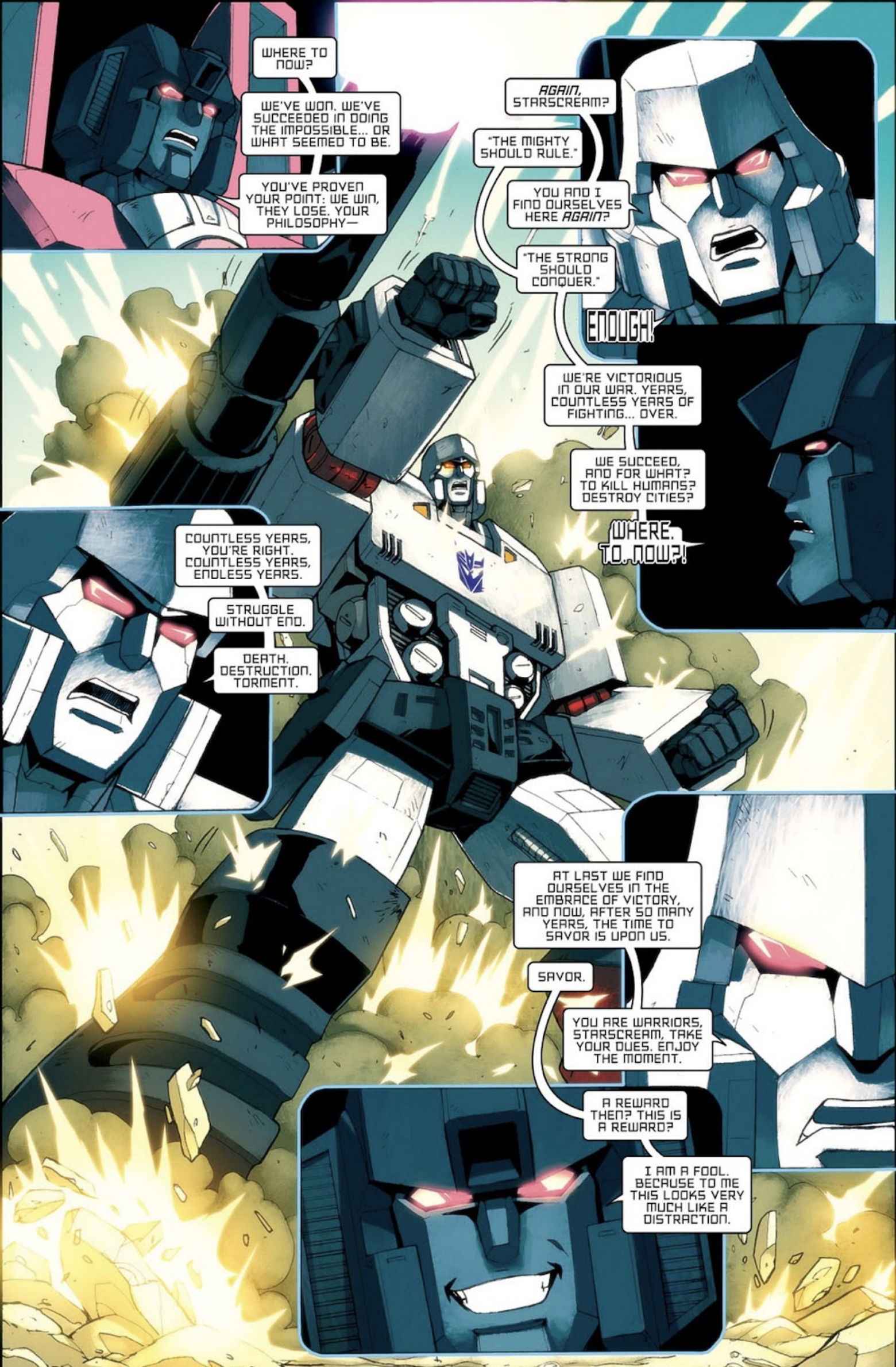
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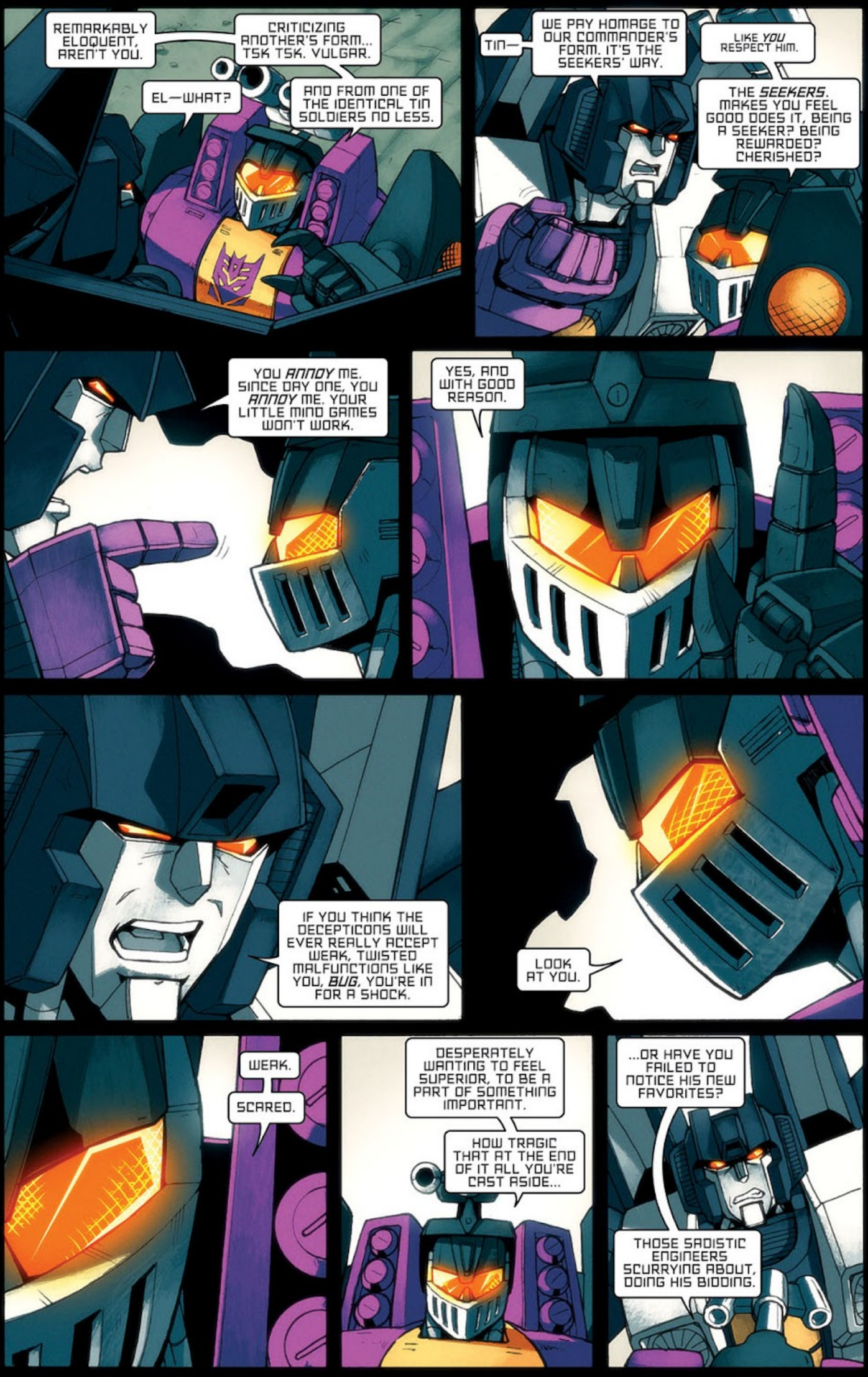

SO THAT'S WHY HE THINKS HE'S WON.
HE'S FINALLY DONE IT. HE KILLS TWO PRIMES, AND ONLY NOW, FACING HIS THIRD, HE MANAGES TO TAKE AWAY THE MATRIX.
NONE OF THE OTHERS SAW HIM TAKE IT?
PROWL KNOWS. RATCHET—
NO ONE SAW?
IT WAS CHAOTIC.
CHAOTIC.
SO HE ESCALATES ATTACKS ACROSS THE GALAXY, WE'RE STRETCHED THIN... HE FINDS AN INSIDER.
RIGHT. HOW THAT HAPPENED I'M DYING TO KNOW.
SOMEONE WILLING TO SELL US OUT.
THIS INSIDER GIVES HIM INFORMATION, CODES—A WAY INTO OUR SYSTEMS.
YOU KEEP MENTIONING CODES. I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THE TRION WAS INVADED—
INVADED?
THEY FOUND A WAY INTO OUR SYSTEMS AND SHUT US DOWN. SHIELDS, CONTROLS, EVERYTHING.
MUST'VE BEEN DOING THE SAME THING ACROSS THE GALAXY.
BEFORE WE WENT DOWN, BEFORE THE ATTACK, WE'D RECEIVED CALLS, DISTRESS CALLS FROM ALL OVER.
AUTOBOT OUTPOSTS BEING INVADED. SHIELDS AND DEFENSES SHUT DOWN...
...MASSACRES.

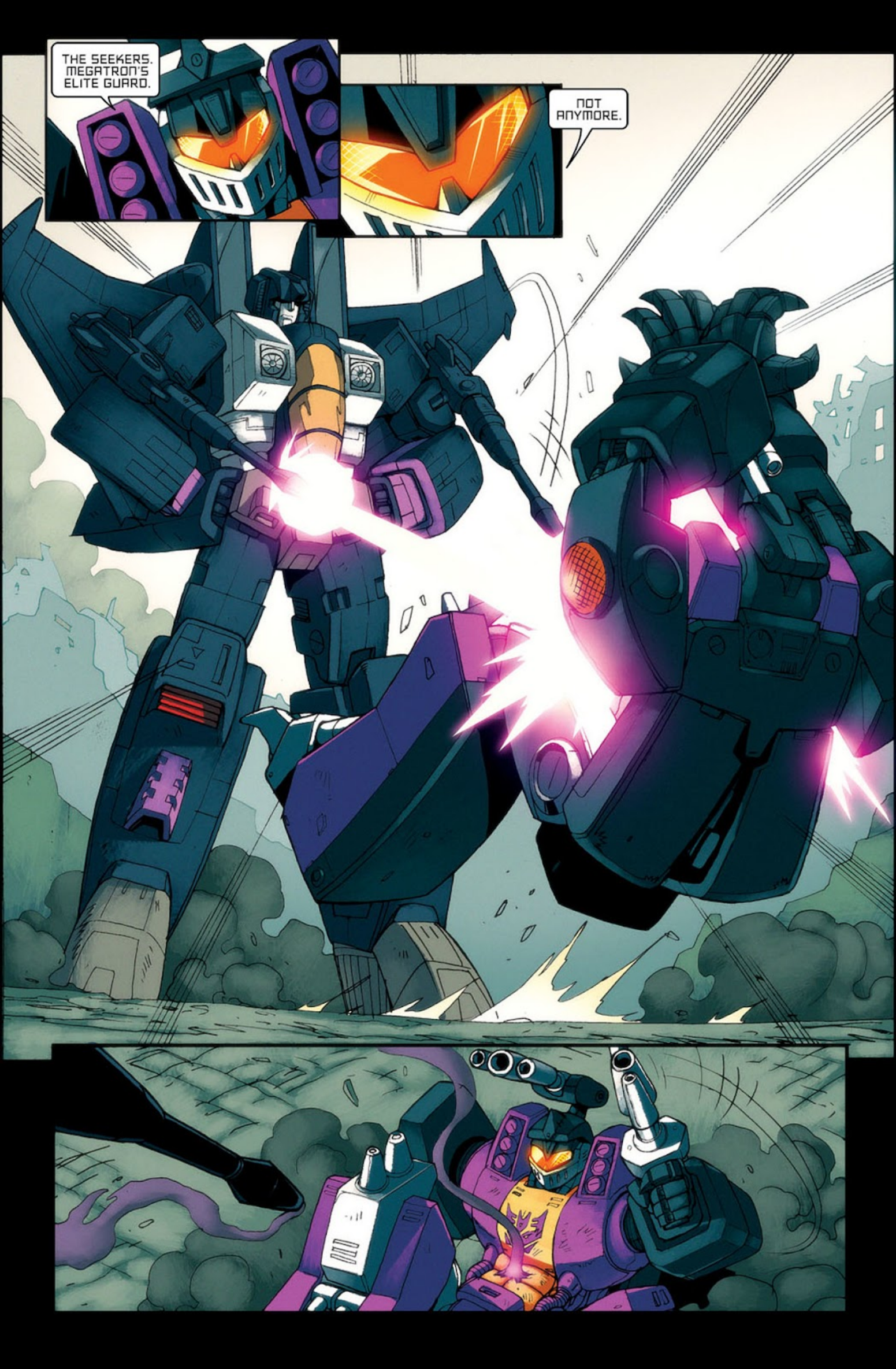

LISTEN.
I'VE MADE A DECISION. I'M MAKING YOU MY SECOND IN COMMAND.
WHAT ABOUT SPRINGER?
SORRY, I GOT CAUGHT UP.
SPRINGER'S YOUR SECOND ISN'T HE?
WE'RE MERGING THE UNITS. SPRINGER'S A BIG BOY, HE'LL HANDLE IT.
JAZZ WILL MAKE YOU PROUD, SIR.
WILL HE NOW? THIS IS ME ALL PROUD IS IT? I'M UNDER YOUR WING?
JAZZ—
WHAT NEXT? I'LL BECOME ANOTHER ONE OF KUP'S LITTLE SOLDIERS?
WE DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY—
THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.
HEY, HEY—
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?! GOING AROUND ACTING ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY...
...YOU THINK MY MEN ARE MILITANT?
YOU'RE—
WE GET THE JOB DONE, AND FROM WHAT I HEAR SO DO YOU.
YOU THINK I HAVEN'T READ YOUR FILES? THINK YOUR MISSIONS STAY TOP SECRET?
I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SO YOU CAN STICK YOUR ATTITUDE UP YOUR TAIL PIPE.
YOU KNOW, I ACTUALLY CAME OUT HERE TO HELP.
IT'S WHAT I DO.
DON'T MENTION IT.
YEAH.
THANKS.


ISRAEL.
WHERE TO NOW?
STARSCREAM.
AGAIN I FIND YOU ALONE. ARE YOU A COMMANDER OR—
DID YOU ENJOY THE PARADE? I KNOW I DID.
PARADE?
OUR GRAND MARCH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THIS CITY—ALL THAT SHOW... YOUR BEAUTIFUL SPEECHES.
MEGATRON: WORLD CONQUERER. WARRIOR KING...
...POET.


WHERE TO NOW?
WE'VE WON. WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE... OR WHAT SEEMED TO BE.
YOU'VE PROVEN YOUR POINT: WE WIN, THEY LOSE. YOUR PHILOSOPHY—
AGAIN, STARSCREAM?
"THE MIGHTY SHOULD RULE."
YOU AND I FIND OURSELVES HERE AGAIN?
"THE STRONG SHOULD CONQUER."
ENOUGH!
WE'RE VICTORIOUS IN OUR WAR. YEARS, COUNTLESS YEARS OF FIGHTING... OVER.
WE SUCCEED, AND FOR WHAT? TO KILL HUMANS? DESTROY CITIES?
WHERE. TO. NOW?!
COUNTLESS YEARS, YOU'RE RIGHT. COUNTLESS YEARS, ENDLESS YEARS.
STRUGGLE WITHOUT END.
DEATH. DESTRUCTION. TORMENT.
AT LAST WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE EMBRACE OF VICTORY, AND NOW, AFTER SO MANY YEARS, THE TIME TO SAVOR IS UPON US.
SAVOR.
YOU ARE WARRIORS, STARSCREAM, TAKE YOUR DUES. ENJOY THE MOMENT.
A REWARD THEN? THIS IS A REWARD?
I AM A FOOL. BECAUSE TO ME THIS LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE A DISTRACTION.


BEIJING, CHINA.
IN THE PAST HOUR I'VE SINGLE-HANDEDLY KILLED JUST UNDER HALF THE POPULATION OF THIS CITY.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D HAVE A PROBLEM KILLING YOU?
TOUCHY.
KILLING THESE CREATURES IS MEANT TO BE IMPRESSIVE THEN? STRANGE NOTION, THEY'RE SO SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT, LIKE—
BUGS? *YOU'RE* A BUG.
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSIVE? A BUG?


REMARKABLY ELOQUENT, AREN'T YOU.
CRITICIZING ANOTHER'S FORM... TSK TSK. VULGAR.
EL—WHAT?
AND FROM ONE OF THE IDENTICAL TIN SOLDIERS NO LESS.
TIN—
WE PAY HOMAGE TO OUR COMMANDER'S FORM. IT'S THE SEEKERS' WAY.
LIKE *YOU* RESPECT HIM.
THE *SEEKERS*. MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD DOES IT, BEING A SEEKER? BEING REWARDED? CHERISHED?
YOU *ANNOY* ME. SINCE DAY ONE, YOU *ANNOY* ME. YOUR LITTLE MIND GAMES WON'T WORK.
YES, AND WITH GOOD REASON.
IF YOU THINK THE DECEPTICONS WILL EVER REALLY ACCEPT WEAK, TWISTED MALFUNCTIONS LIKE YOU, *BUG*, YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK.
LOOK AT YOU.
WEAK.
SCARED.
DESPERATELY WANTING TO FEEL SUPERIOR, TO BE A PART OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
HOW TRAGIC THAT AT THE END OF IT ALL YOU'RE CAST ASIDE...
...OR HAVE YOU FAILED TO NOTICE HIS NEW FAVORITES?
THOSE SADISTIC ENGINEERS SCURRYING ABOUT, DOING HIS BIDDING.


THE SEEKERS. MEGATRON'S ELITE GUARD.
NOT ANYMORE.


DO IT.
YOU TAKE ON ONE, YOU TAKE ON US ALL.
I WON'T HOLD BACK LIKE HE DID.
"YOU TAKE ON ONE, YOU TAKE ON US ALL" HEH.
TELEPORTATION.
MORONS.


THAT—*YEAH!* THAT FELT *GOOD*. HAHA.
RUN!


I *HATE* THOSE THINGS.
HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF THEM DID WE SPIT OUT AND, WHAT, ONLY THREE WERE ANY GOOD?
STARTIN' SOMETHING WITH ME...
...SHOULD'VE DUMPED 'EM ON CYBERTRON WITH THE REST.



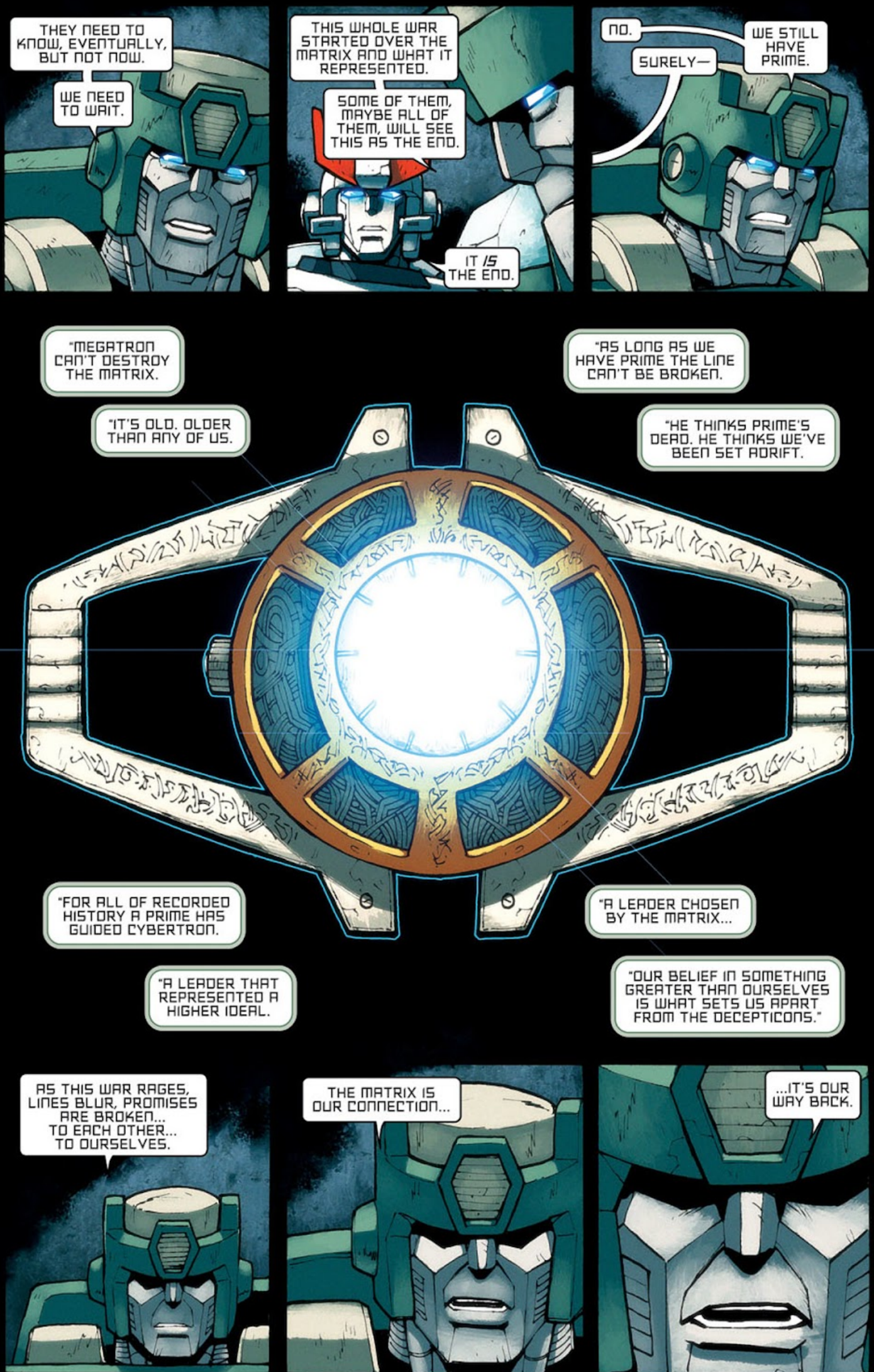

WHAT?
NOTHING.
NOT NOTHING.
COME ON. THAT WAS—OLD TIMES! THAT WAS LIKE OLD TIMES.


IT GOT YOU GOING DIDN'T IT? ALL YOU DO IS WALK AROUND. I'VE DONE ALL THIS BY MYSELF!
IT'S—WHERE'S THE FUN IN DOING THIS BY MYSELF?

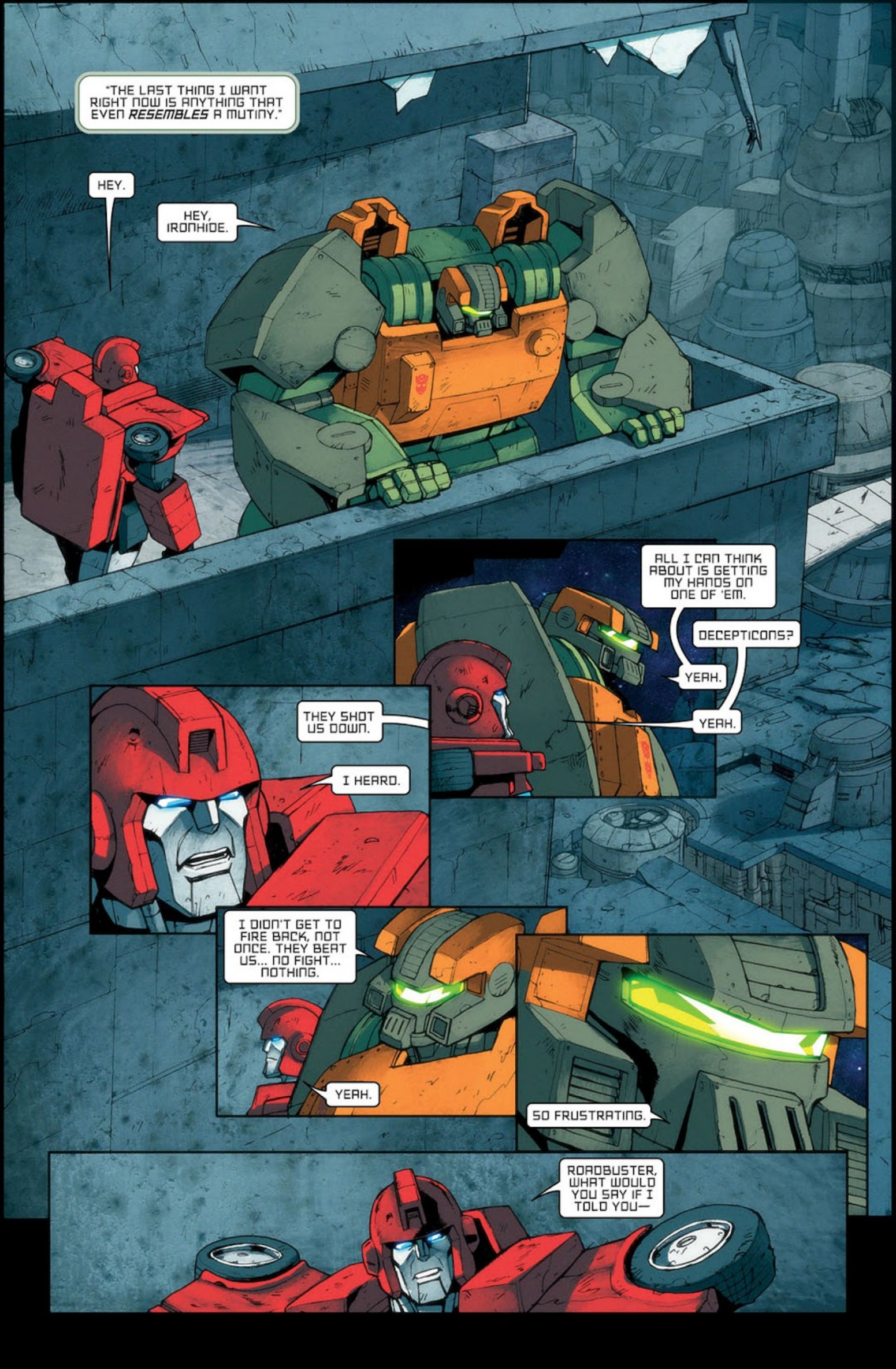

YOU KNOW, BETWEEN YOU BEING ALL—LIKE THIS—AND STARSCREAM HARDLY EVER SHOWING UP...


"...I'M STARTING TO FEEL ALL ALONE OUT HERE."

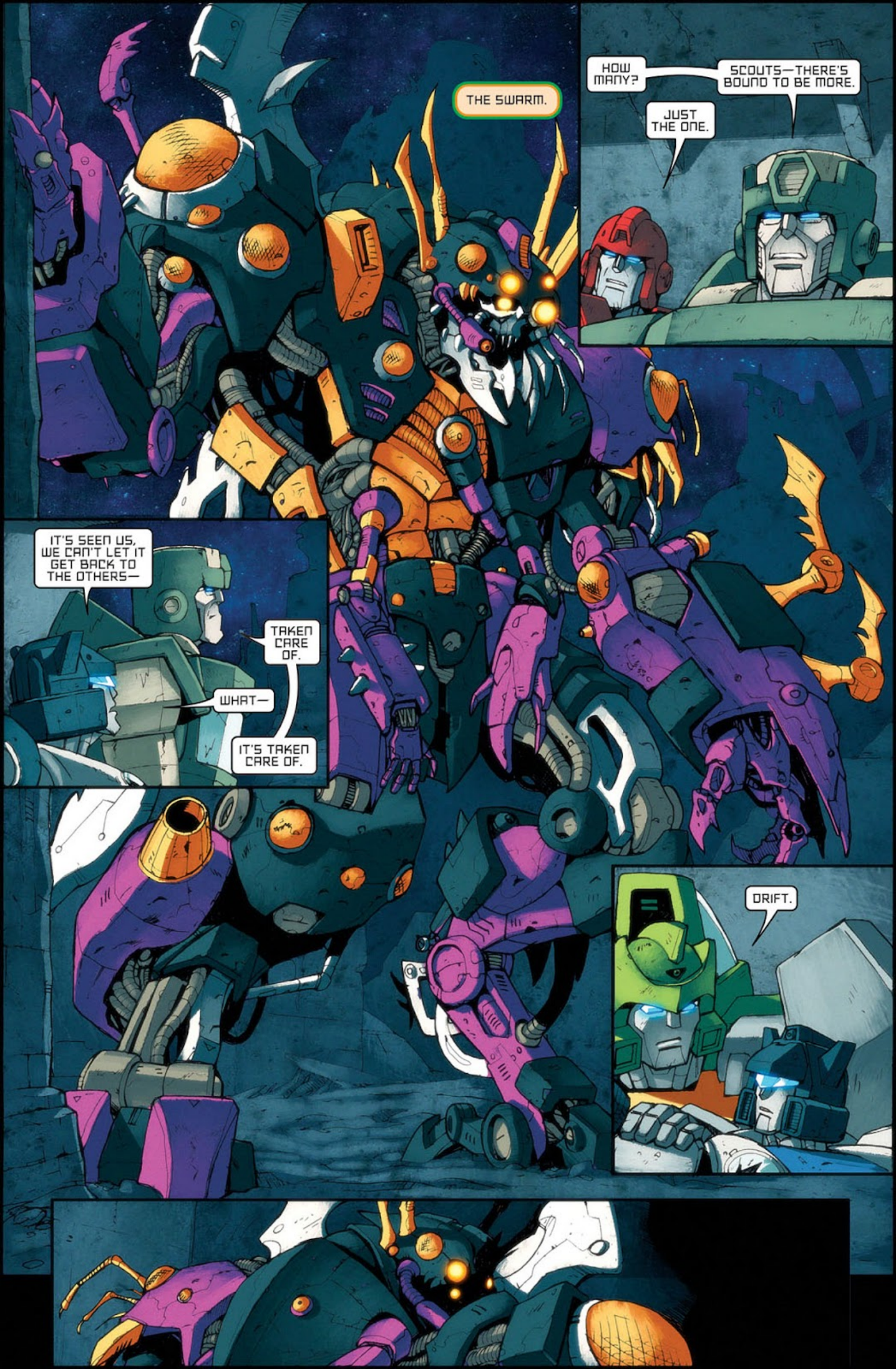

ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THEM? THE MATRIX—
NO.
NOT YET.
WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH A LOT.
I WONDER SOMETIMES HOW MUCH WE CAN ACTUALLY TAKE. HOW MUCH WE'RE BUILT TO HANDLE.
CENTURIES, MILLENNIA, ENDLESS FIGHTING. NO HOMELAND. NOWHERE TO REST.
EVERY STEP TAKES US FURTHER FROM WHAT WE SOUGHT TO DEFEND... WHO WE ARE... WHAT WE STAND FOR.
FOR A LOT OF US, ALL THAT'S LEFT. ALL THAT CONNECTS US TO THAT, THAT—
PURITY.
YEAH. PURITY. ALL THAT CONNECTS US TO THAT IS THE MATRIX.
FOR SOME OF US—WHAT WE'VE SACRIFICED—WE NEED SOMETHING BIGGER TO HOLD ONTO.


THEY NEED TO KNOW, EVENTUALLY, BUT NOT NOW.
WE NEED TO WAIT.
THIS WHOLE WAR STARTED OVER THE MATRIX AND WHAT IT REPRESENTED.
SOME OF THEM, MAYBE ALL OF THEM, WILL SEE THIS AS THE END.
IT IS THE END.
NO.
SURELY—
WE STILL HAVE PRIME.
"MEGATRON CAN'T DESTROY THE MATRIX.
"IT'S OLD. OLDER THAN ANY OF US.
"AS LONG AS WE HAVE PRIME THE LINE CAN'T BE BROKEN.
"HE THINKS PRIME'S DEAD. HE THINKS WE'VE BEEN SET ADRIFT.
"FOR ALL OF RECORDED HISTORY A PRIME HAS GUIDED CYBERTRON.
"A LEADER THAT REPRESENTED A HIGHER IDEAL.
"A LEADER CHOSEN BY THE MATRIX...
"OUR BELIEF IN SOMETHING GREATER THAN OURSELVES IS WHAT SETS US APART FROM THE DECEPTICONS."
AS THIS WAR RAGES, LINES BLUR, PROMISES ARE BROKEN... TO EACH OTHER... TO OURSELVES.
THE MATRIX IS OUR CONNECTION...
...IT'S OUR WAY BACK.


IF WE LOST BOTH—THE MATRIX *AND* PRIME—WELL...
...HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE?
BEFORE OLD ARGUMENTS BECOME FUEDS...
"...BEFORE FUEDS BECOME BATTLES...
"...BEFORE BATTLES GAVE WAY TO NEW FACTIONS."
WE WERE STORING OUR ENERGON IN THE—WELL, THERE WAS A *SLIM* HOPE OF REBUILDING THE SHIP.
PRIME'S OUR FOCUS NOW.
BUT THE TRION—
IS DEAD.
DEAD.
THAT SLIM HOPE WAS NEVER GOING TO BE A REALITY.
WE FIX PRIME. WE REGROUP.
AND YOU.
ARGUMENTS ARE OVER. SORT YOURSELF OUT. FOLLOW THE CHAIN OF COMMAND.
CLEAR?
CLEAR.

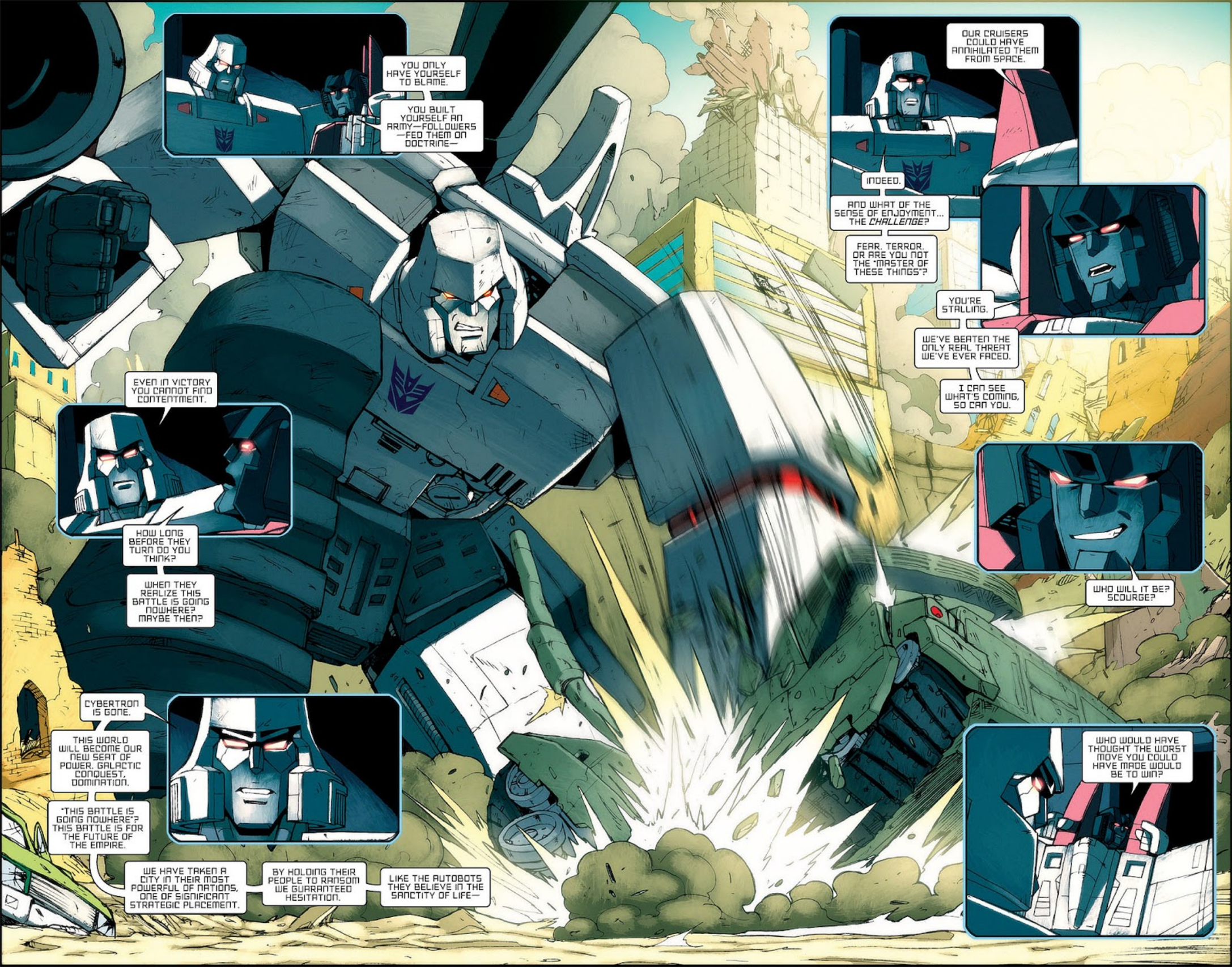

"THE LAST THING I WANT RIGHT NOW IS ANYTHING THAT EVEN *RESEMBLES* A MUTINY."
HEY.
HEY, IRONHIDE.
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS GETTING MY HANDS ON ONE OF 'EM.
DECEPTICONS?
YEAH.
YEAH.
THEY SHOT US DOWN.
I HEARD.
I DIDN'T GET TO FIRE BACK, NOT ONCE. THEY BEAT US... NO FIGHT... NOTHING.
YEAH.
SO FRUSTRATING.
ROADBUSTER, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU—


WHAT?
KUUUP!


THE SWARM.
HOW MANY?
SCOUTS—THERE'S BOUND TO BE MORE.
JUST THE ONE.
IT'S SEEN US, WE CAN'T LET IT GET BACK TO THE OTHERS—
TAKEN CARE OF.
WHAT—
IT'S TAKEN CARE OF.
DRIFT.


HELLO.
HSSSS!


THAT WAS SCARY.
PERCEPTOR—*PERCEPTOR* IS SCARY. WHEN DID PERCEPTOR BECOME SCARY?
THAT WAS SO COOL.
IT'S TOO RISKY HERE.
MEGATRON'S CREATURES WILL BE ON US BEFORE WE KNOW IT, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO SIT HERE WAITING TO BE EATEN ALIVE.
KEEP DRIFT ON PATROL. WE NEED TO MOVE OUT, *NOW*.


YOU ONLY HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME.
YOU BUILT YOURSELF AN ARMY—FOLLOWERS—FED THEM ON DOCTRINE—
OUR CRUISERS COULD HAVE ANNIHILATED THEM FROM SPACE.
INDEED.
AND WHAT OF THE SENSE OF ENJOYMENT... THE *CHALLENGE*?
FEAR. TERROR. OR ARE YOU NOT THE "MASTER OF THESE THINGS"?
YOU'RE STALLING.
WE'VE BEATEN THE ONLY REAL THREAT WE'VE EVER FACED.
I CAN SEE WHAT'S COMING, SO CAN YOU.
WHO WILL IT BE? SCOURGE?
EVEN IN VICTORY YOU CANNOT FIND CONTENTMENT.
HOW LONG BEFORE THEY TURN DO YOU THINK?
WHEN THEY REALIZE THIS BATTLE IS GOING NOWHERE? MAYBE THEN?
CYBERTRON IS GONE.
THIS WORLD WILL BECOME OUR NEW SEAT OF POWER. GALACTIC CONQUEST. DOMINATION.
"THIS BATTLE IS GOING NOWHERE"? THIS BATTLE IS FOR THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE.
WE HAVE TAKEN A CITY IN THEIR MOST POWERFUL OF NATIONS, ONE OF SIGNIFICANT STRATEGIC PLACEMENT.
BY HOLDING THEIR PEOPLE TO RANSOM WE GUARANTEED HESITATION.
LIKE THE AUTOBOTS THEY BELIEVE IN THE SANCTITY OF LIFE—
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE WORST MOVE YOU COULD HAVE MADE WOULD BE TO WIN?


LORD MEGATRON.
WE WERE LOOKING EVERYWHERE. YOU VANISHED.
I WISHED TO BE ALONE.
ALONE?
TO THINK.
TO... PREPARE.
YOU DON'T HAVE ONE OF SOUNDWAVE'S CASSETTES WITH YOU.
YOU TOLD US, AT ALL TIMES WE NEEDED—
YES.
WITHOUT THE CASSETTE'S INTERFERENCE, THE HUMAN'S GUIDED MISSILES—
BLITZWING, PLEASE...
...I AM MEGATRON.
THESE CREATURES ARE OF NO THREAT TO ME.


VERSAILLES, FRANCE.
HE IS TWO YEARS OF AGE AND ALREADY STRONG AS A MAN.
THIS IS GOOD TEA.
OF COURSE. IT IS MARIAGE.
I AM VERY MUCH LOOKING FORWARD TO WATCHING ANTON GROW.
YOU LOOK PROUD.
I FEEL IT.
IS THERE HONEY?
NO. YOU WILL NOT HAVE HONEY IN THIS TEA.
BUT I LIKE HONEY.
GENTLEMEN, SHALL WE?
THE AMERICANS ARE LOST, THEIR COUNTRY BELONGS TO THE INVADERS.
THIS IS ALMOST TOO MUCH TO IMAGINE, IS IT NOT?
AGREED, AND YET THE MADNESS SPREADS ACROSS THE GLOBE.
AS YOU KNOW, BEIJING IS NO MORE, AND REPORTS OF ATTACKS ARE JUST NOW COMING IN FROM ISRAEL AND OTHERS.
WITH THE COMBINED RESOURCES OF OUR UNITED COUNTRIES, WE ARE PREPARED TO MAKE A POWERFUL COUNTERSTRIKE.
WE HAVE HAD TIME TO ASSESS, PLAN, AND PREPARE.
A LUXURY THAT WAS NOT ENJOYED BY OTHERS.
BY SECURING A FOOTHOLD IN NEW YORK, THE ALIENS WERE ABLE TO LAUNCH CRIPPLING ATTACKS ON ALL MILITARY BASES IN THE UNITED STATES.
THIS STRONGHOLD MUST BE TAKEN FROM THEM.


WE CAN GUARANTEE THEY WILL ALL BE WITHIN THE CITY?
THE ATTACK WILL SEE TO IT.
THEY WILL REGROUP, DEFEND.
AND THE OTHER COUNTRIES?
NO ONE KNOWS OF THIS PLAN BUT US.
THIS—WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED—THIS WILL HAPPEN AMIDST THE COMBINED ATTACK.
"WHAT WE HAVE PLANNED"? SAY IT. CALL IT WHAT IT IS.
MILLIONS UPON *MILLIONS* OF LIVES—
IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?
THEY MUST BE STOPPED. OUR COUNTRIES, OUR *PEOPLE*—
OUR CHILDREN.
OUR *GRANDCHILDREN.*
THIS IS MURDER.
THEIR MADNESS SPREADS.
THE BOMB IS OUR ONLY SOLUTION.
THEN IT IS AGREED.
NEW YORK MUST BE DESTROYED.
CONTINUED...


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THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #7

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

Trapped on Cybertron with very little energy reserves the Autobots, now led by Kup, are discovered by the mysterious "Swarm."

Forced to move from their hiding place, the Autobots travel to Kup's refuge with the intention of using the last of their Energon to revive their fallen leader Optimus Prime.

However, the identity of the traitor is yet to be revealed, and this, coupled with their ongoing crisis, is pushing the Autobots to their limits...

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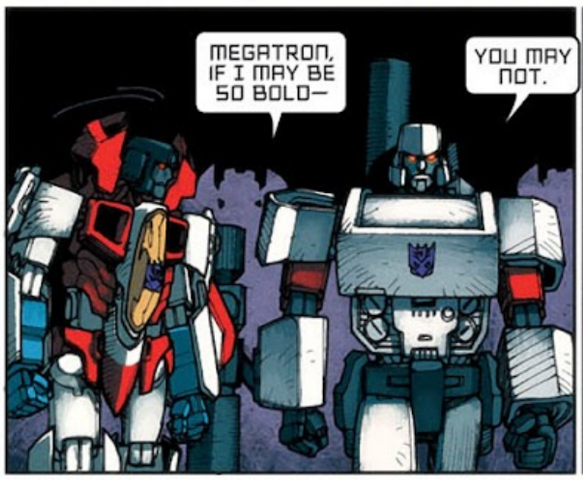
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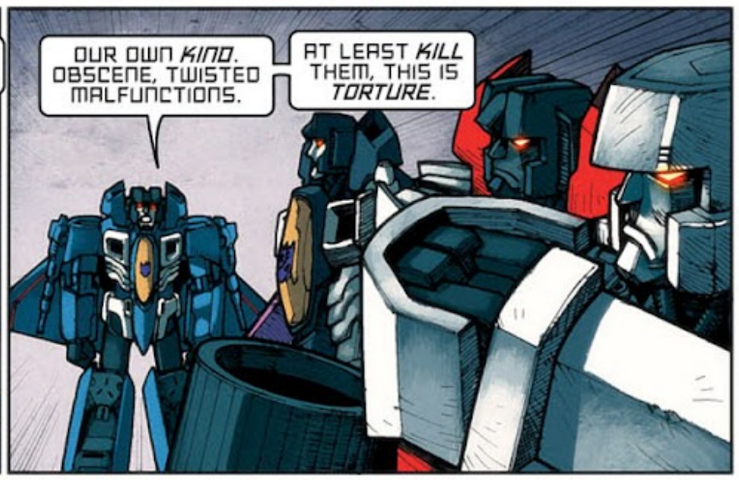
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"THEY'RE ALMOST IN."

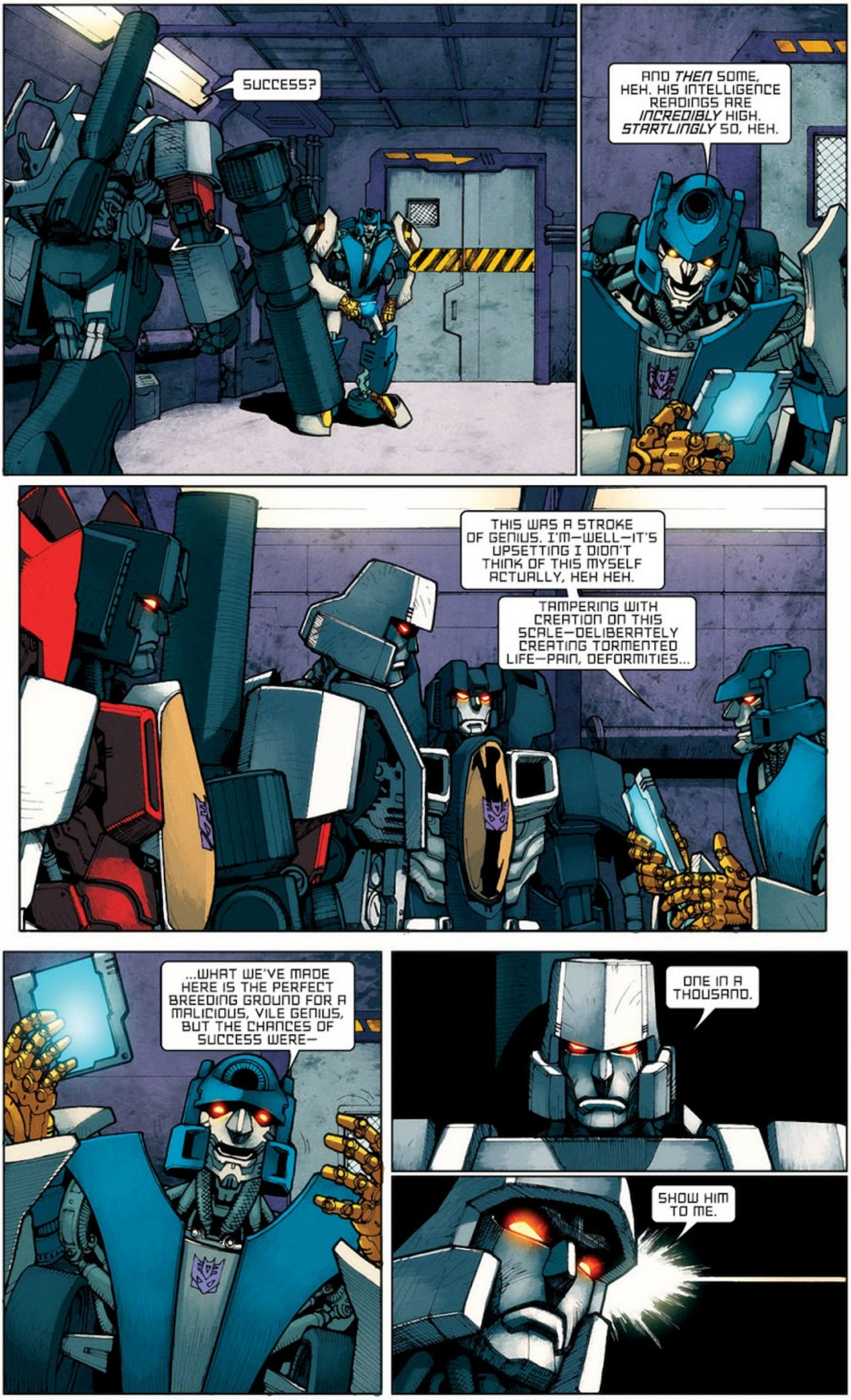

CLOSE TO THREE THOUSAND OF THEM OUT THERE. WAS GONNA HAPPEN EVENTUALLY.
THREE THOUSAND.
DON'T.

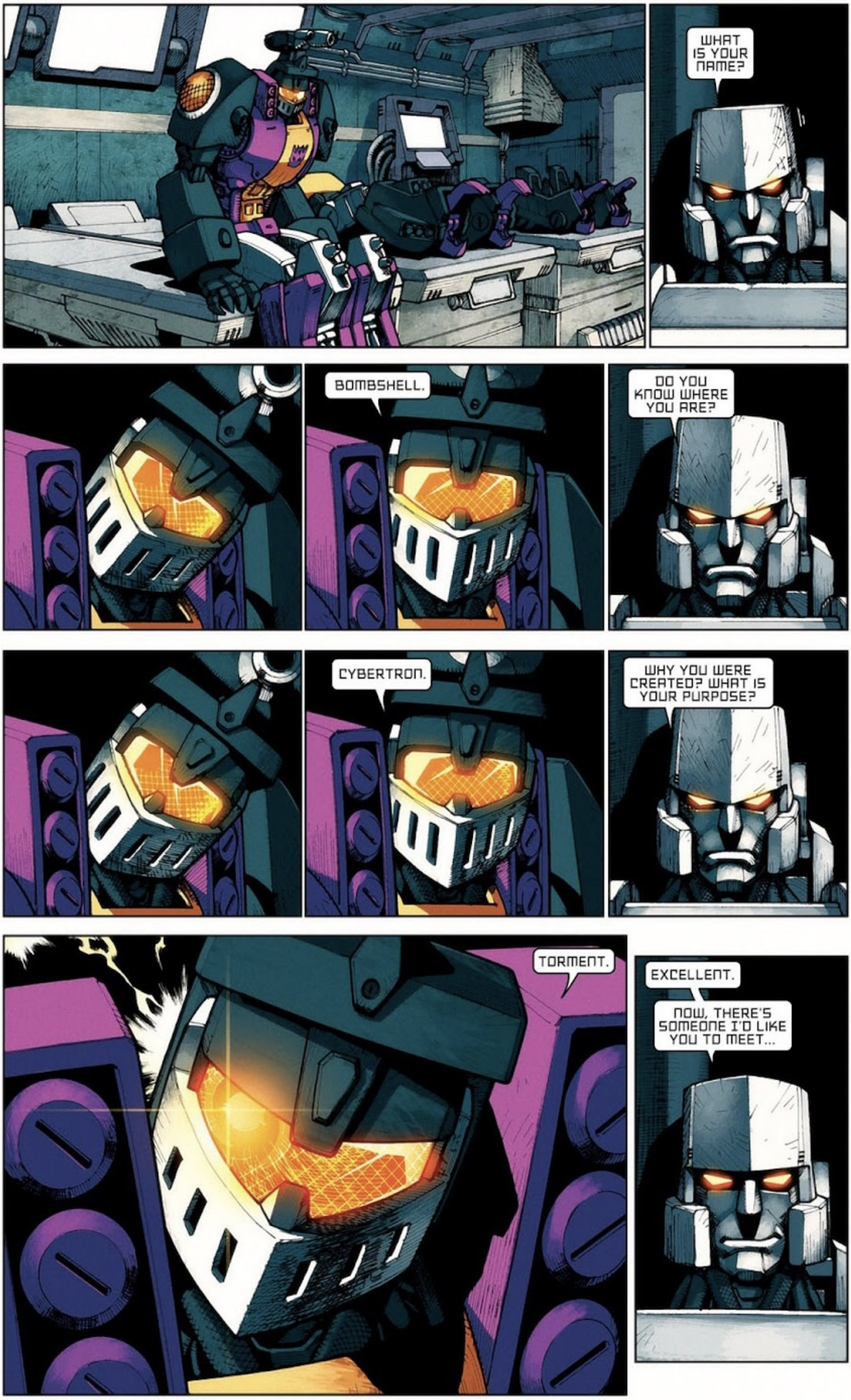

MEGATRON, IF I MAY BE SO BOLD—
YOU MAY NOT.


OUR OWN *KIND*. OBSCENE, TWISTED MALFUNCTIONS.
AT LEAST *KILL* THEM, THIS IS *TORTURE*.

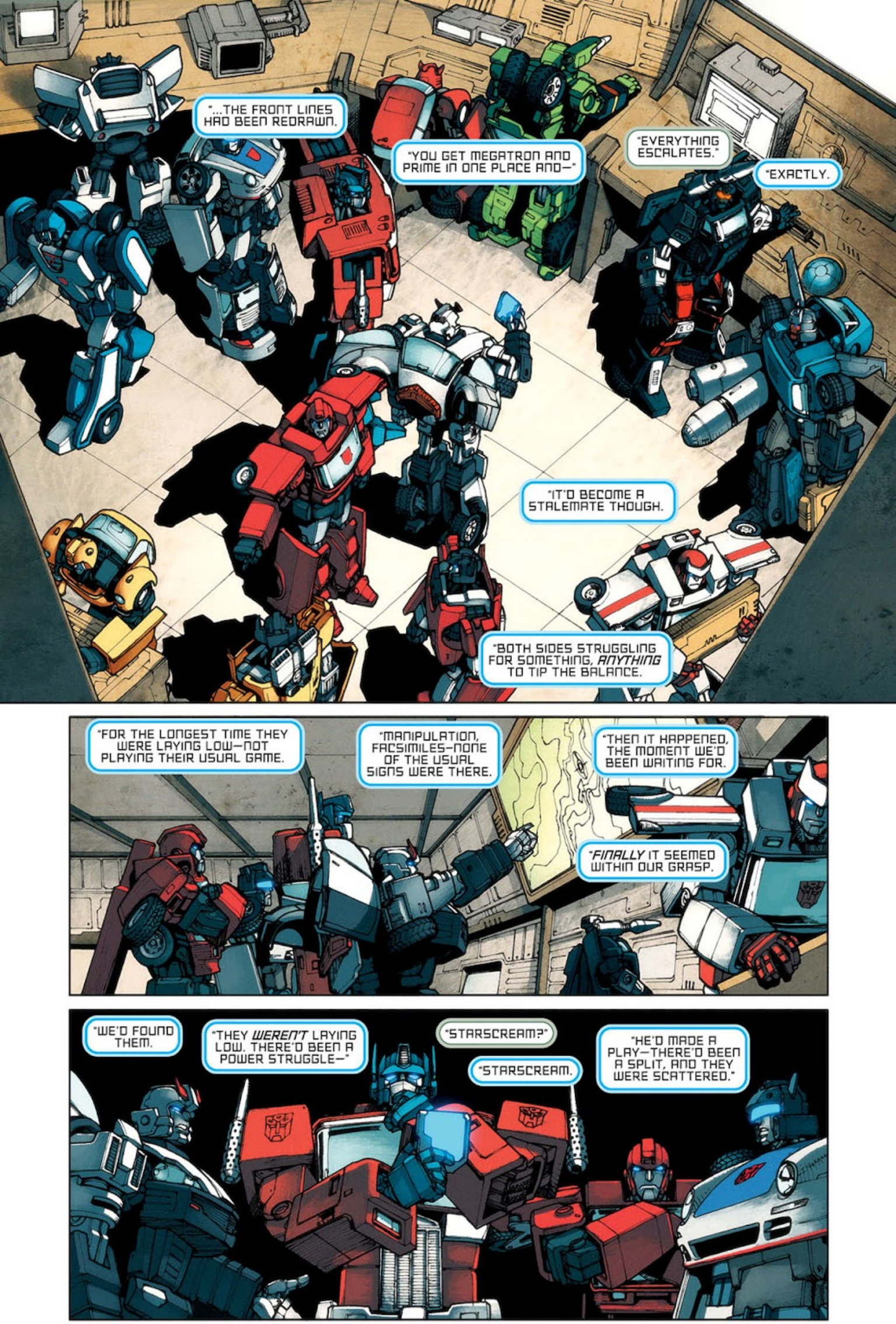

OUR OWN KIND!


HEY.
HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.
THAT'S WHAT BOTHERS ME.


SUCCESS?
AND *THEN* SOME, HEH. HIS INTELLIGENCE READINGS ARE *INCREDIBLY* HIGH. *STARTLINGLY* SO, HEH.
THIS WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS. I'M—WELL—IT'S UPSETTING I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS MYSELF ACTUALLY, HEH HEH.
TAMPERING WITH CREATION ON THIS SCALE—DELIBERATELY CREATING TORMENTED LIFE—PAIN, DEFORMITIES...
...WHAT WE'VE MADE HERE IS THE PERFECT BREEDING GROUND FOR A MALICIOUS, VILE GENIUS, BUT THE CHANCES OF SUCCESS WERE—
ONE IN A THOUSAND.
SHOW HIM TO ME.


WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
BOMBSHELL.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?
CYBERTRON.
WHY YOU WERE CREATED? WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?
TORMENT.
EXCELLENT.
NOW, THERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...

FROM THE BEGINNING.
LEAVE NOTHING OUT.
FROM THE BEGINNING...


"...THE FRONT LINES HAD BEEN REDRAWN.
"YOU GET MEGATRON AND PRIME IN ONE PLACE AND—"
"EVERYTHING ESCALATES."
"EXACTLY.
"IT'D BECOME A STALEMATE THOUGH.
"BOTH SIDES STRUGGLING FOR SOMETHING, *ANYTHING* TO TIP THE BALANCE.
"FOR THE LONGEST TIME THEY WERE LAYING LOW—NOT PLAYING THEIR USUAL GAME.
"MANIPULATION, FACSIMILES—NONE OF THE USUAL SIGNS WERE THERE.
"THEN IT HAPPENED, THE MOMENT WE'D BEEN WAITING FOR.
"*FINALLY* IT SEEMED WITHIN OUR GRASP.
"WE'D FOUND THEM.
"THEY *WEREN'T* LAYING LOW. THERE'D BEEN A POWER STRUGGLE—"
"STARSCREAM?"
"STARSCREAM.
"HE'D MADE A PLAY—THERE'D BEEN A SPLIT, AND THEY WERE SCATTERED."

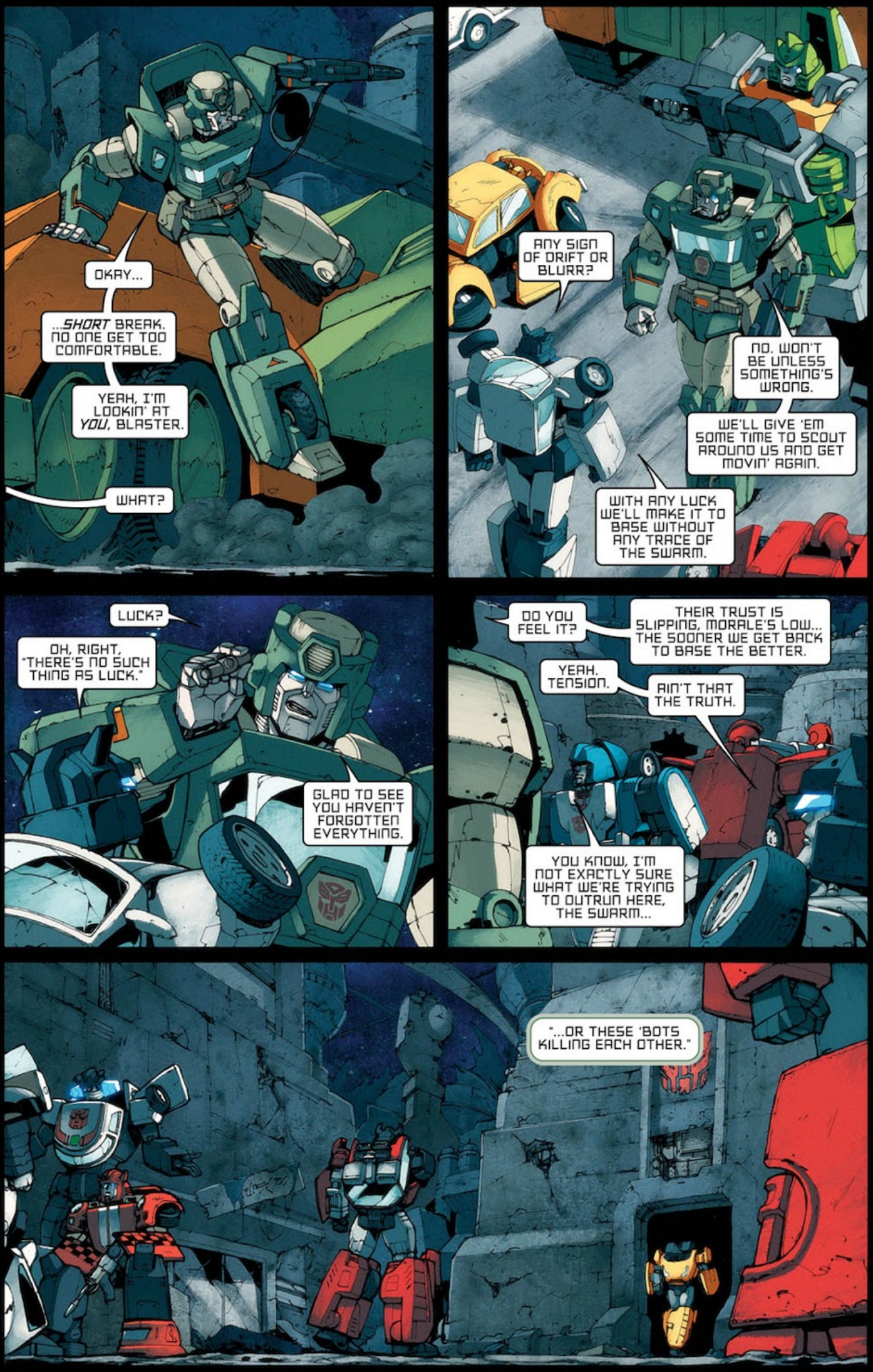

"WHO GAVE YOU THIS INFORMATION?"
"IT WAS *VERIFIED*. OTHER SOURCES—"
"WHO *DELIVERED* IT?"
"MIRAGE.
POLIC
"THEY DREW US IN.
"STARVED US FOR SO LONG—USED OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR TACTICS AND LEFT AN OPENING WE'D HAVE TO EXPLOIT.
"WE THREW EVERYTHING WE HAD AT THEM.
"IT WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE STARSCREAM AND A HANDFUL OF OTHERS.
"WE'D HAVE THEM. OUTNUMBERED, OFF-BALANCE...
"...WE WERE SO DESPERATE FOR IT...
"...*ITCHING* FOR A FIGHT."

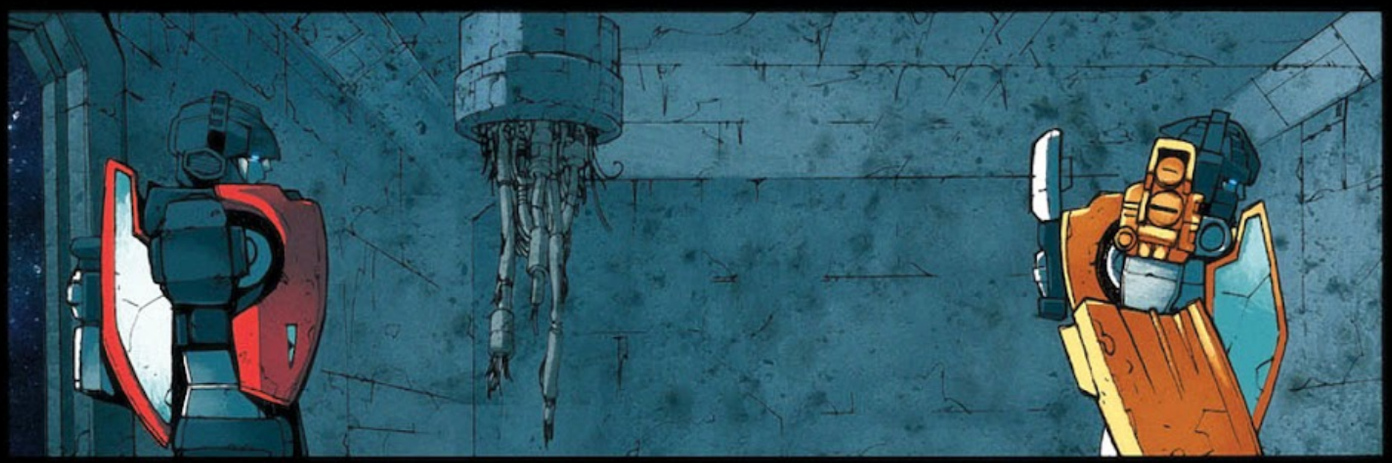

"IT HAPPENED SO QUICKLY—
"—OUTNUMBERED. OFF-BALANCE.
"THEY WERE STRONG—UNIFIED. THEY HAD A PURPOSE I HADN'T SEEN IN... *FOREVER*."


"THEN THE RALLY HAPPENED. THEY GOT US RE-GROUPING, FIGHTING BACK—"
"WHO?"
"WHO ELSE?
"YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD.
"THERE WAS HOPE...
"...FOR THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS.
"THEN—"
"THE GESTALT?"


"DEVASTATOR."
"THEY'D FOUND IT, A WAY TO TIP THE SCALES.
"WE FELL.
"ALL OF US.
"IT WAS A MASSACRE."


"OUR DARKEST HOUR."


OKAY...
...SHORT BREAK. NO ONE GET TOO COMFORTABLE.
YEAH, I'M LOOKIN' AT YOU, BLASTER.
WHAT?
ANY SIGN OF DRIFT OR BLURR?
NO. WON'T BE UNLESS SOMETHING'S WRONG.
WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOME TIME TO SCOUT AROUND US AND GET MOVIN' AGAIN.
WITH ANY LUCK WE'LL MAKE IT TO BASE WITHOUT ANY TRACE OF THE SWARM.
LUCK?
OH, RIGHT, "THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK."
GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING.
DO YOU FEEL IT?
THEIR TRUST IS SLIPPING, MORALE'S LOW... THE SOONER WE GET BACK TO BASE THE BETTER.
YEAH. TENSION.
AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH.
YOU KNOW, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO OUTRUN HERE, THE SWARM...
"...OR THESE 'BOTS KILLING EACH OTHER."




WE NEED TO TALK.
IS *THAT* WHAT WE NEED?

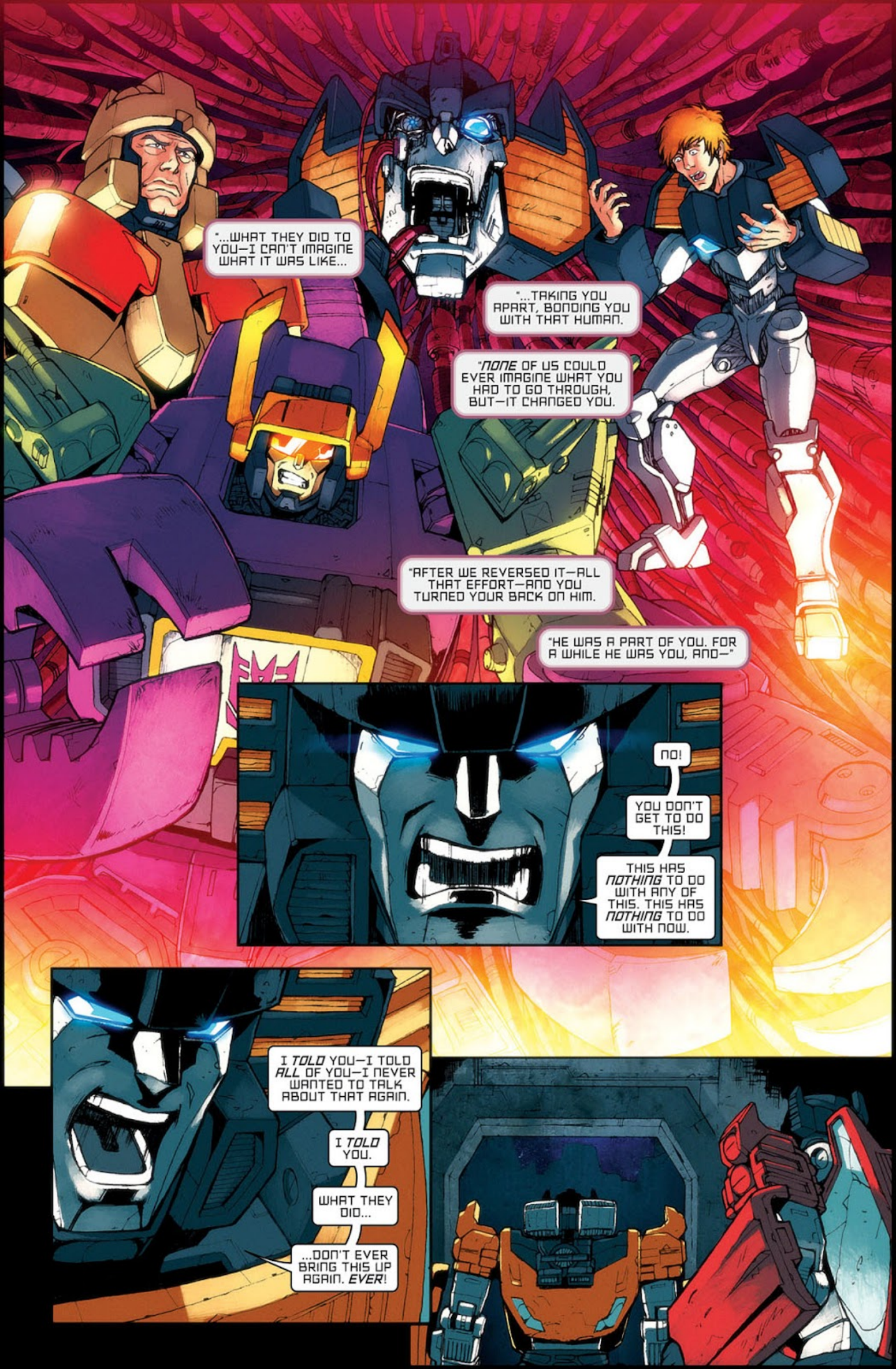

BECAUSE *I* THINK WE NEED YOU TO STOP *FOLLOWING* ME AROUND.
LEAVE ME ALONE, SIDESWIPE.
I JUST WANT YOU TO LISTEN—
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND THE RIGHT TIME. I WANT TO TALK TO—

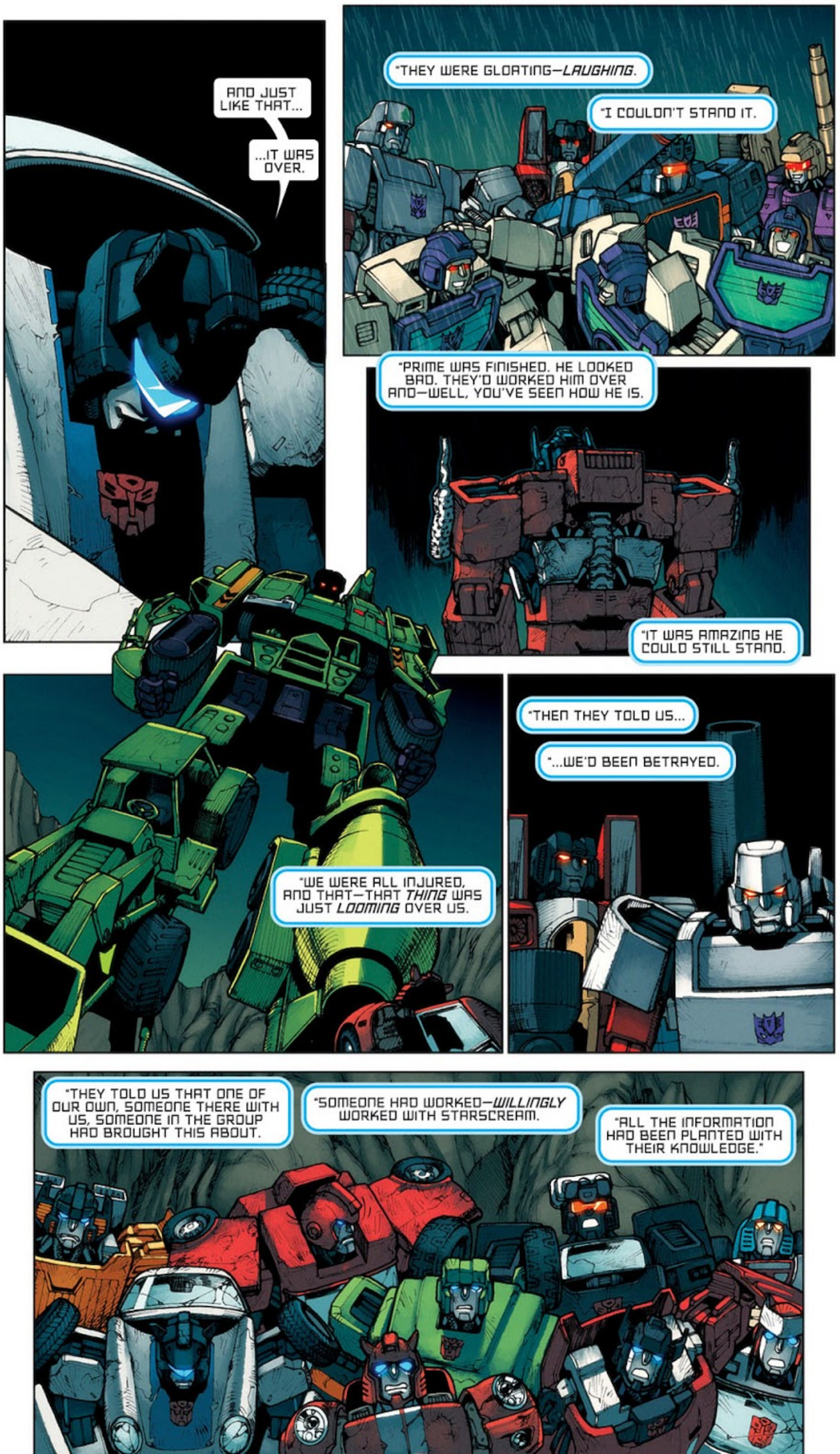

TALK? THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU IS IT? TALKING? YOU'RE USUALLY RUNNING AROUND HALF-COCKED—"WHO'S THE BETTER 'BOT?" RIGHT?
IT DOESN'T—IT SHOULDN'T BE THAT WAY.
NO?
NOT ANYMORE.
ALL OF THAT, IT NEEDS TO BE BEHIND US. A LOT OF THINGS DO.


WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?
YOU NEED TO STOP.
YOU AND IRONHIDE. YOU NEED TO STOP, *NOW*.
DON'T—


NO, *YOU* "DON'T."
THE TWO OF YOU ARE MAKING ALL OF THIS *WORSE*.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME. NOT SINCE—


LISTEN...

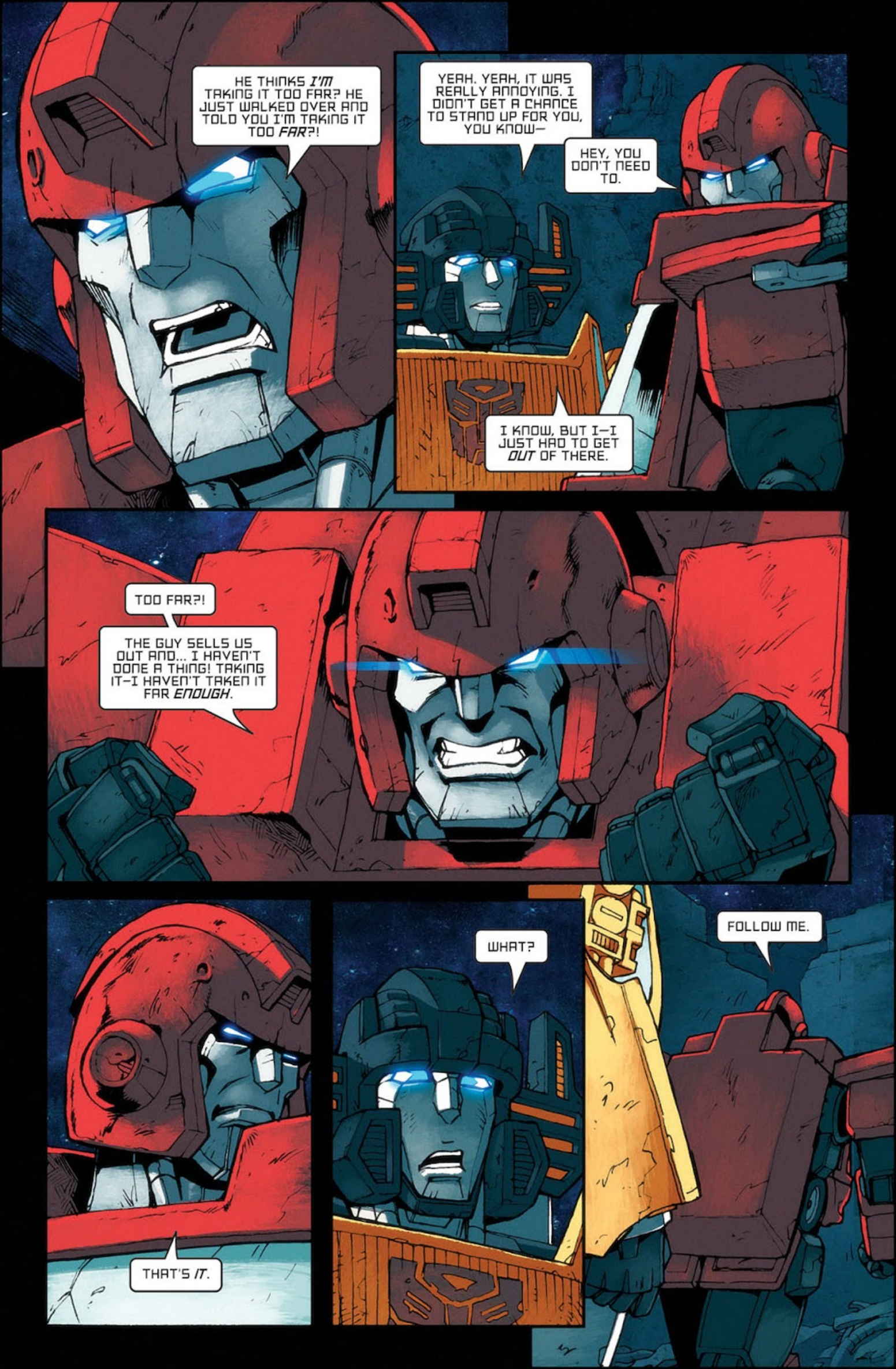

"...WHAT THEY DID TO YOU—I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE...
"...TAKING YOU APART, BONDING YOU WITH THAT HUMAN.
"*NONE* OF US COULD EVER IMAGINE WHAT YOU HAD TO GO THROUGH, BUT—IT CHANGED YOU.
"AFTER WE REVERSED IT—ALL THAT EFFORT—AND YOU TURNED YOUR BACK ON HIM.
"HE WAS A PART OF YOU. FOR A WHILE HE WAS YOU, AND—"
NO!
YOU DON'T GET TO DO THIS!
THIS HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH ANY OF THIS. THIS HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH NOW.
I *TOLD* YOU—I TOLD *ALL* OF YOU—I NEVER WANTED TO TALK ABOUT THAT AGAIN.
I *TOLD* YOU.
WHAT THEY DID...
...DON'T EVER BRING THIS UP AGAIN. *EVER*!


AND JUST LIKE THAT...
...IT WAS OVER.
"THEY WERE GLOATING—*LAUGHING*.
"I COULDN'T STAND IT.
"PRIME WAS FINISHED. HE LOOKED BAD. THEY'D WORKED HIM OVER AND—WELL, YOU'VE SEEN HOW HE IS.
"IT WAS AMAZING HE COULD STILL STAND.
"WE WERE ALL INJURED, AND THAT—THAT *THING* WAS JUST *LOOMING* OVER US.
"THEN THEY TOLD US...
"...WE'D BEEN BETRAYED.
"THEY TOLD US THAT ONE OF OUR OWN, SOMEONE THERE WITH US, SOMEONE IN THE GROUP HAD BROUGHT THIS ABOUT.
"SOMEONE HAD WORKED—*WILLINGLY* WORKED WITH STARSCREAM.
"ALL THE INFORMATION HAD BEEN PLANTED WITH THEIR KNOWLEDGE."


"NO ONE SAID ANYTHING, BUT THE NEWS–IT TORE THROUGH THE GROUP.
"ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS–I WISH PRIME DIDN'T HAVE TO HEAR IT."
"I JUST WATCHED HIM AND... IT WAS TOO MUCH."
"THEY HAD A NEW MACHINE. ONE THAT GROUP THE INSECTICONS– ONE OF THEM HAD CREATED IT.
"A PORTAL, A WORMHOLE... ONE-OF-A-KIND."
"OUR SIDE'S BEEN TRYING TO BUILD–"
"EXACTLY."
"IF ULTRA MAGNUS KNEW–"
"I *KNOW*."
"THEY'D PLANNED TO DROP US ALL THROUGH.
"TWO 'CONS WENT AHEAD. WE FOLLOWED.
"THEY PLANNED TO FEED US TO THE SWARM. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS *FUNNY*."
"WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SURE OF.
"SOMETHING HAPPENED. PRIME DID SOMETHING ON THE OTHER SIDE."

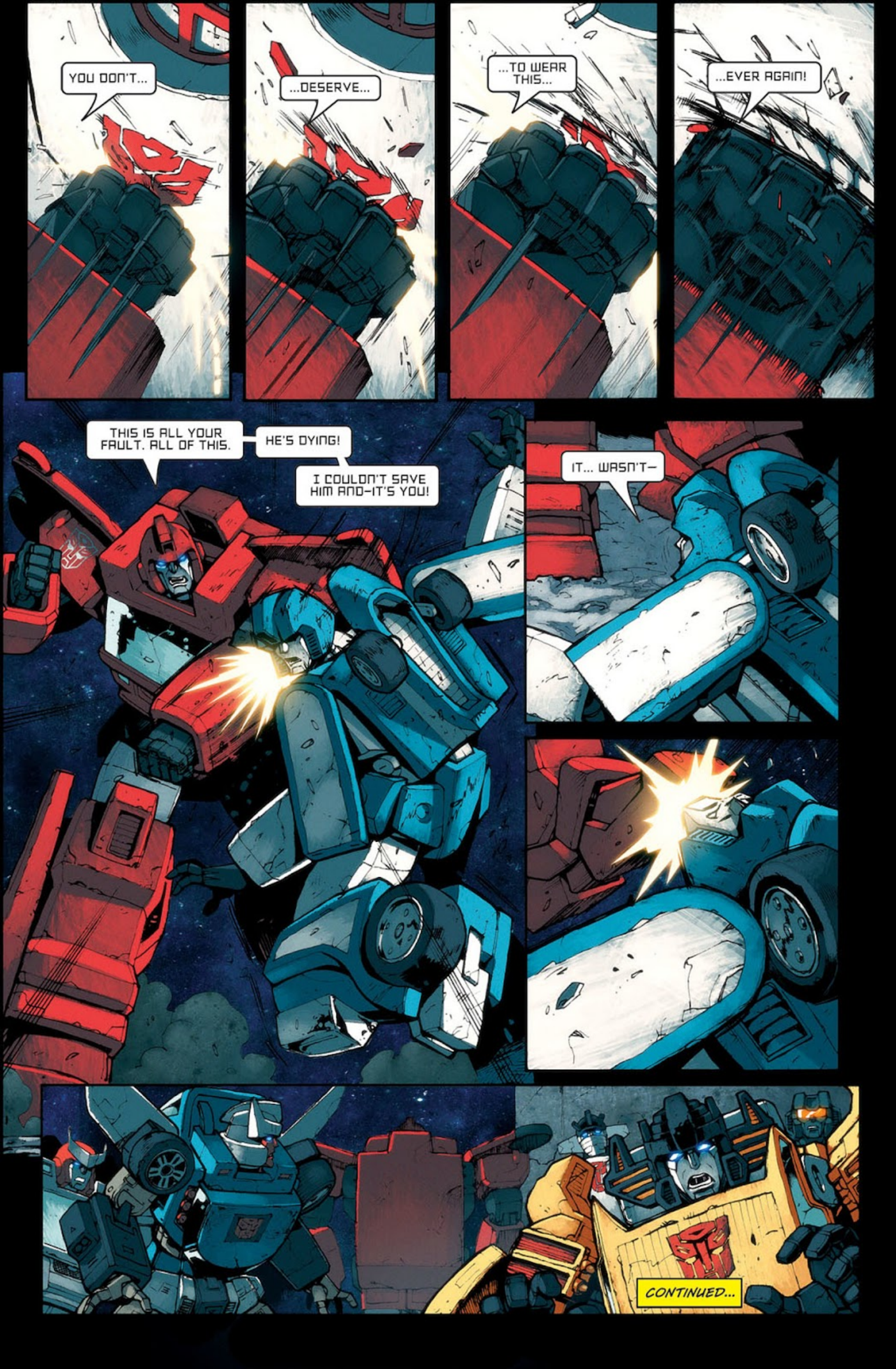

"SOMETHING THAT DESTROYED THE MACHINE...
"...AND CLOSED THE HOLE."
"SOMETHING THAT NEARLY KILLED HIM..."
"...BUT SAVED US."
WE WERE TRAPPED. NO ENERGON. NO WAY OFF. WE HID.
THE STORMS AREN'T AS BAD. CYBERTRON-IT'S GETTING BETTER HERE... SLOWLY.
BUT JUST WALKING AROUND HERE CAUSES US PAIN-MAKES THINGS WORSE.
I JUST HOPE-DESPERATELY-I JUST HOPE WE CAN FIND A WAY OUT.


HEY, HEY, WHAT IS IT?
NOTHING. I'M JUST—I CAN'T STAND ALL THIS. IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY.
WHAT? WHAT IS?
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S—SIDESWIPE, JUST—UGH!
HE WAS JUST PUSHING MY BUTTONS. I WISH HE'D LEAVE ME ALONE. HE KNOWS I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT ANY OF THAT—
ANY OF WHAT?
NOTHING.
HE JUST—HE CAME OVER TO TELL ME WE'RE MAKING THINGS WORSE.
WHO IS?
YOU AND ME. HE THINKS WE'RE AGGRAVATING THE SITUATION. WITH MIRAGE—DIVIDING THE GROUP—HE THINKS YOU'RE TAKING IT TOO FAR.

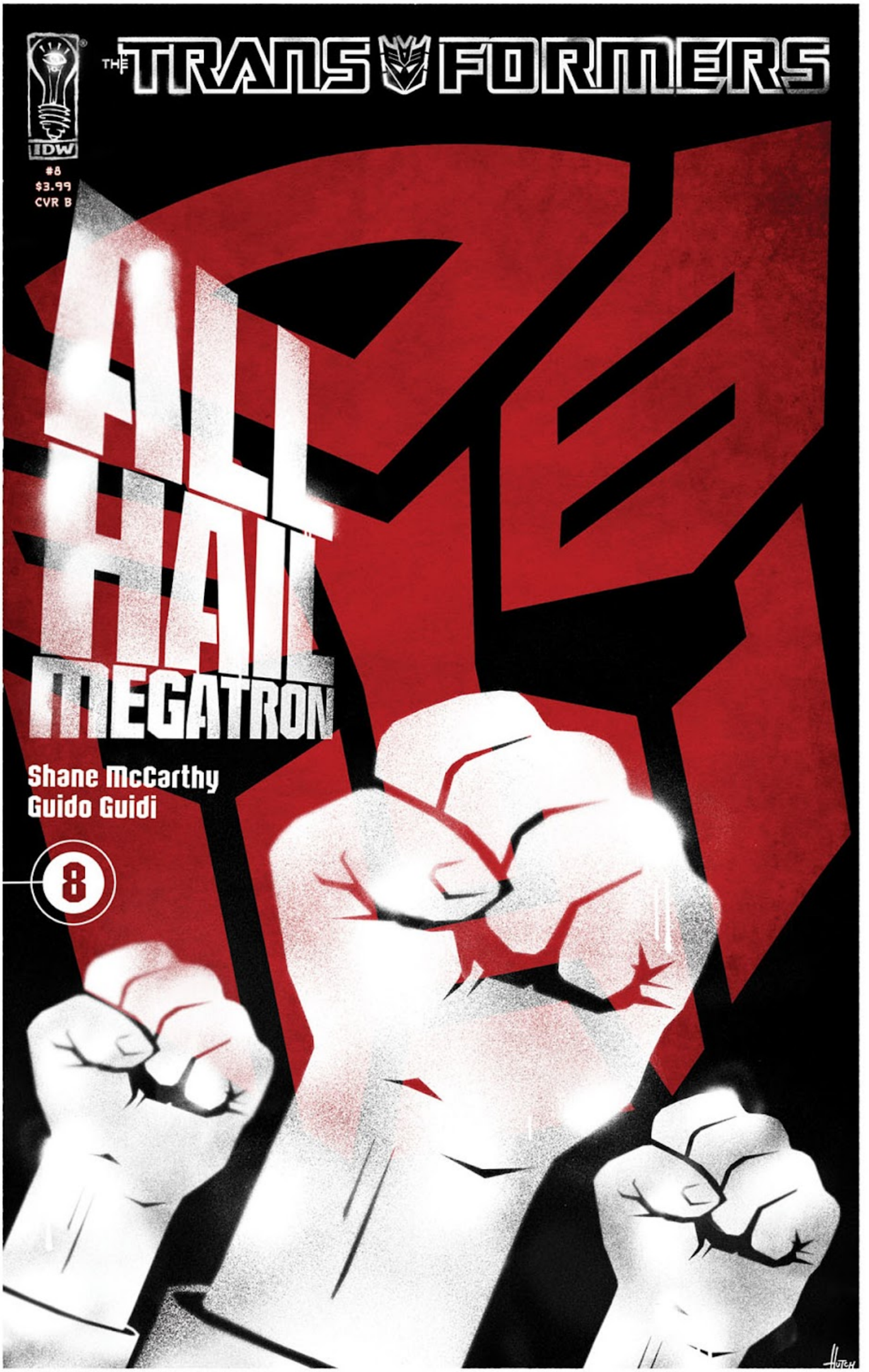

HE THINKS *I'M* TAKING IT TOO FAR? HE JUST WALKED OVER AND TOLD YOU I'M TAKING IT TOO *FAR*?!
YEAH. YEAH, IT WAS REALLY ANNOYING. I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO STAND UP FOR YOU, YOU KNOW—
HEY, YOU DON'T NEED TO.
I KNOW, BUT I—I JUST HAD TO GET *OUT* OF THERE.
TOO FAR?!
THE GUY SELLS US OUT AND... I HAVEN'T DONE A THING! TAKING IT—I HAVEN'T TAKEN IT FAR *ENOUGH*.
THAT'S *IT*.
WHAT?
FOLLOW ME.


YOU.
WHOA, HEY, WHOA!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE A LONG TIME AGO.
IRONHIDE!
THE OTHERS WILL SEE—
THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.


YOU'RE TEARING US ALL APART. DID YOU THINK I'D JUST LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT?!
IRONHIDE, DON'T OKAY? I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU.
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A FIGHT?
I DIDN'T SELL US OUT! I OVERHEARD THEM TALKING—I'M A SCOUT! I OVERHEARD STARSCREAM—I DIDN'T KNOW!
PRETTY CONVENIENT. YOU OVERHEARIN'.
I'M A SCOUT, HOW IS THAT—
YOU WERE NEVER REALLY ON OUR SIDE WERE YOU? NEVER REALLY AN AUTOBOT.
BECAUSE I DISAGREE WITH CERTAIN ELEMENTS OF THIS WAR, THAT MAKES ME A DECEPTICON?
YOU'RE INSANE.
I'M AN AUTOBOT, JUST LIKE YOU.
NO. NOT LIKE ME.
YOU'RE NO AUTOBOT.
YOU DON'T DESERVE TO WEAR THIS.
IRONHIDE, THE OTHERS—THEY'RE COMING.


YOU DON'T...
...DESERVE...
...TO WEAR THIS...
...EVER AGAIN!
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. ALL OF THIS.
HE'S DYING!
I COULDN'T SAVE HIM AND-IT'S YOU!
IT... WASN'T-
CONTINUED...

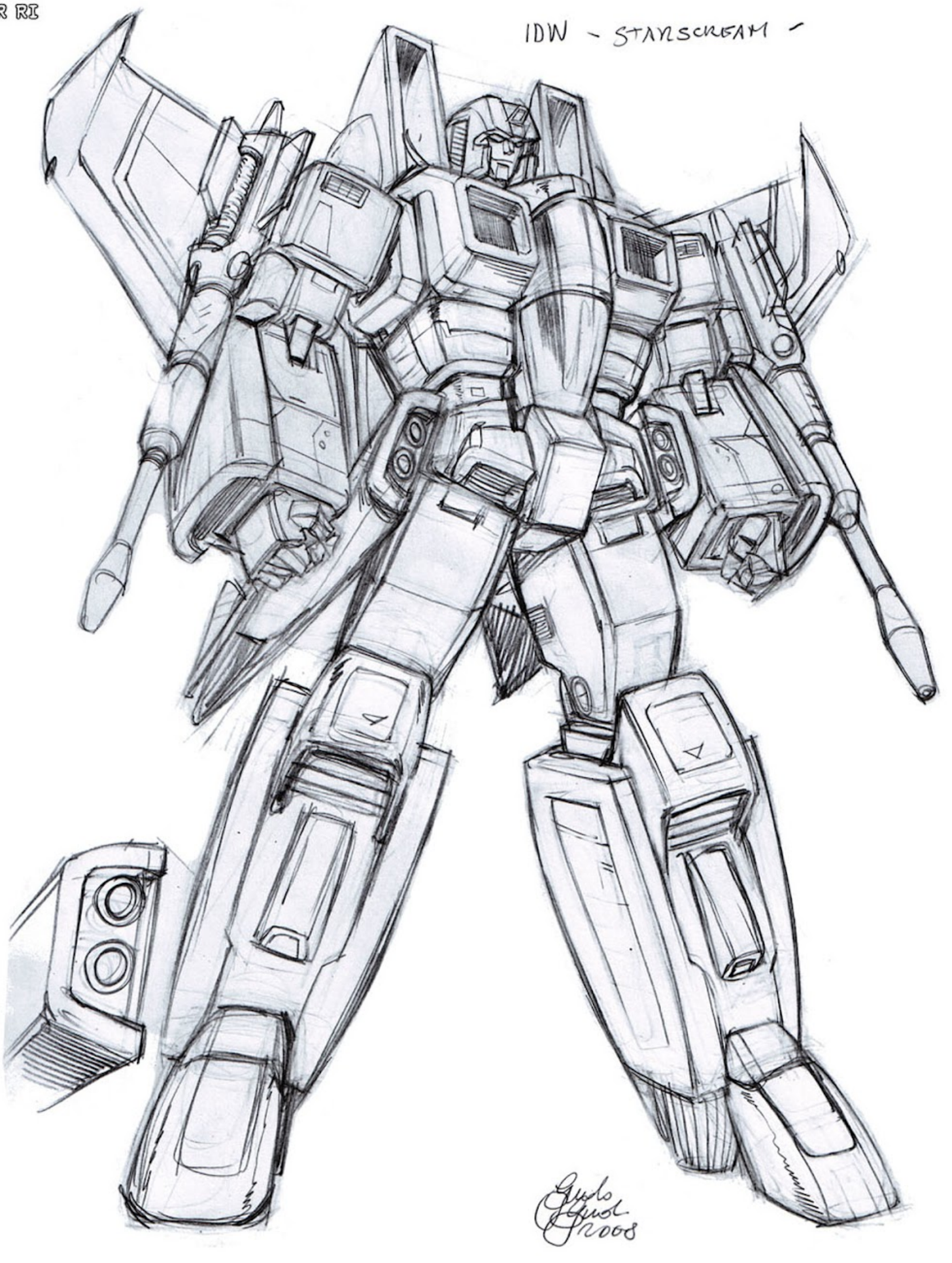

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THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #8

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

The untold story of the fall of the Autobots has at last been revealed.

Led into an ambush by an unidentified traitor, the Autobots were defeated by a Decepticon force made more powerful by the inclusion of Devastator in their ranks.

Transported to Cybertron by the Decepticons' newly acquired space bridge, the Autobots would have been fed to the Swarm if not for the dramatic sacrifice of Optimus Prime. While Prime almost died, he did manage to destroy the space bridge, allowing the Autobots to escape immediate harm.

25 YEARS 1984-2009

On the run from the Swarm, a horde of animalistic terrors created by Megatron, the Autobots suffered a loss as the tension in their ranks finally hit the boiling point. Ironhide, riddled with grief and rage, beat Mirage, leaving him badly damaged...

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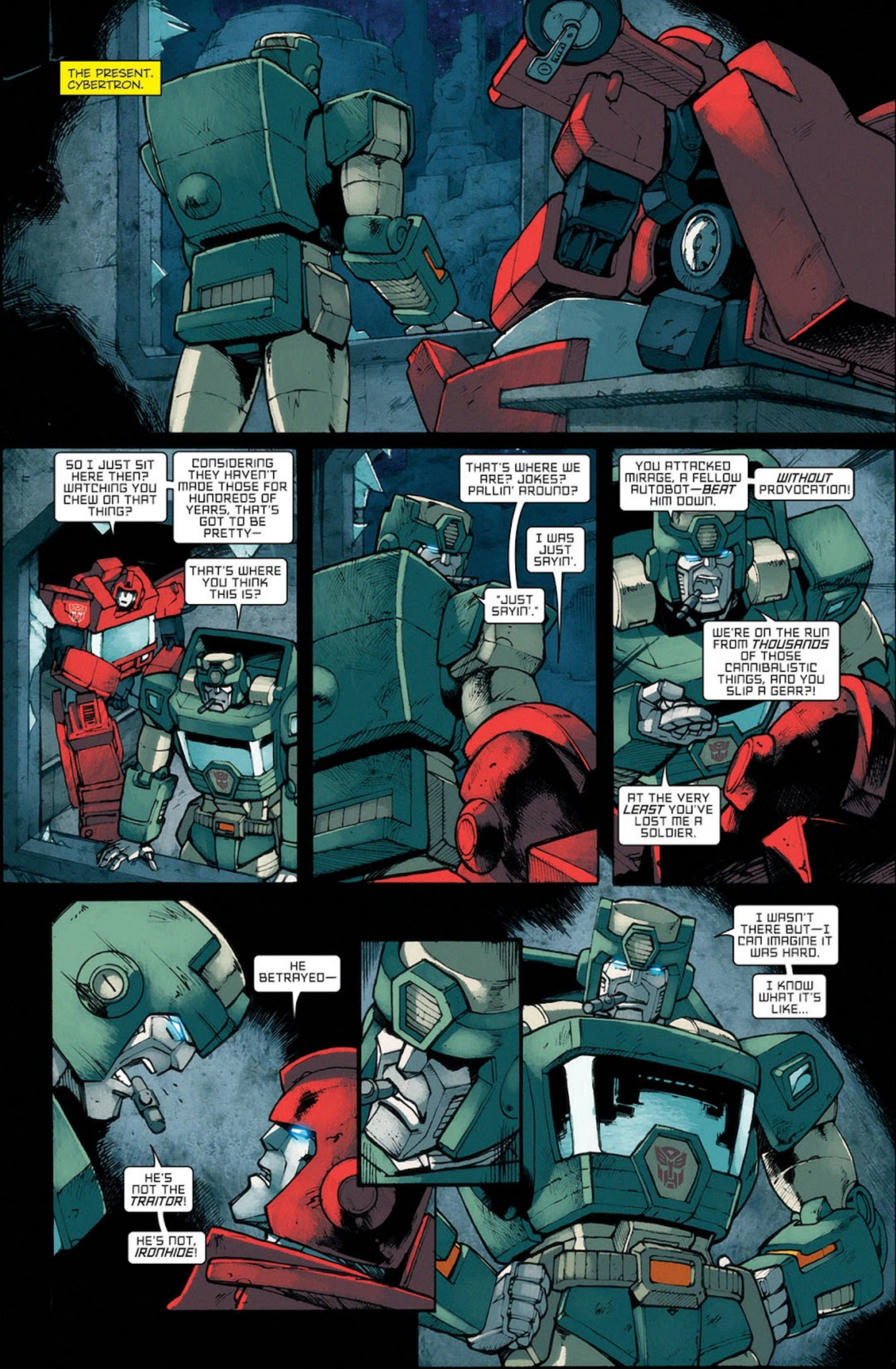
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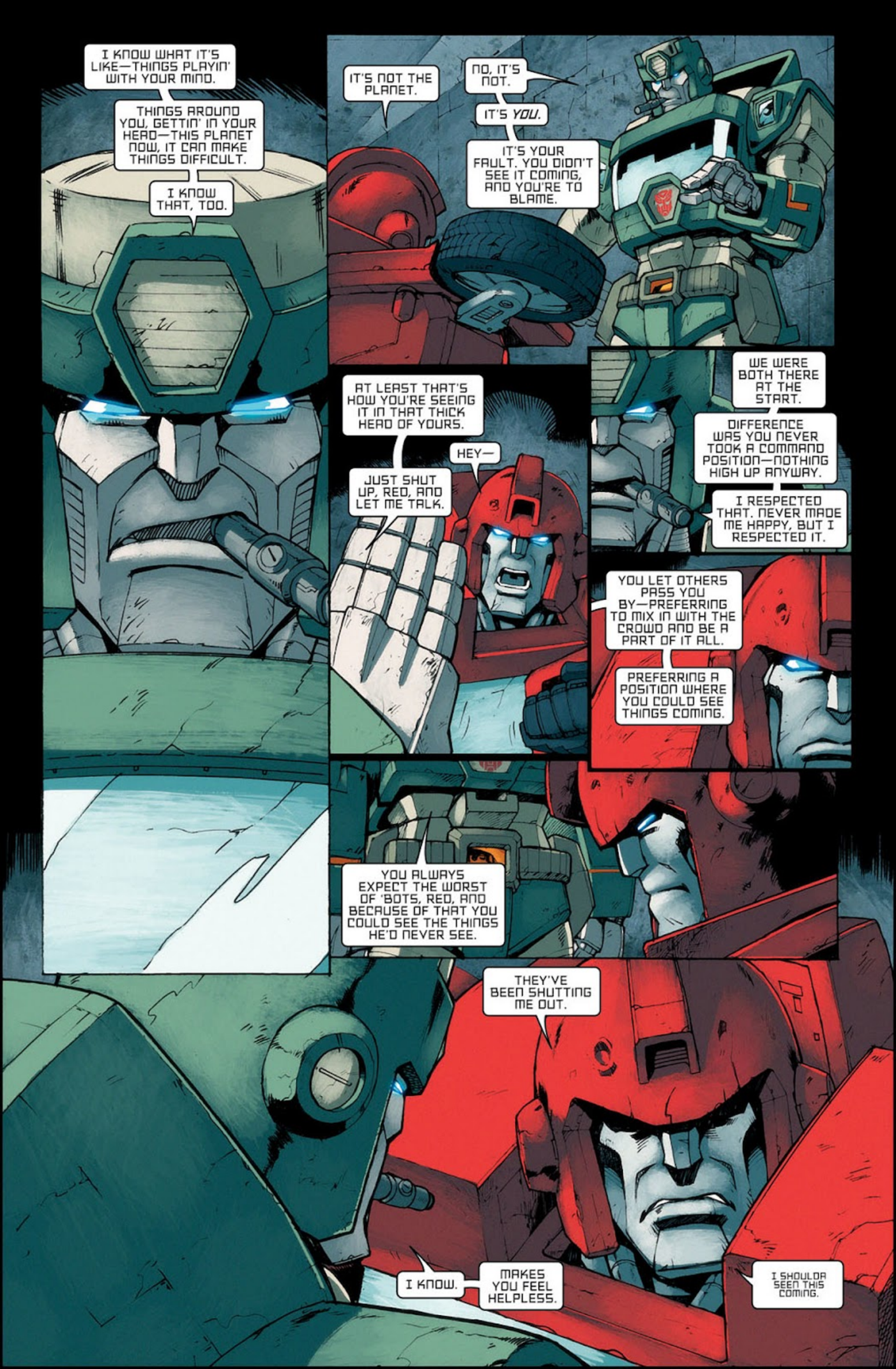
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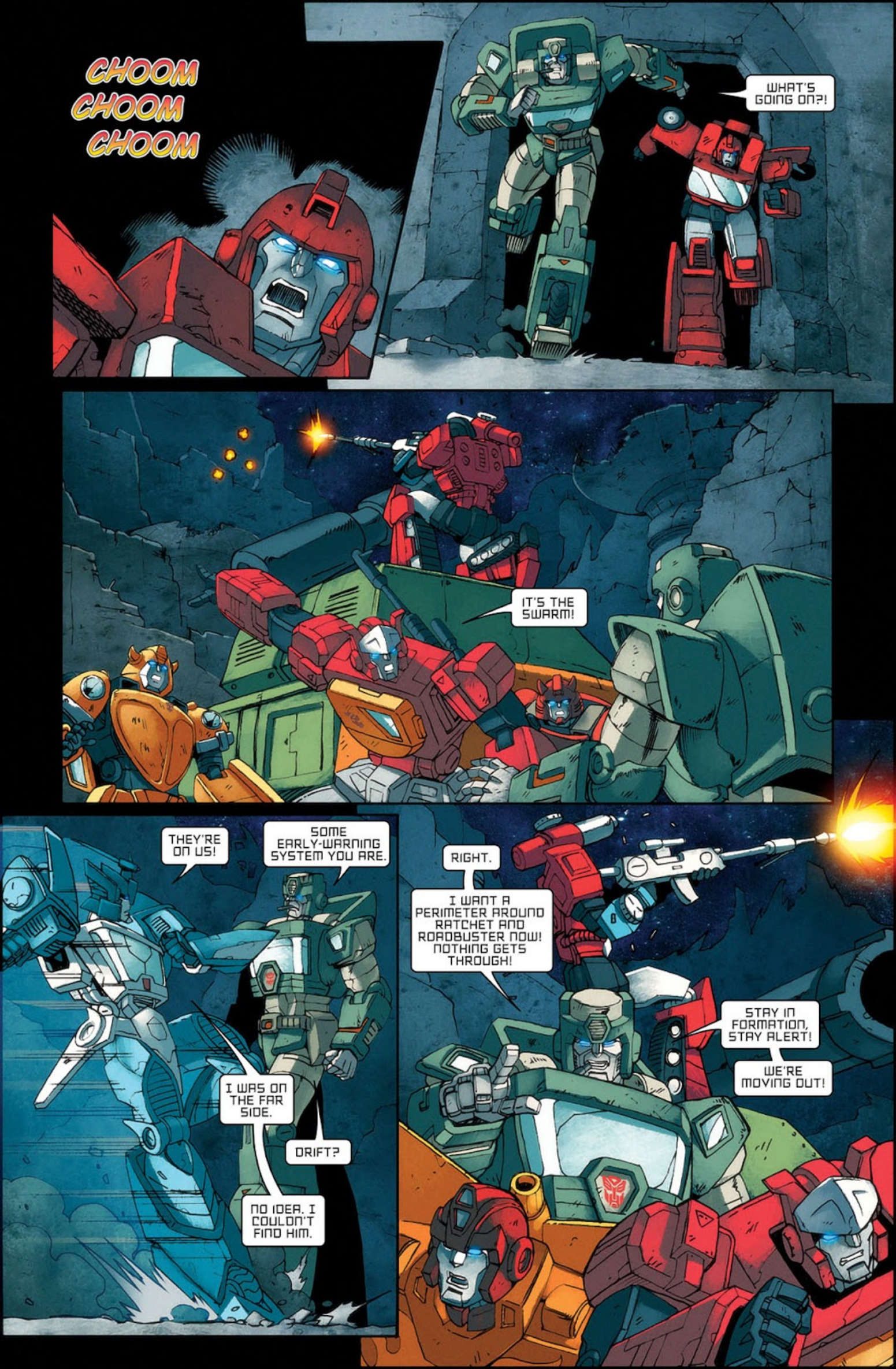
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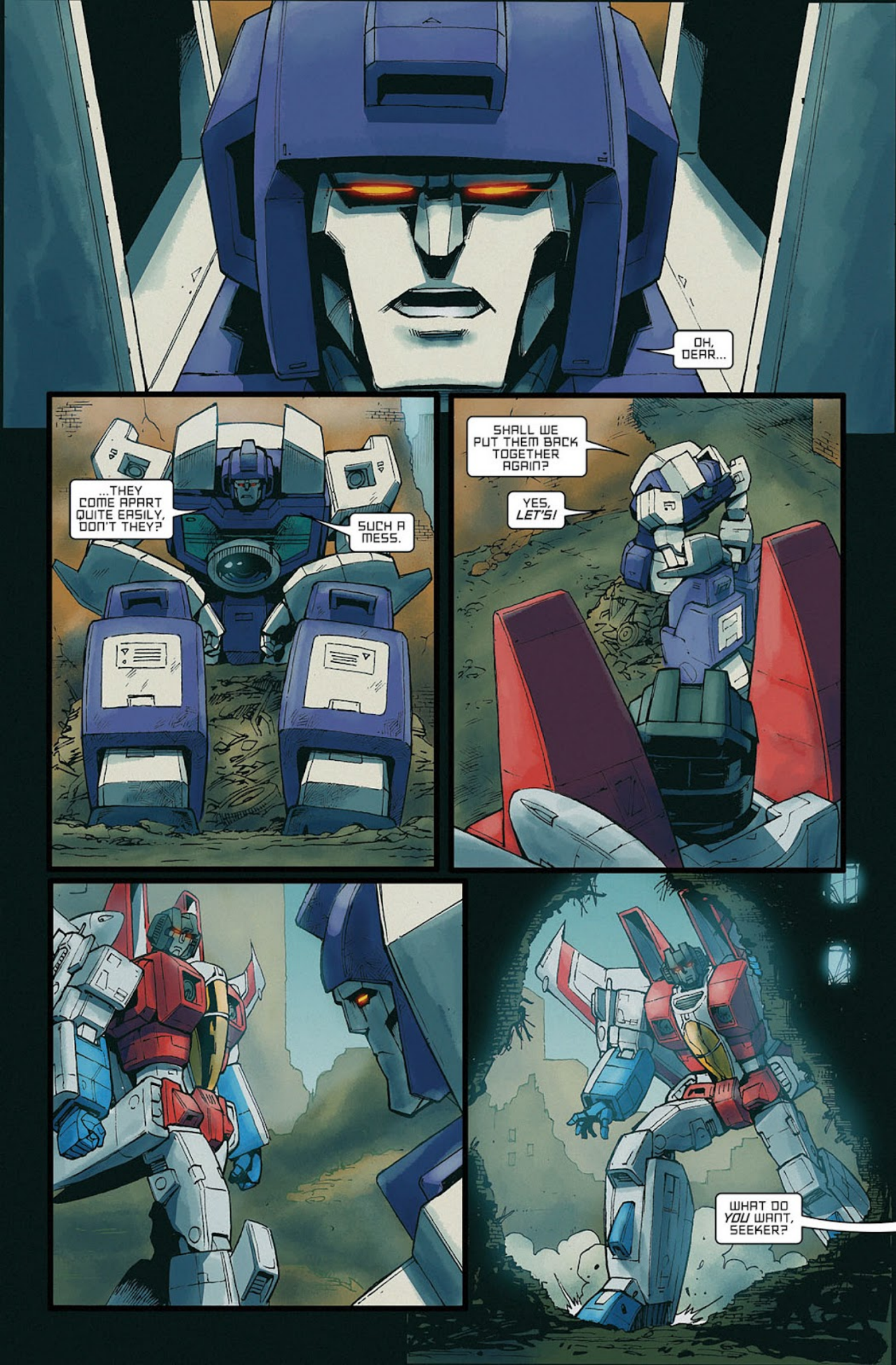

THE PAST.
HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
WELL, ALL READINGS ON YOU ARE POSITIVE. THE SEPARATION WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.
I'VE COME TO LET YOU KNOW HUNTER SURVIVED THE OPERATION—HE'S FINALLY CONSCIOUS AND DOING WELL.
STRONG KID.
HE'LL NEVER BE FULLY HUMAN AGAIN, BUT WE'VE MANAGED TO SPLIT THE TWO OF YOU JUST FINE.
THINK YOU COULD HEAD DOWN THERE? HE'S ASKING FOR YOU...
SUNSTREAKER?


THE PRESENT. CYBERTRON.
SO I JUST SIT HERE THEN? WATCHING YOU CHEW ON THAT THING?
CONSIDERING THEY HAVEN'T MADE THOSE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, THAT'S GOT TO BE PRETTY—
THAT'S WHERE YOU THINK THIS IS?
THAT'S WHERE WE ARE? JOKES? PALLIN' AROUND?
I WAS JUST SAYIN'.
"JUST SAYIN'."
YOU ATTACKED MIRAGE, A FELLOW AUTOBOT—*BEAT* HIM DOWN.
WITHOUT PROVOCATION!
WE'RE ON THE RUN FROM *THOUSANDS* OF THOSE CANNIBALISTIC THINGS, AND YOU SLIP A GEAR?!
AT THE VERY *LEAST* YOU'VE LOST ME A SOLDIER.
HE BETRAYED—
HE'S NOT THE *TRAITOR*!
HE'S NOT, *IRONHIDE*!
I WASN'T THERE BUT—I CAN IMAGINE IT WAS HARD.
I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE...

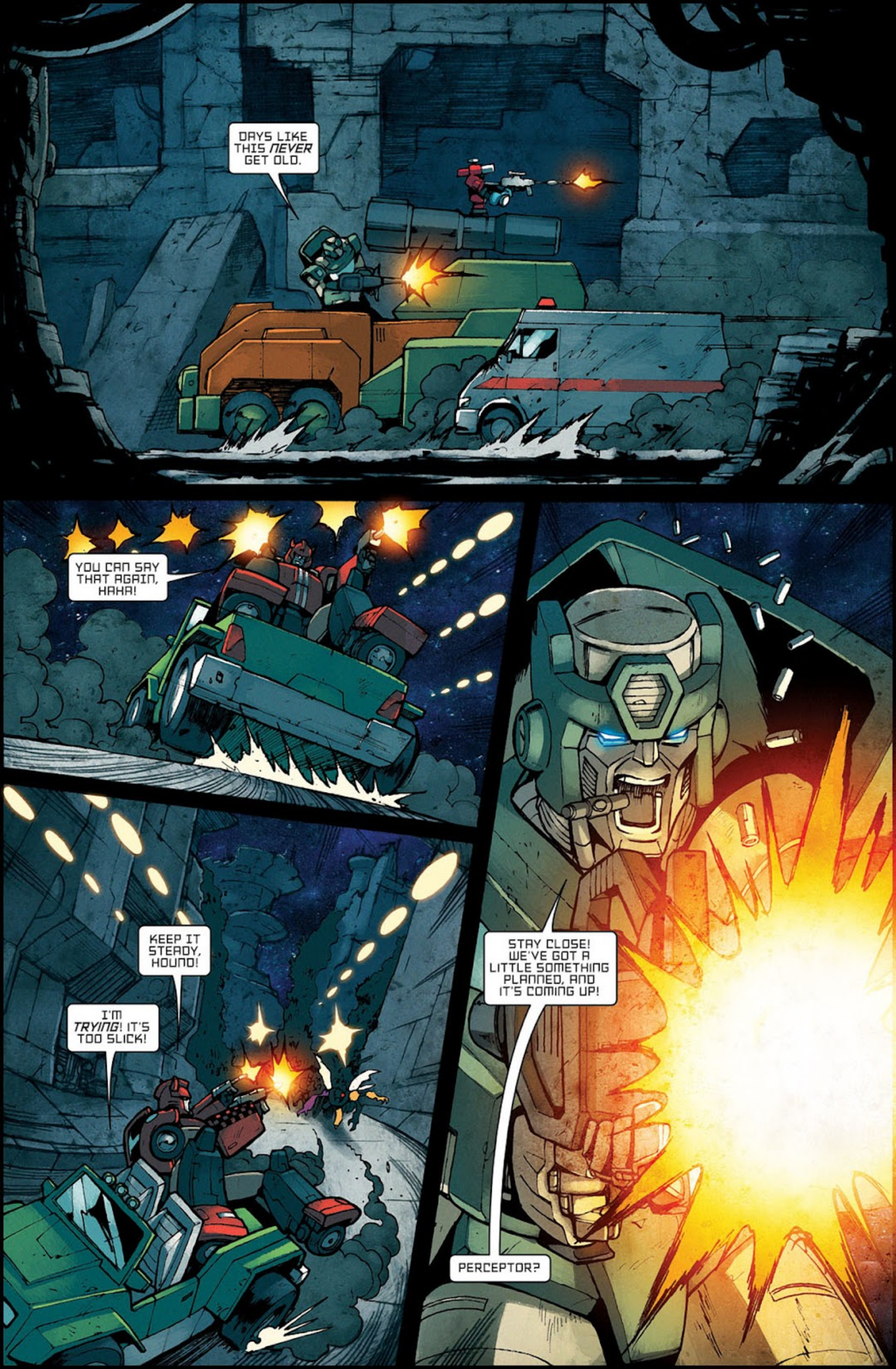

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE—THINGS PLAYIN' WITH YOUR MIND.
THINGS AROUND YOU, GETTIN' IN YOUR HEAD—THIS PLANET NOW, IT CAN MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT.
I KNOW THAT, TOO.
IT'S NOT THE PLANET.
NO, IT'S NOT.
IT'S *YOU.*
IT'S YOUR FAULT. YOU DIDN'T SEE IT COMING, AND YOU'RE TO BLAME.
AT LEAST THAT'S HOW YOU'RE SEEING IT IN THAT THICK HEAD OF YOURS.
HEY—
JUST SHUT UP, RED, AND LET ME TALK.
WE WERE BOTH THERE AT THE START.
DIFFERENCE WAS YOU NEVER TOOK A COMMAND POSITION—NOTHING HIGH UP ANYWAY.
I RESPECTED THAT. NEVER MADE ME HAPPY, BUT I RESPECTED IT.
YOU LET OTHERS PASS YOU BY—PREFERRING TO MIX IN WITH THE CROWD AND BE A PART OF IT ALL.
PREFERRING A POSITION WHERE YOU COULD SEE THINGS COMING.
YOU ALWAYS EXPECT THE WORST OF 'BOTS, RED, AND BECAUSE OF THAT YOU COULD SEE THE THINGS HE'D NEVER SEE.
THEY'VE BEEN SHUTTING ME OUT.
I KNOW.
MAKES YOU FEEL HELPLESS.
I SHOULDA SEEN THIS COMING.

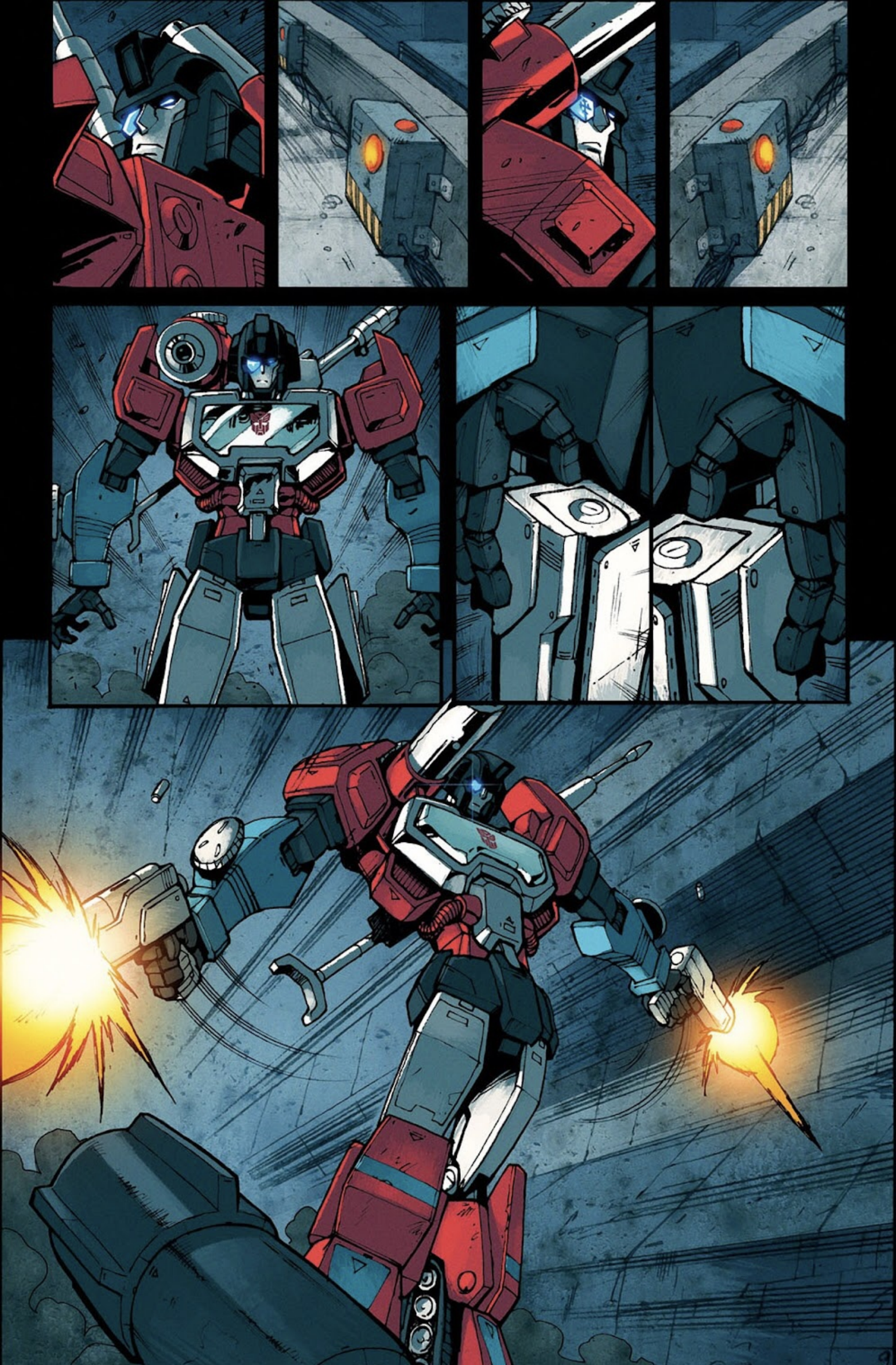

CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
IT'S THE SWARM!
THEY'RE ON US!
SOME EARLY-WARNING SYSTEM YOU ARE.
I WAS ON THE FAR SIDE.
DRIFT?
NO IDEA. I COULDN'T FIND HIM.
RIGHT.
I WANT A PERIMETER AROUND RATCHET AND ROADBUSTER NOW! NOTHING GETS THROUGH!
STAY IN FORMATION, STAY ALERT!
WE'RE MOVING OUT!

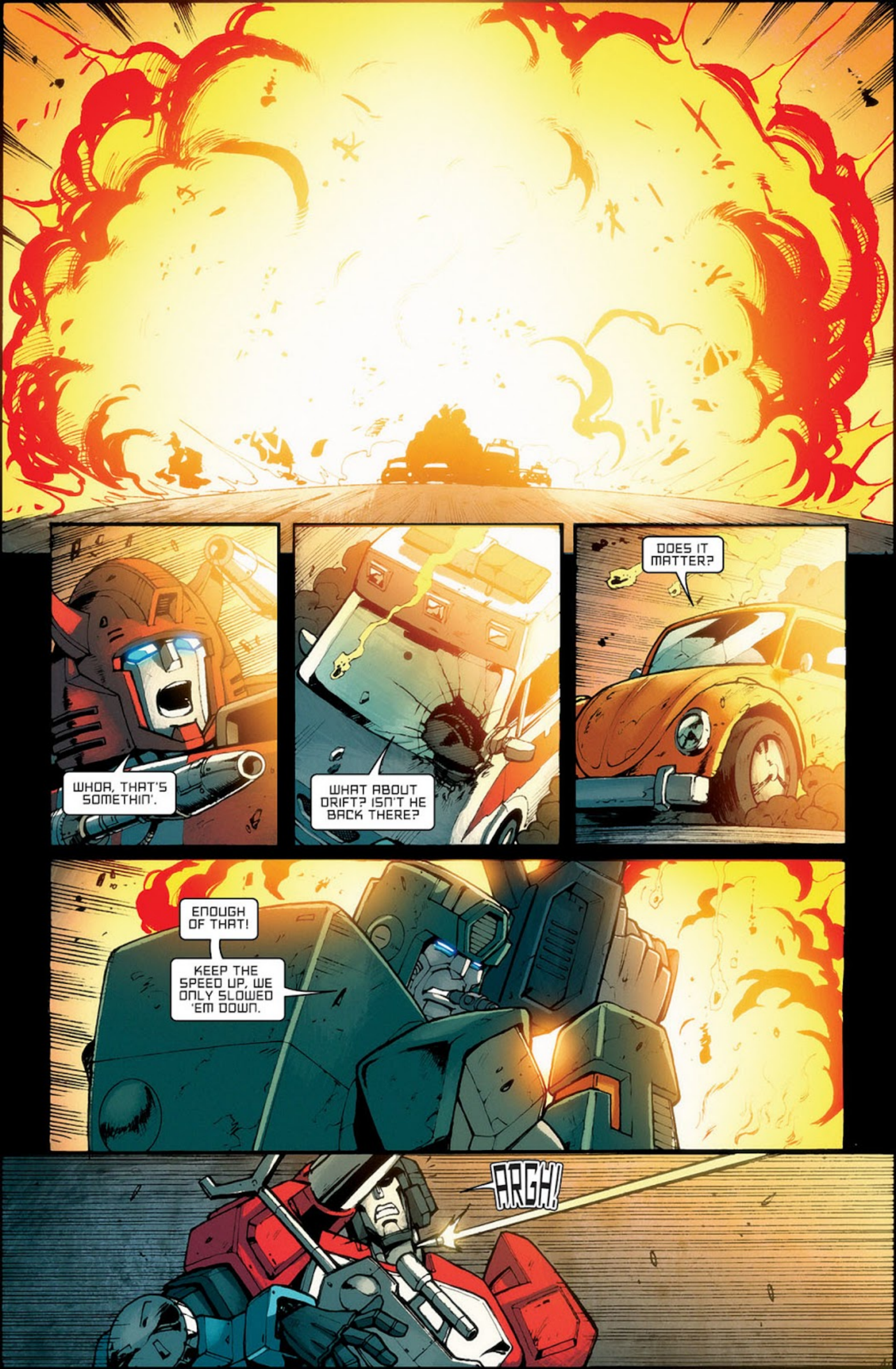

EARTH. NEW YORK CITY.
DON'T RUN, HUMANS.
DON'T BE AFRAID.
NO!
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY A GAME?
PLEASE... DON'T!


OH, DEAR...
...THEY COME APART QUITE EASILY, DON'T THEY?
SUCH A MESS.
SHALL WE PUT THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN?
YES, LET'S!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, SEEKER?

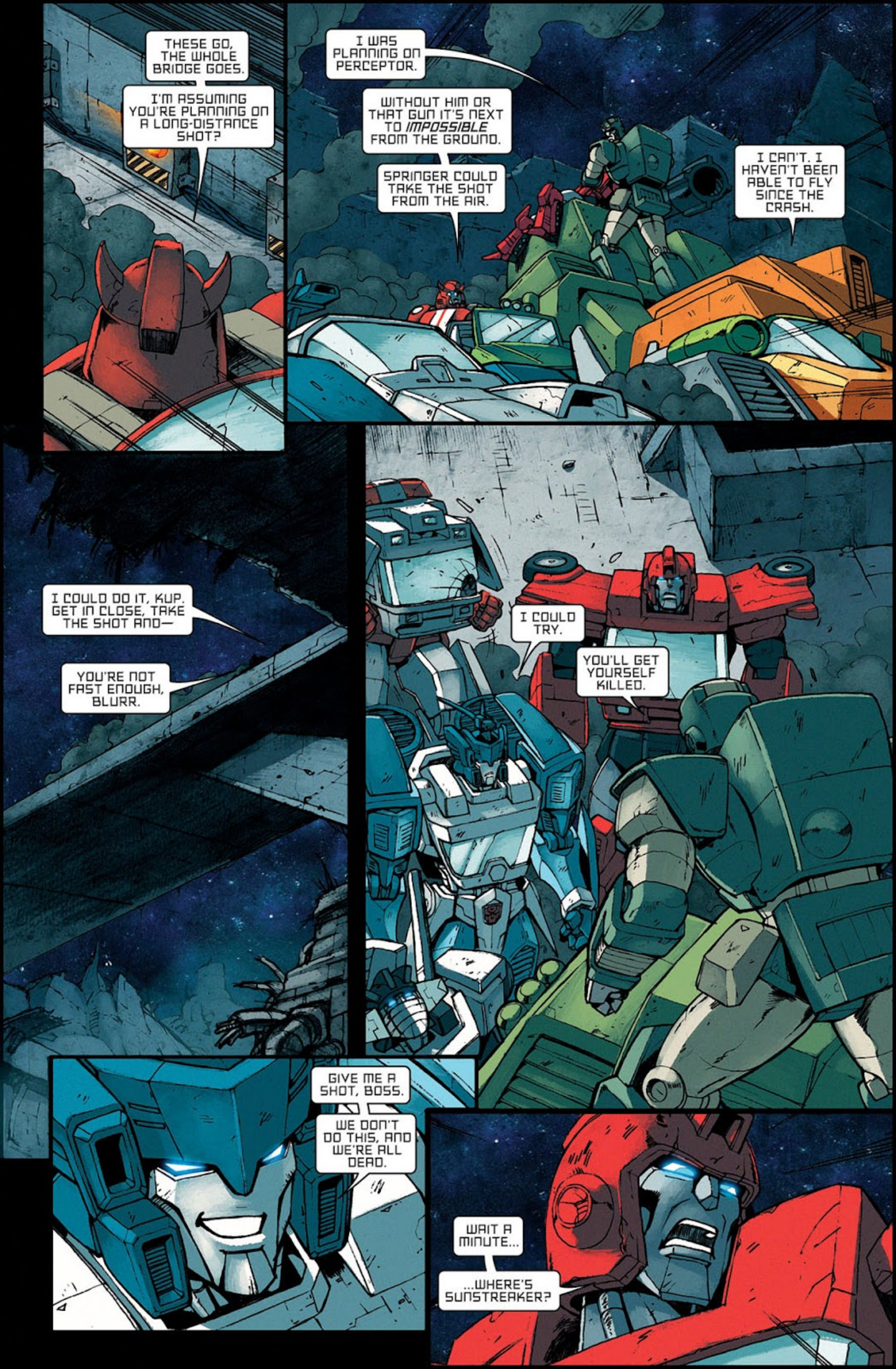

CAREFUL, SHRAPNEL, YOU'RE ADDRESSING A SUPERIOR OFFICER.
PERHAPS YOU HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE.
MY APOLOGIES, STARSCREAM.
I'M SURE NO OFFENSE WAS MEANT.
TELL ME, HOW MAY WE BE OF SERVICE?
I HAVE COME TO OFFER APOLOGIES OF MY OWN.
IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU WERE MISTREATED.
A MERE MISUNDERSTANDING, I'M SURE.
NEVERTHELESS, THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE.
WARRIORS OF YOUR CALIBER SHOULD NEVER SUFFER THESE KINDS OF INDIGNITIES.
IF THERE IS TO BE A FUTURE FOR THE DECEPTICON EMPIRE, THEN THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THIS KIND OF MINDLESS THUGGISHNESS.
SOMETHING I'M SURE A DISCERNING INTELLECTUAL SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE APPRECIATING.
OH, I AGREE.
I WONDER—DO YOU CONSIDER THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE OFTEN, STARSCREAM?
INDEED I DO.
IN FACT, PERHAPS IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A TALK...


DAYS LIKE THIS *NEVER* GET OLD.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, HAHA!
KEEP IT STEADY, HOUND!
I'M *TRYING*! IT'S TOO SLICK!
STAY CLOSE! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE SOMETHING PLANNED, AND IT'S COMING UP!
PERCEPTOR?




WHOA, THAT'S SOMETHIN'.
WHAT ABOUT DRIFT? ISN'T HE BACK THERE?
DOES IT MATTER?
ENOUGH OF THAT!
KEEP THE SPEED UP, WE ONLY SLOWED 'EM DOWN.
ARGH!

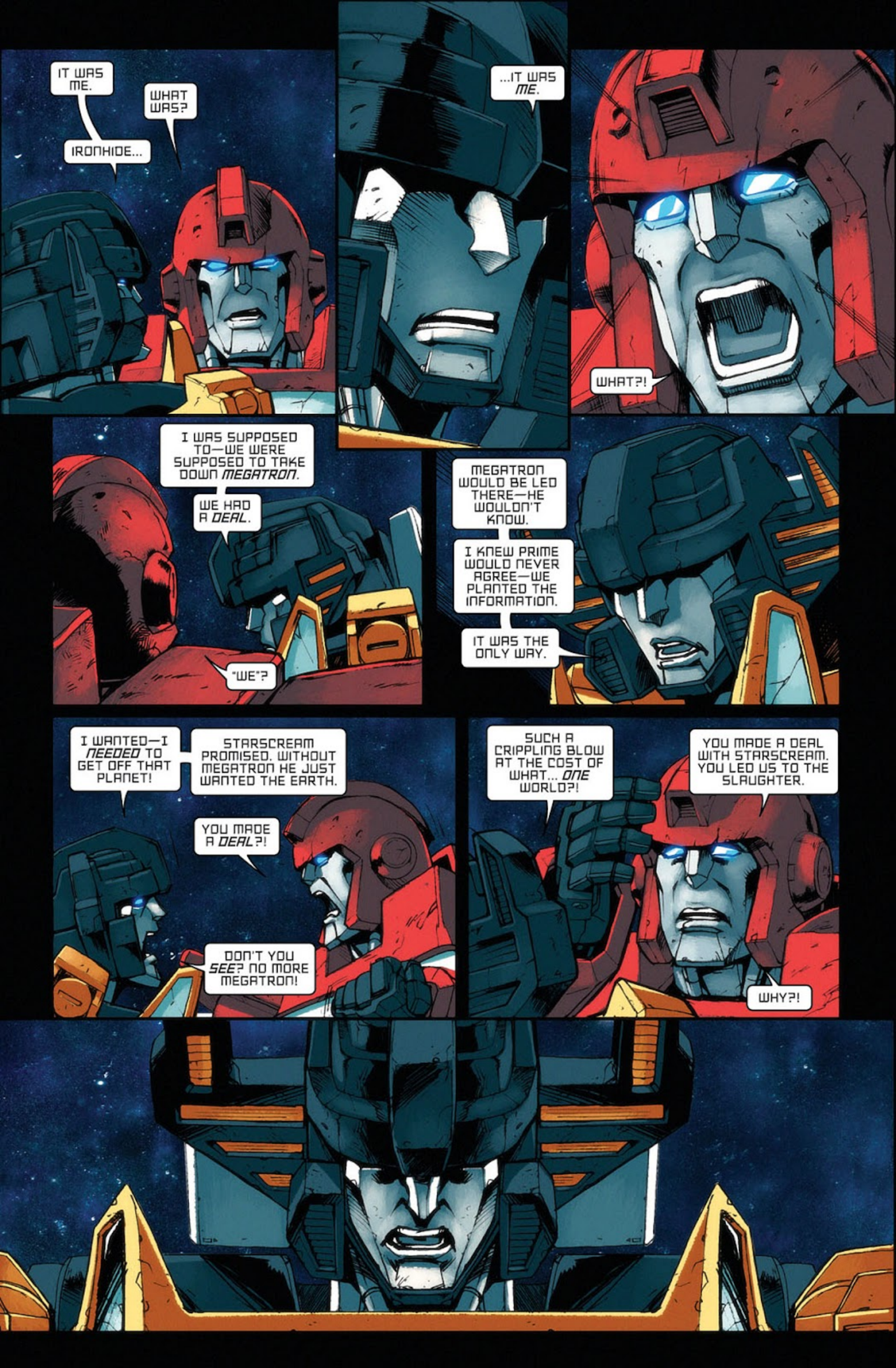

KEEP MOVING!
WE'VE GOT MORE EXPLOSIVES LINED UP ON THE BRIDGE.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO AND FROM OUR BUNKER—WE MADE SURE OF IT.
WE BLOW THE BRIDGE, AND IT'LL TAKE 'EM A WHILE BEFORE THEY CAN MAKE IT ACROSS.
TIME ENOUGH TO PREPARE.

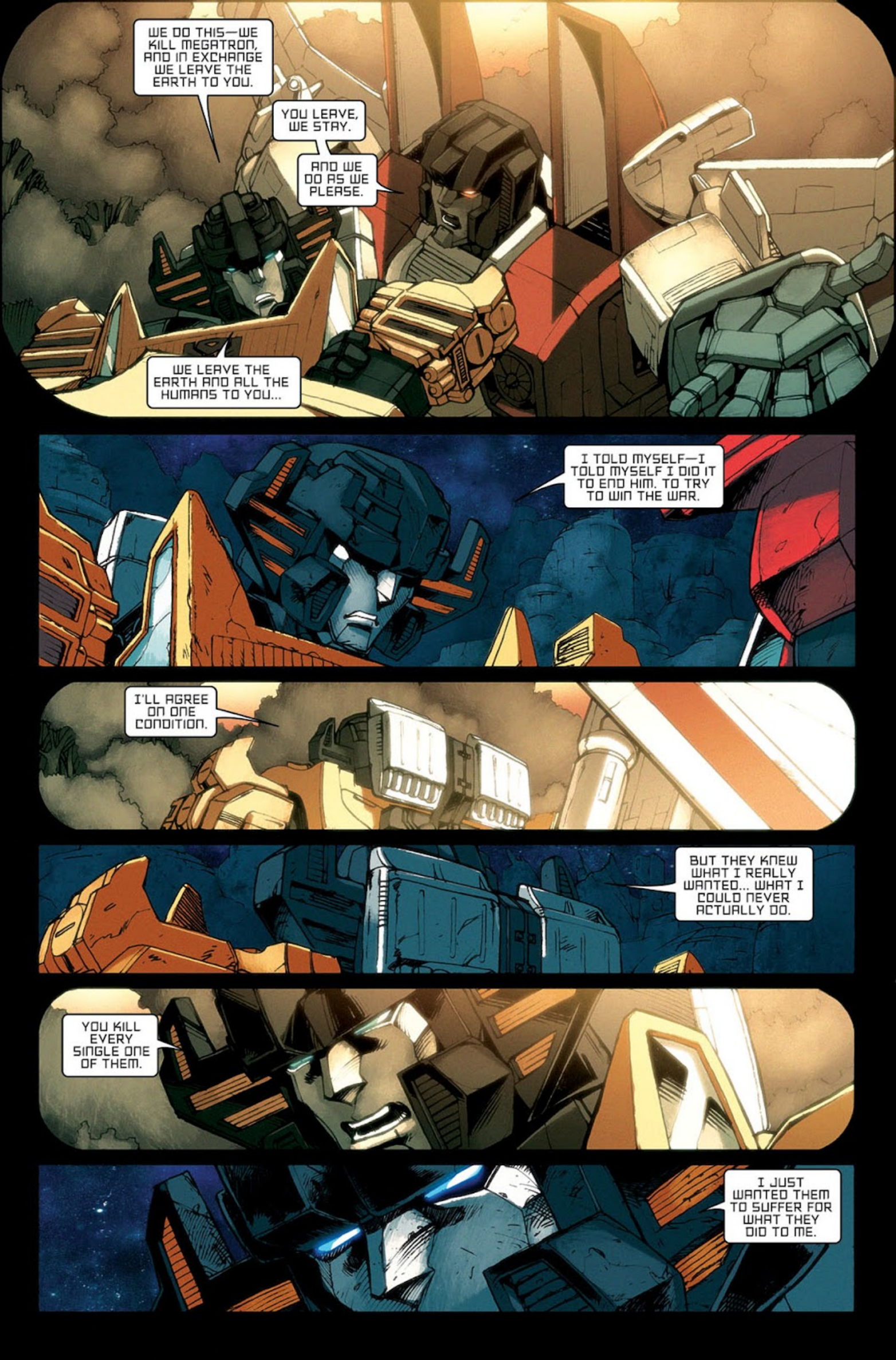

THESE GO, THE WHOLE BRIDGE GOES.
I'M ASSUMING YOU'RE PLANNING ON A LONG-DISTANCE SHOT?
I WAS PLANNING ON PERCEPTOR.
WITHOUT HIM OR THAT GUN IT'S NEXT TO *IMPOSSIBLE* FROM THE GROUND.
SPRINGER COULD TAKE THE SHOT FROM THE AIR.
I CAN'T. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FLY SINCE THE CRASH.
I COULD DO IT, KUP. GET IN CLOSE, TAKE THE SHOT AND—
YOU'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH, BLURR.
I COULD TRY.
YOU'LL GET YOURSELF KILLED.
GIVE ME A SHOT, BOSS.
WE DON'T DO THIS, AND WE'RE ALL DEAD.
WAIT A MINUTE...
...WHERE'S SUNSTREAKER?


IT WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN?
OF COURSE.
AND MEGATRON, DO YOU THINK HE SUSPECTS?
HE ALWAYS SUSPECTS.
THERE WAS ONCE—A LONG TIME AGO—THERE WAS A TIME I IDOLIZED HIM.
AND NOW?
HE HAS LOST HIS WAY.
PREPARE THE OTHERS.
AWAIT MY SIGNAL.


IRONHIDE!
KID!
KID, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?


SO DO WE HAVE A DEAL?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I'M NOT SURE.
NOT SURE? BUT THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, AN END TO ALL... THIS.
I *KNOW* WHAT WAS DONE TO YOU, WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR YOU TO STAY HERE.
YOU *HATE* IT. YOU CAN'T STAND IT, AND YOU WANT OUT.
HOW—
IT'S TRUE, ISN'T IT?
YOU TRYIN' TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?!
YES.
I CAN'T DEFEAT MEGATRON ALONE.
HELP ME.

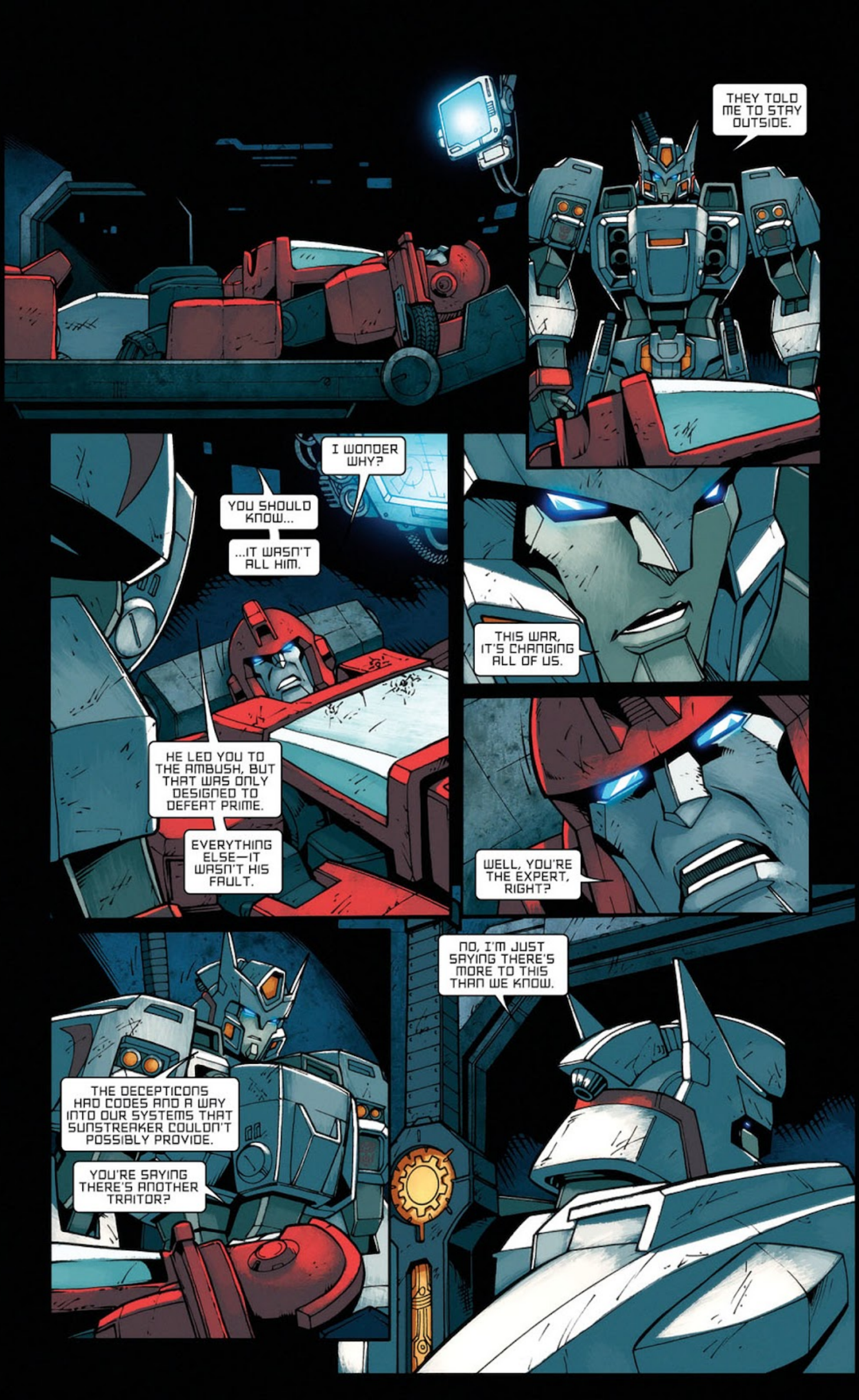

IT WAS ME.
IRONHIDE...
WHAT WAS?
...IT WAS *ME*.
WHAT?!
I WAS SUPPOSED TO—WE WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE DOWN *MEGATRON*.
WE HAD A *DEAL*.
"WE"?
MEGATRON WOULD BE LED THERE—HE WOULDN'T KNOW.
I KNEW PRIME WOULD NEVER AGREE—WE PLANTED THE INFORMATION.
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.
I WANTED—I *NEEDED* TO GET OFF THAT PLANET!
STARSCREAM PROMISED. WITHOUT MEGATRON HE JUST WANTED THE EARTH.
YOU MADE A *DEAL*?!
DON'T YOU *SEE*? NO MORE MEGATRON!
SUCH A CRIPPLING BLOW AT THE COST OF WHAT... *ONE* WORLD?!
YOU MADE A DEAL WITH STARSCREAM. YOU LED US TO THE SLAUGHTER.
WHY?!


WE DO THIS—WE KILL MEGATRON, AND IN EXCHANGE WE LEAVE THE EARTH TO YOU.
YOU LEAVE, WE STAY.
AND WE DO AS WE PLEASE.
WE LEAVE THE EARTH AND ALL THE HUMANS TO YOU...
I TOLD MYSELF—I TOLD MYSELF I DID IT TO END HIM. TO TRY TO WIN THE WAR.
I'LL AGREE ON ONE CONDITION.
BUT THEY KNEW WHAT I REALLY WANTED... WHAT I COULD NEVER ACTUALLY DO.
YOU KILL EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM.
I JUST WANTED THEM TO SUFFER FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ME.


I'M SORRY—
SHUNK
ARGH!
GO!


GO! I NEED TO BLOW THE BRIDGE!
GET OUT OF HERE, NOW!
COME ON, BIG GUY.

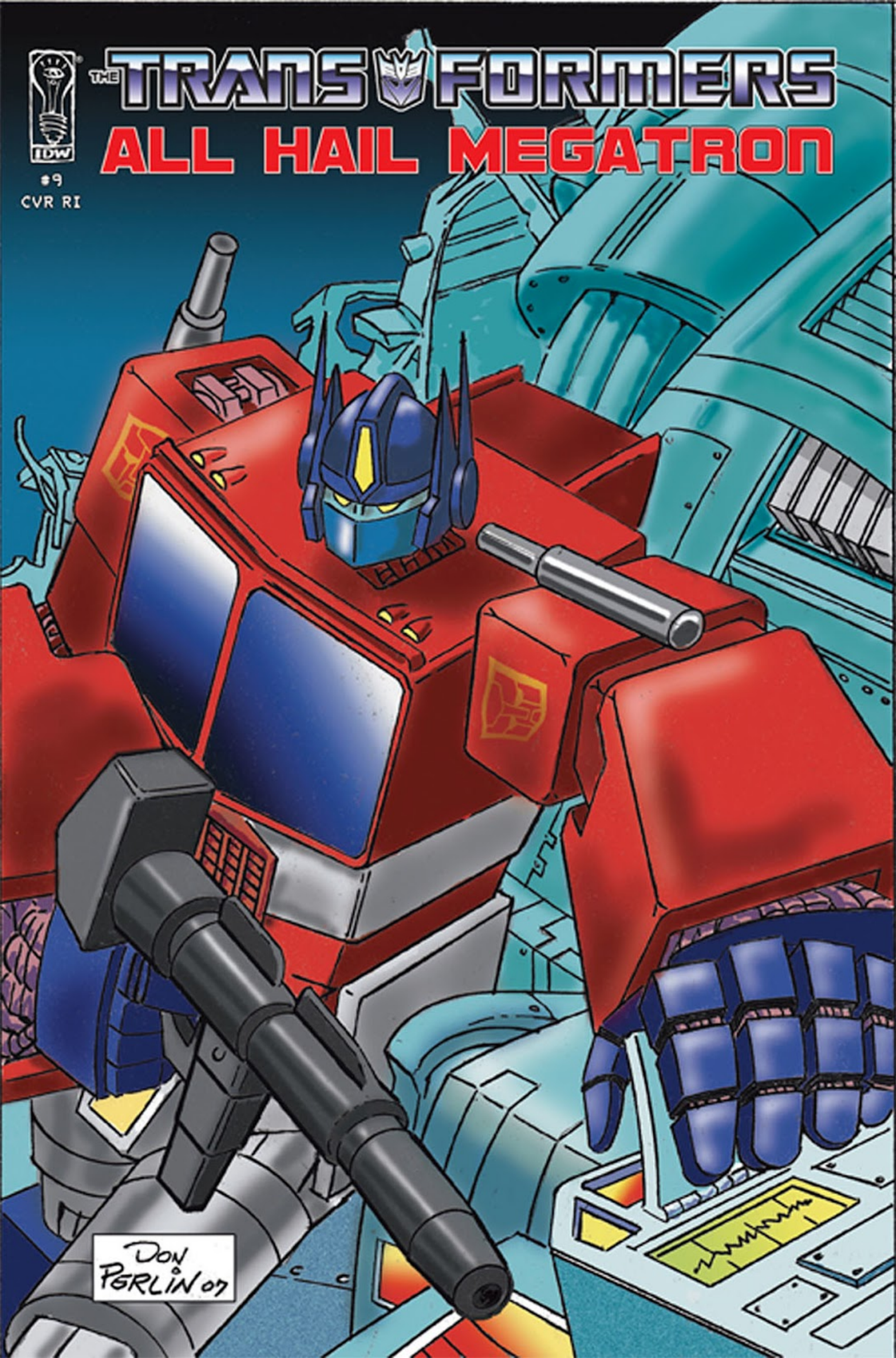

GET *OFF* ME!
IT'S—IT'S PROBABLY BEST IF YOU STAY OUT HERE FOR NOW.
KEEP WATCH.
I UNDERSTAND.


THEY TOLD ME TO STAY OUTSIDE.
I WONDER WHY?
YOU SHOULD KNOW...
...IT WASN'T ALL HIM.
HE LED YOU TO THE AMBUSH, BUT THAT WAS ONLY DESIGNED TO DEFEAT PRIME.
EVERYTHING ELSE—IT WASN'T HIS FAULT.
THIS WAR, IT'S CHANGING ALL OF US.
WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT, RIGHT?
NO, I'M JUST SAYING THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN WE KNOW.
THE DECEPTICONS HAD CODES AND A WAY INTO OUR SYSTEMS THAT SUNSTREAKER COULDN'T POSSIBLY PROVIDE.
YOU'RE SAYING THERE'S ANOTHER TRAITOR?


CONTINUED...


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THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #9

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:
The Autobot traitor has at last been revealed.

But in a desperate attempt at redemption, Sunstreaker gave his life to save the Autobots from the advancing Swarm on Cybertron. The fallen Autobot succeeded, but how long will they remain safe?

Meanwhile on Earth, cracks begin to show among the Decepticons as Starscream prepares to make a move against Megatron.

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25 YEARS
1984-2009

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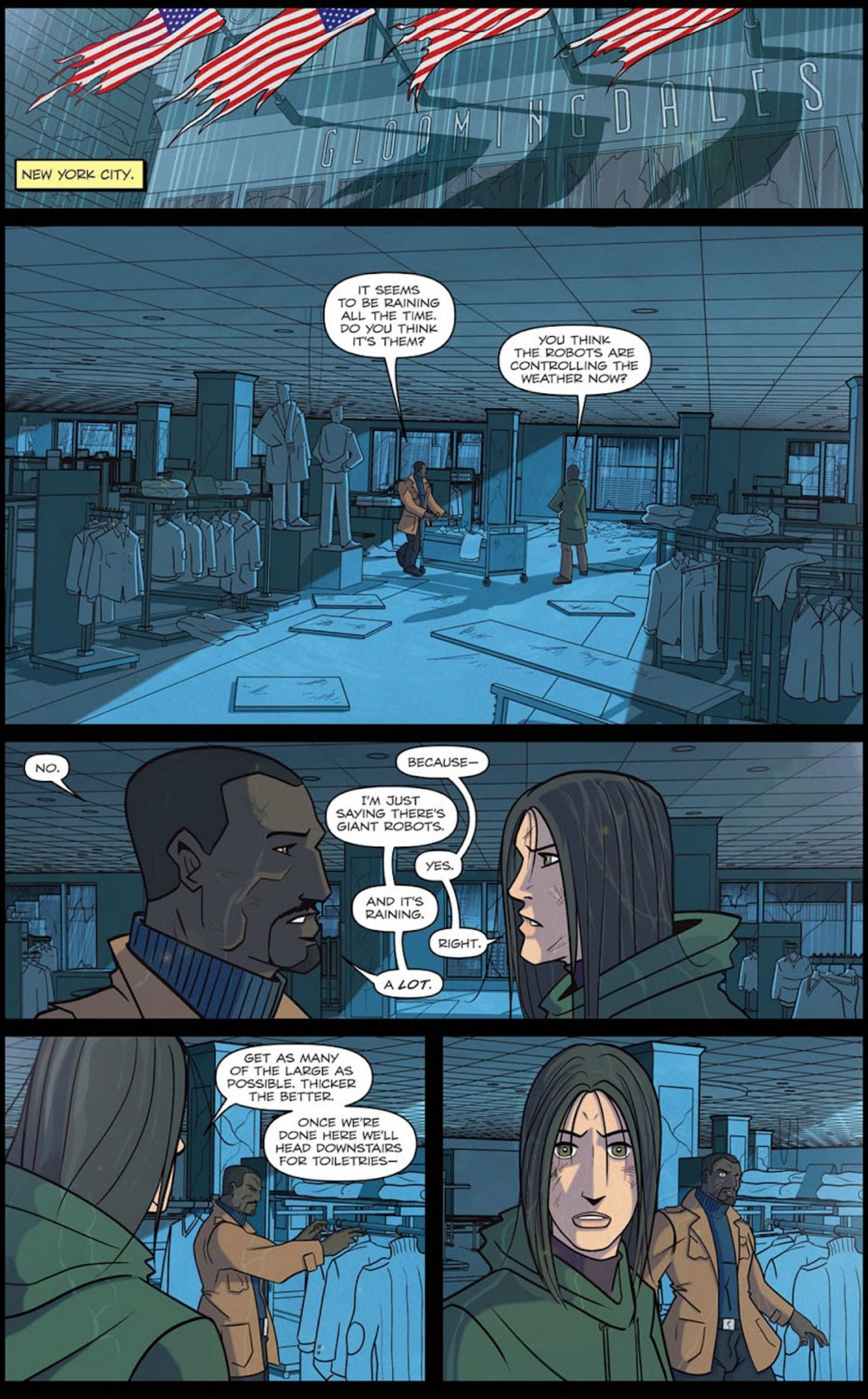
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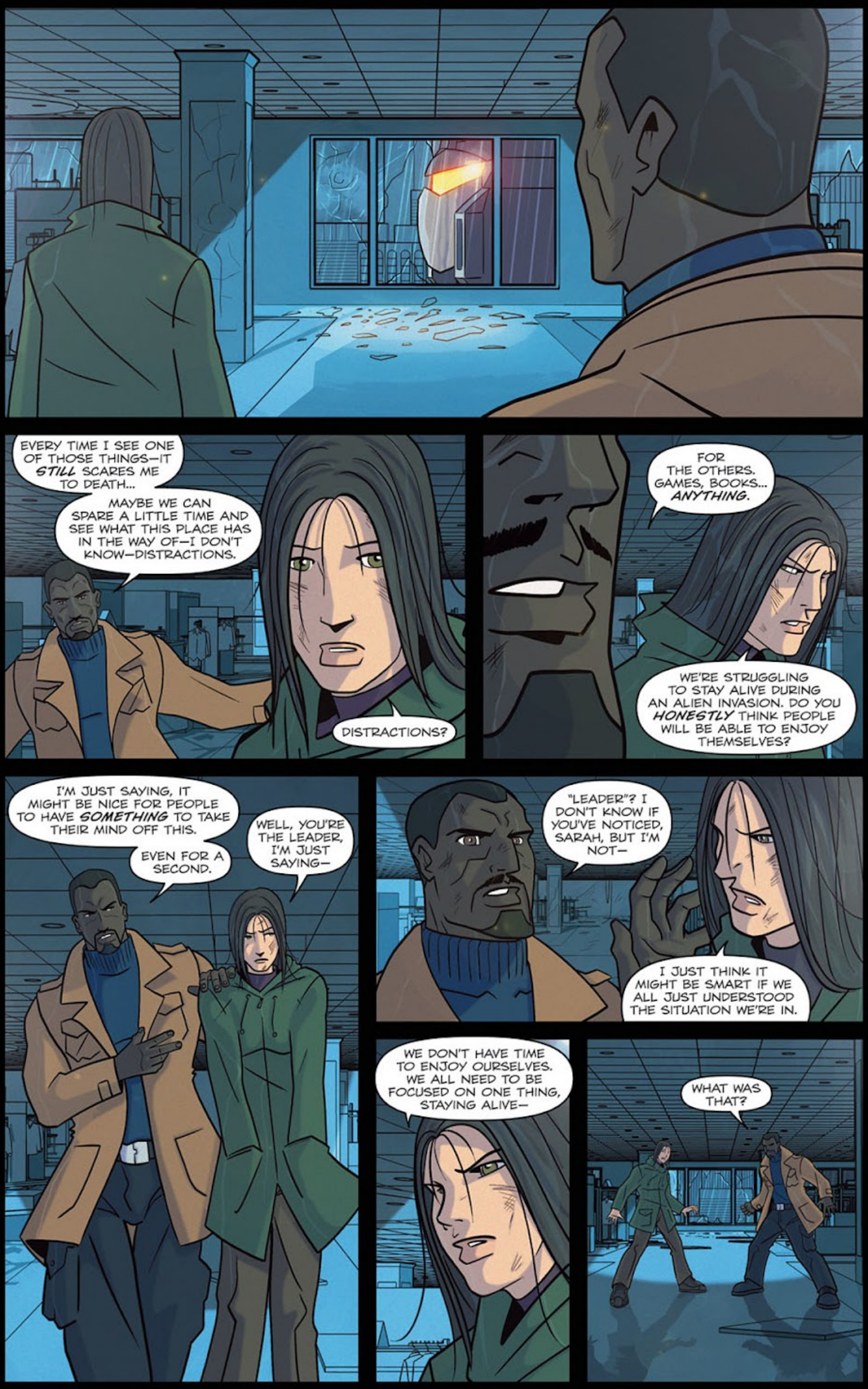
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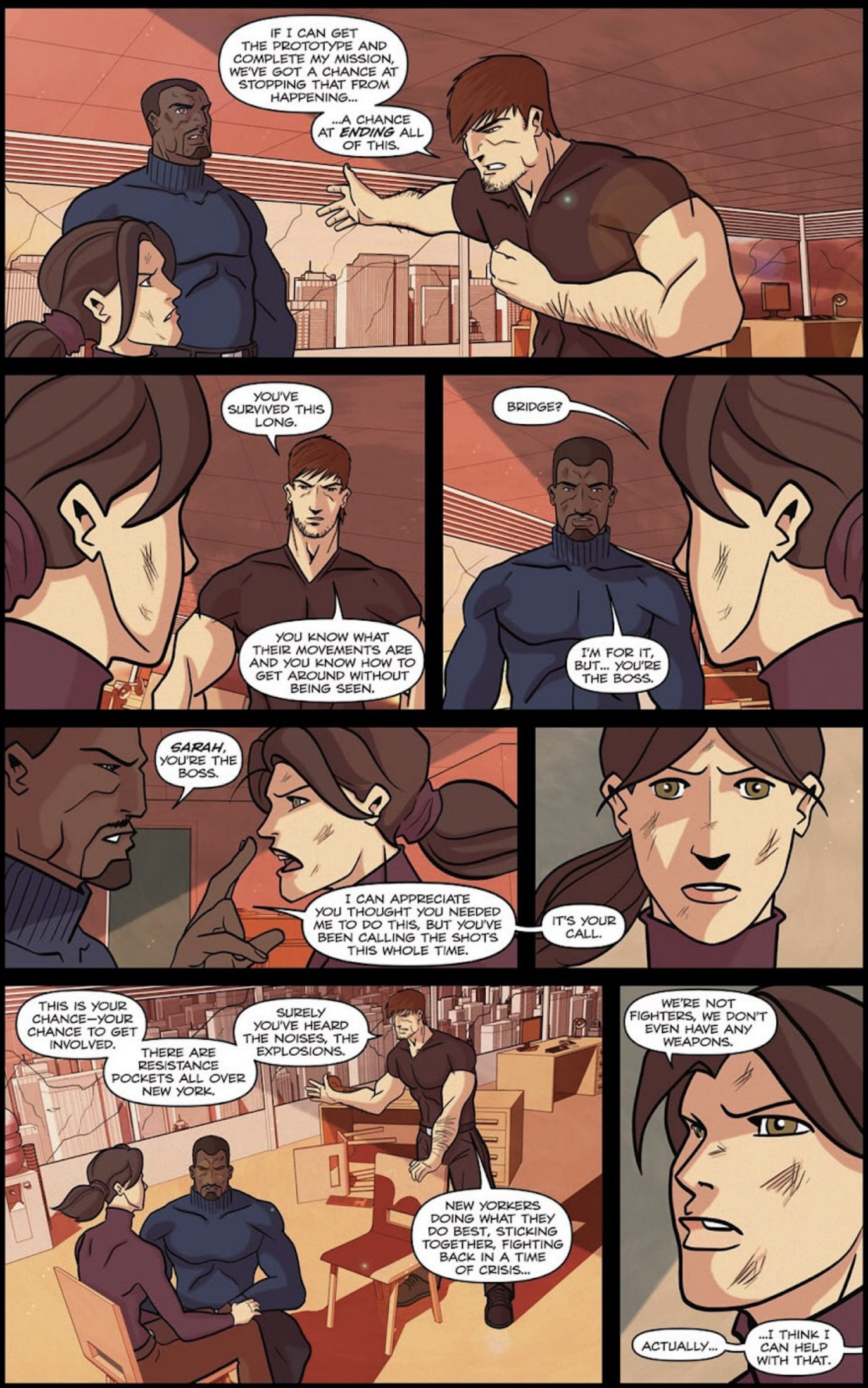
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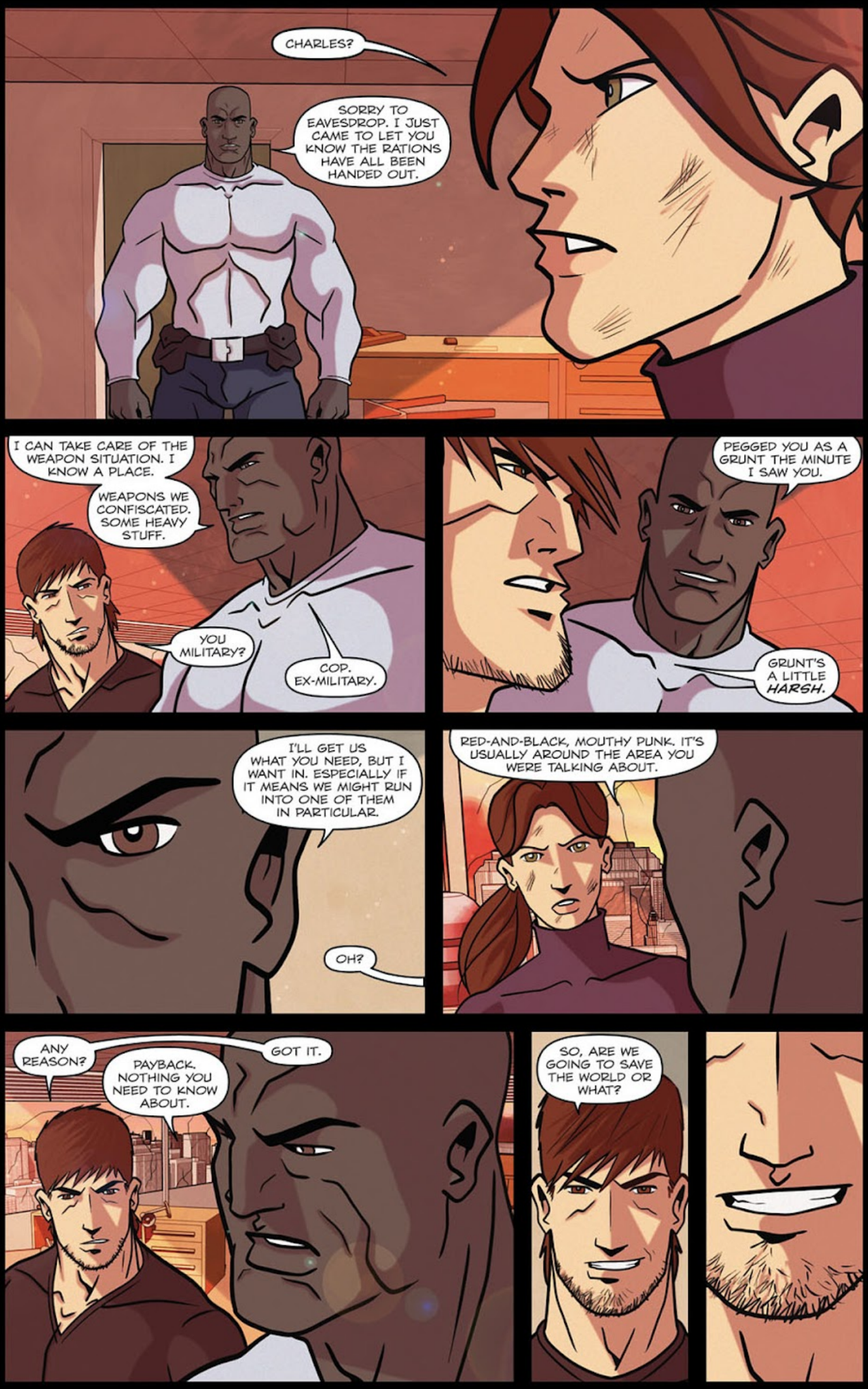

NEW YORK CITY.
GLOOMINGDALES
IT SEEMS TO BE RAINING ALL THE TIME. DO YOU THINK IT'S THEM?
YOU THINK THE ROBOTS ARE CONTROLLING THE WEATHER NOW?
NO.
BECAUSE—
I'M JUST SAYING THERE'S GIANT ROBOTS.
YES.
AND IT'S RAINING.
RIGHT.
A LOT.
GET AS MANY OF THE LARGE AS POSSIBLE. THICKER THE BETTER.
ONCE WE'RE DONE HERE WE'LL HEAD DOWNSTAIRS FOR TOILETRIES—


EVERY TIME I SEE ONE OF THOSE THINGS—IT STILL SCARES ME TO DEATH...
MAYBE WE CAN SPARE A LITTLE TIME AND SEE WHAT THIS PLACE HAS IN THE WAY OF—I DON'T KNOW—DISTRACTIONS.
DISTRACTIONS?
FOR THE OTHERS. GAMES, BOOKS... ANYTHING.
WE'RE STRUGGLING TO STAY ALIVE DURING AN ALIEN INVASION. DO YOU HONESTLY THINK PEOPLE WILL BE ABLE TO ENJOY THEMSELVES?
I'M JUST SAYING, IT MIGHT BE NICE FOR PEOPLE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO TAKE THEIR MIND OFF THIS.
EVEN FOR A SECOND.
WELL, YOU'RE THE LEADER, I'M JUST SAYING—
"LEADER"? I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE NOTICED, SARAH, BUT I'M NOT—
I JUST THINK IT MIGHT BE SMART IF WE ALL JUST UNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION WE'RE IN.
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO ENJOY OURSELVES. WE ALL NEED TO BE FOCUSED ON ONE THING, STAYING ALIVE—
WHAT WAS THAT?


YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?
BUTTON FLIES.
I SWEAR I COULD SEW A WHOLE PAIR OF PANTS IN THE TIME IT TAKES ME TO DO THESE UP.
SORRY... I'M SPIKE.
SARAH.

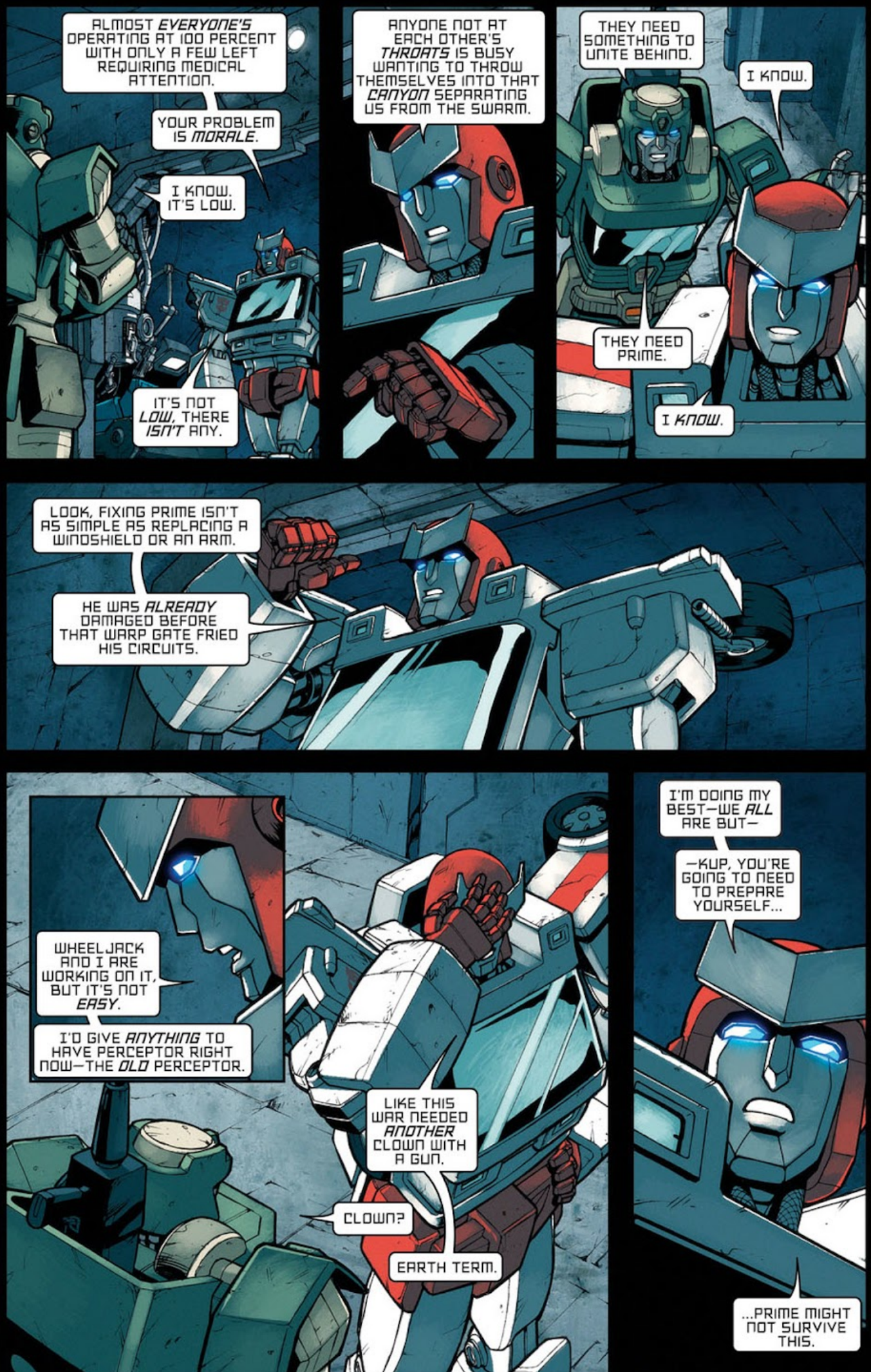

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYING.
I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO DO ANYTHING OTHER THAN KEEP WATCH FOR ME.
SO THIS GUN WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP YOU FIND... THIS IS GOING TO KILL ALL OF THE ROBOTS AND SAVE THE WORLD?
NOT ALL OF THEM, ONE OF THEM. THEIR LEADER.
AND IT'S NOT JUST A "GUN," IT'S A PROTOTYPE WEAPON.
SOUNDS LIKE TOP SECRET, CLASSIFIED STUFF.
IT IS.
STUFF WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT.
WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO KILL YOU AFTERWARD.
I DON'T THINK IT SOUNDS CLASSIFIED, I THINK IT SOUNDS ABSURD.
LOOK, THE REST OF THE WORLD IS CURRENTLY PLANNING ON MARCHING UP TO OUR DOORSTEP AND WIPING OUT ALL OF NEW YORK—
—ALL OF THE EAST COAST IF THEY HAVE TO—IN ORDER TO STOP THOSE THINGS.
WE'RE TALKING NUCLEAR WEAPONS.

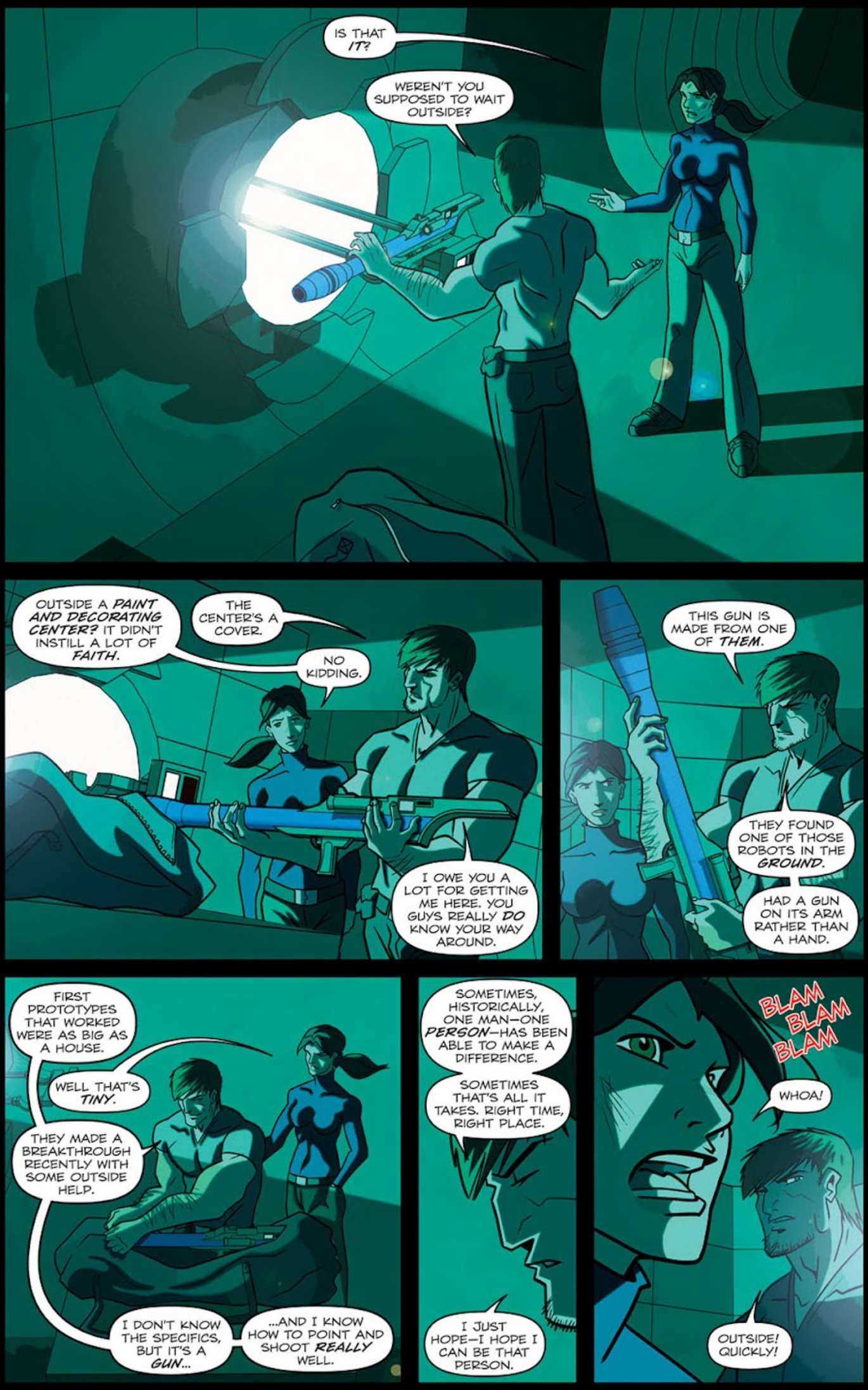

IF I CAN GET THE PROTOTYPE AND COMPLETE MY MISSION, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE AT STOPPING THAT FROM HAPPENING...
...A CHANCE AT ENDING ALL OF THIS.
YOU'VE SURVIVED THIS LONG.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE AND YOU KNOW HOW TO GET AROUND WITHOUT BEING SEEN.
BRIDGE?
I'M FOR IT, BUT... YOU'RE THE BOSS.
SARAH, YOU'RE THE BOSS.
I CAN APPRECIATE YOU THOUGHT YOU NEEDED ME TO DO THIS, BUT YOU'VE BEEN CALLING THE SHOTS THIS WHOLE TIME.
IT'S YOUR CALL.
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE—YOUR CHANCE TO GET INVOLVED.
THERE ARE RESISTANCE POCKETS ALL OVER NEW YORK.
SURELY YOU'VE HEARD THE NOISES, THE EXPLOSIONS.
NEW YORKERS DOING WHAT THEY DO BEST, STICKING TOGETHER, FIGHTING BACK IN A TIME OF CRISIS...
WE'RE NOT FIGHTERS, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY WEAPONS.
ACTUALLY...
...I THINK I CAN HELP WITH THAT.


CHARLES?
SORRY TO EAVESDROP. I JUST CAME TO LET YOU KNOW THE RATIONS HAVE ALL BEEN HANDED OUT.
I CAN TAKE CARE OF THE WEAPON SITUATION. I KNOW A PLACE.
WEAPONS WE CONFISCATED. SOME HEAVY STUFF.
YOU MILITARY?
COP. EX-MILITARY.
PEGGED YOU AS A GRUNT THE MINUTE I SAW YOU.
GRUNT'S A LITTLE HARSH.
I'LL GET US WHAT YOU NEED, BUT I WANT IN. ESPECIALLY IF IT MEANS WE MIGHT RUN INTO ONE OF THEM IN PARTICULAR.
OH?
RED-AND-BLACK, MOUTHY PUNK. IT'S USUALLY AROUND THE AREA YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT.
ANY REASON?
PAYBACK. NOTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT.
GOT IT.
SO, ARE WE GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD OR WHAT?

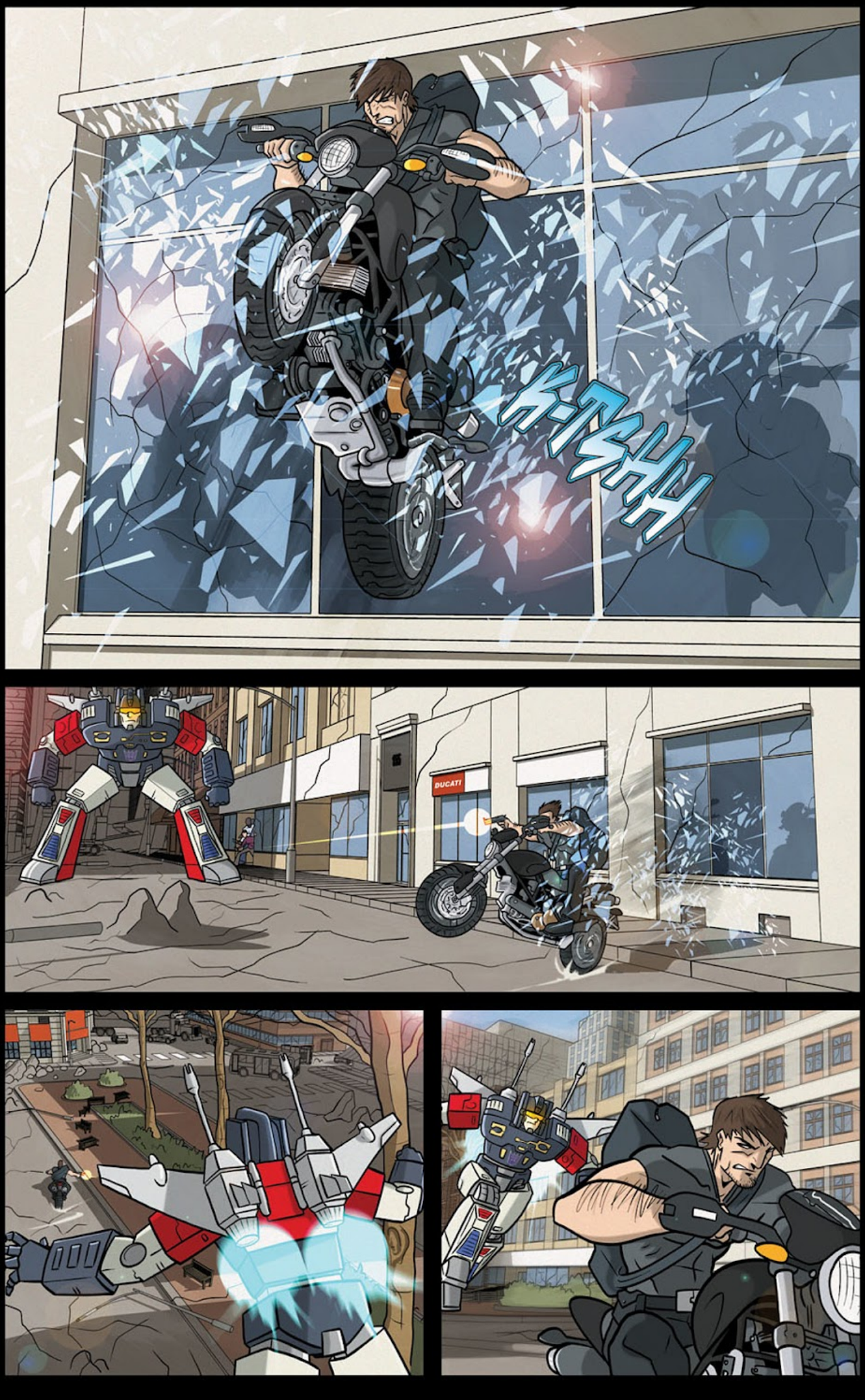

CYBERTRON.
"MIRAGE?"
MIRAGE, I, UH—CAN WE TALK?
I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GET A CHANCE, BUT—BETWEEN ME BEIN' FIXED AND YOU IN THE CR CHAMBER*—IT'S BEEN DIFFICULT.
*CRYOGENIC RESTORATION CHAMBER.
I WAS WRONG. MORE THAN WRONG.
I JUST—I WANTED YOU TO KNOW...
...I'M SORRY.

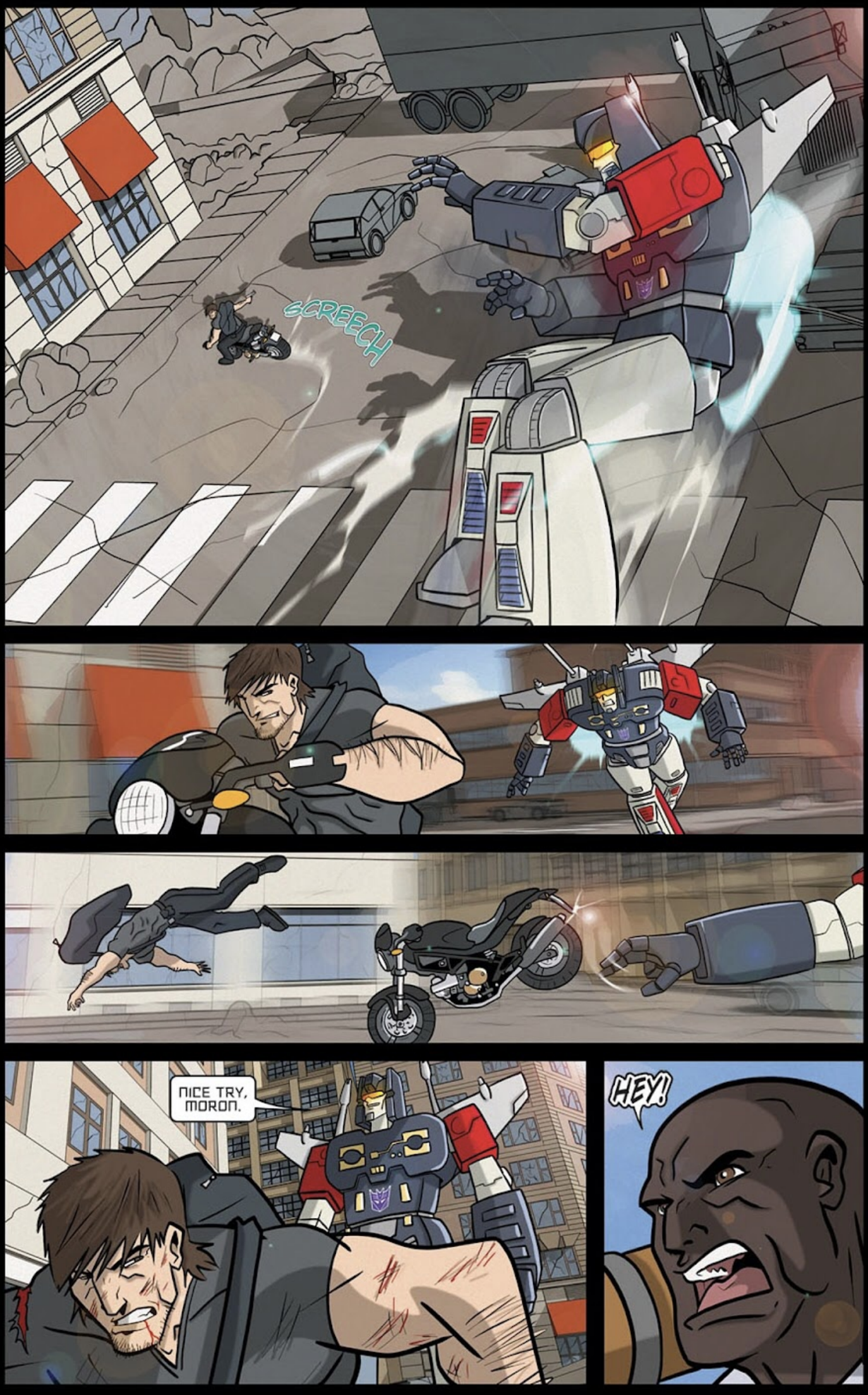

IT ALL GOT SO HARD, SO OUT OF CONTROL.
EARTH, PRIME, BEING TRAPPED HERE...
...IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
AND NOW SUNSTREAKER...
...IT'S JUST—
—EVERYTHING'S FALLING APART.
PLEASE, I JUST—I'M *SORRY*. I—I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
YOUR *BADGE*! YOU—
—BUT YOU WERE IN THE CR CHAMBER.
I DIDN'T *WANT* IT FIXED.
I DON'T DESERVE TO *WEAR* IT, *REMEMBER*?
DON'T *EVER* TALK TO ME.
"THE UNIT'S *PHYSICAL* CAPABILITIES AREN'T THE PROBLEM."


ALMOST *EVERYONE'S* OPERATING AT 100 PERCENT WITH ONLY A FEW LEFT REQUIRING MEDICAL ATTENTION.
YOUR PROBLEM IS *MORALE*.
I KNOW. IT'S LOW.
IT'S NOT *LOW*, THERE *ISN'T* ANY.
ANYONE NOT AT EACH OTHER'S *THROATS* IS BUSY WANTING TO THROW THEMSELVES INTO THAT *CANYON* SEPARATING US FROM THE SWARM.
THEY NEED SOMETHING TO UNITE BEHIND.
I KNOW.
THEY NEED PRIME.
I *KNOW*.
LOOK, FIXING PRIME ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS REPLACING A WINDSHIELD OR AN ARM.
HE WAS *ALREADY* DAMAGED BEFORE THAT WARP GATE FRIED HIS CIRCUITS.
WHEELJACK AND I ARE WORKING ON IT, BUT IT'S NOT *EASY*.
I'D GIVE *ANYTHING* TO HAVE PERCEPTOR RIGHT NOW—THE *OLD* PERCEPTOR.
LIKE THIS WAR NEEDED *ANOTHER* CLOWN WITH A GUN.
CLOWN?
EARTH TERM.
I'M DOING MY BEST—WE *ALL* ARE BUT—
—KUP, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO PREPARE YOURSELF...
...PRIME MIGHT NOT SURVIVE THIS.


IS THAT IT?
WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO WAIT OUTSIDE?
OUTSIDE A PAINT AND DECORATING CENTER? IT DIDN'T INSTILL A LOT OF FAITH.
THE CENTER'S A COVER.
NO KIDDING.
I OWE YOU A LOT FOR GETTING ME HERE. YOU GUYS REALLY DO KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND.
THIS GUN IS MADE FROM ONE OF THEM.
THEY FOUND ONE OF THOSE ROBOTS IN THE GROUND.
HAD A GUN ON ITS ARM RATHER THAN A HAND.
FIRST PROTOTYPES THAT WORKED WERE AS BIG AS A HOUSE.
WELL THAT'S TINY.
THEY MADE A BREAKTHROUGH RECENTLY WITH SOME OUTSIDE HELP.
I DON'T KNOW THE SPECIFICS, BUT IT'S A GUN...
...AND I KNOW HOW TO POINT AND SHOOT REALLY WELL.
SOMETIMES, HISTORICALLY, ONE MAN—ONE PERSON—HAS BEEN ABLE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
SOMETIMES THAT'S ALL IT TAKES. RIGHT TIME, RIGHT PLACE.
I JUST HOPE—I HOPE I CAN BE THAT PERSON.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WHOA!
OUTSIDE! QUICKLY!


RUN! FIND COVER!
WHERE'S HE GOING?!
IS HE—HE'S RUNNING AWAY?!
I THOUGHT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE BIG HERO!
WHAT'S HE DOING?!

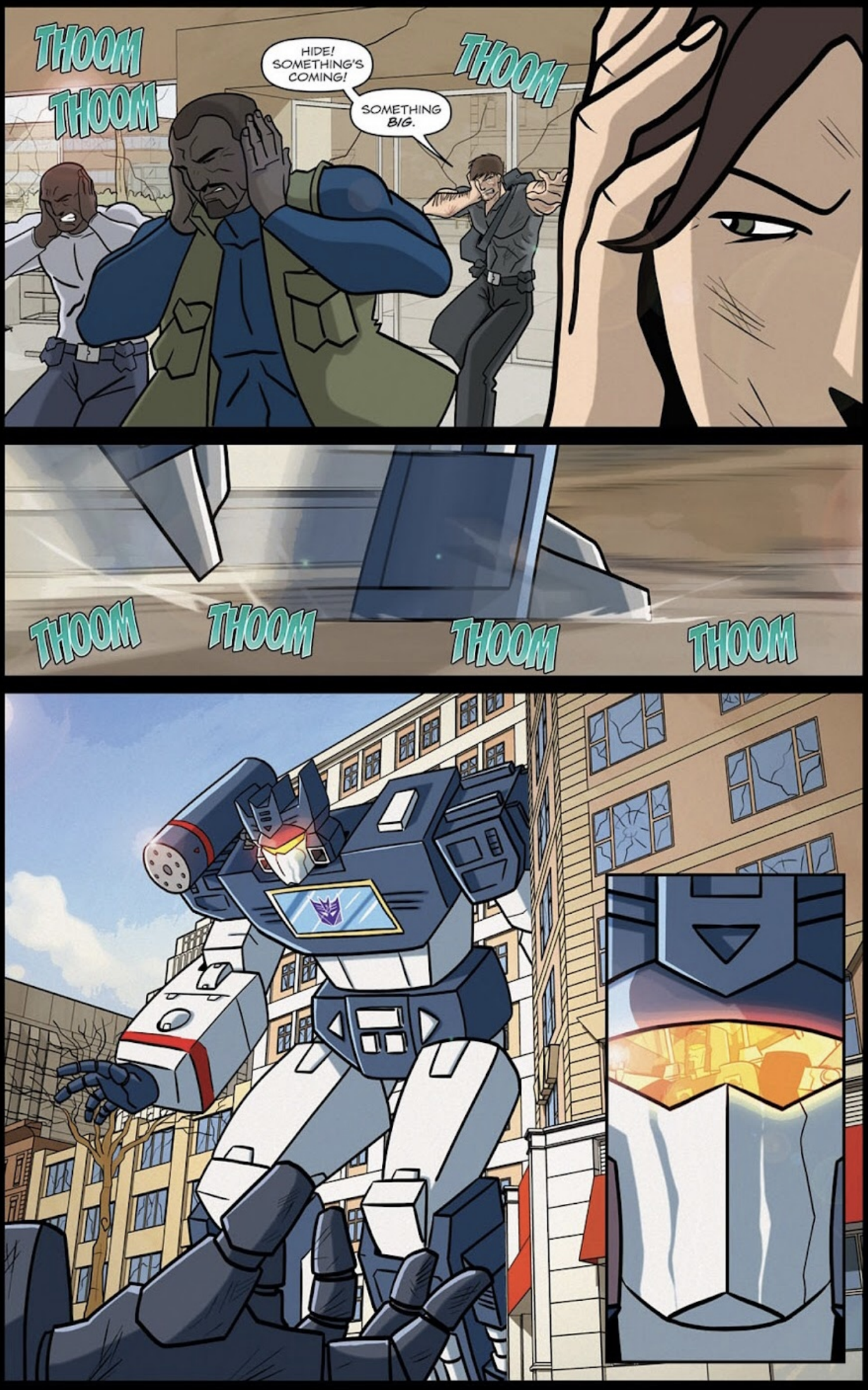

KRASH
DUCATI

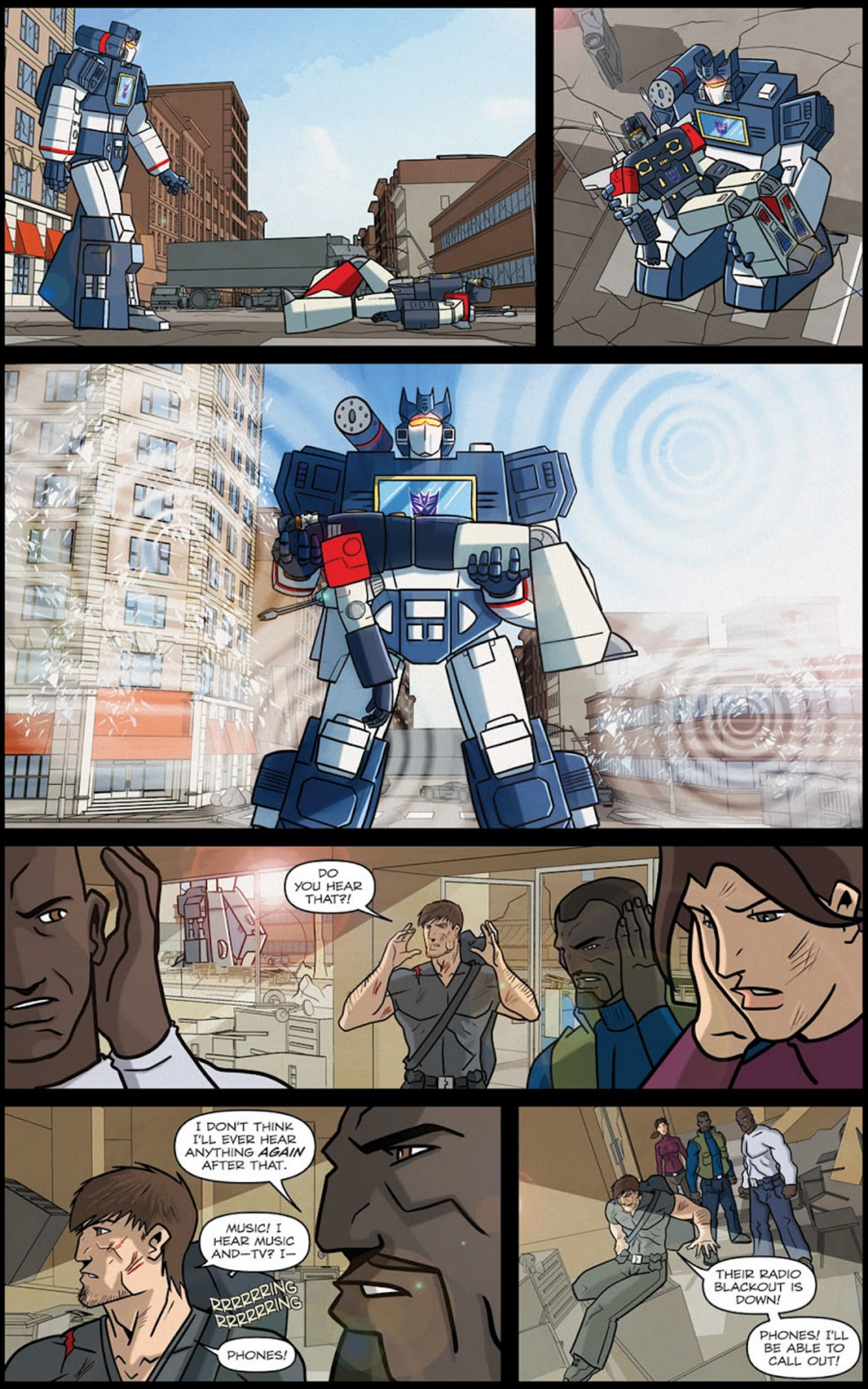

SCREECH
NICE TRY, MORON.
HEY!


FOOM
DUCATI
WHOA! DID YOU SEE THAT?! RIGHT IN THE FACE!
THAT'S FOR MY BOY YOU PIECE OF—

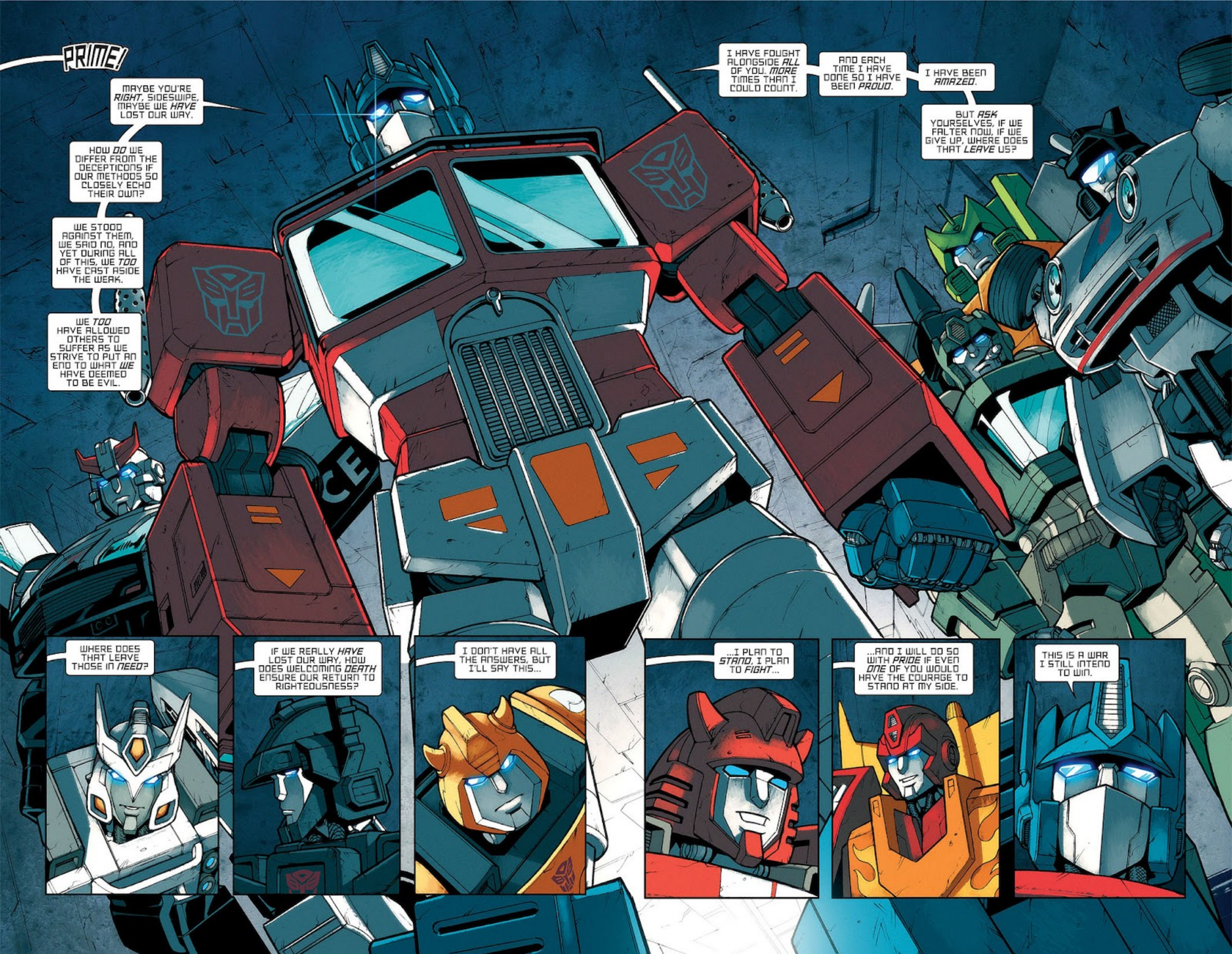

RRREEEEEEEEEEE!
AARGHH!
"WHAT'S THE POINT?"
EVEN IF WE *DO* GET PRIME BACK—I DON'T SEE THE *POINT*.
FOR WHAT THOUGH? THERE'S NO WAY OFF CYBERTRON.
WE FIGHT? WE MAKE A STAND? FOR *WHAT*?
HEY, I'M JUST HAPPY TO HAVE DECENT WEAPONS AGAIN.
BECAUSE OF WHO WE ARE.
WHY NOW, AT THE END, WOULD WE STOP BEING WHO WE ARE?
SURELY NOW, MORE THAN EVER, IT'S IMPORTANT TO STAY TRUE TO OURSELVES.
TRUE TO—WHERE DO *YOU* GET OFF SAYING THAT?
THE *LAST* THING WE WANT IS *YOU* BEING TRUE TO WHAT YOU ARE.
HEY! CUT THAT OUT, 'BEE. *NOW*.


YOU CUT IT OUT. WHAT RIGHT DOES HE HAVE TO EVEN BE IN THIS ROOM?
SAME AS YOU AND ME, SAME AS ANY OF US. HE'S AN AUTOBOT.
DON'T YOU START WITH THIS—
HEY, HEY! COME ON.
LISTEN! LISTEN TO ME!
WE DON'T NEED TO DO THIS. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY.
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME FOR SECOND. I WANT YOU TO—
SUNSTREAKER IS DEAD.
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY? IS IT SOMETHING THAT'S GOING TO BRING HIM BACK?
SUNSTREAKER'S DEAD, AND I THINK IT'S BECAUSE HE WANTED OUT.
I THINK HE REALIZED WHAT ALL THIS HAS COME TO. I THINK HE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD.
I THINK HE WANTED TO DIE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT?
I THINK WE ALL DESERVE TO DIE AS WELL.


THOOM
THOOM
HIDE! SOMETHING'S COMING!
SOMETHING BIG.
THOOM
THOOM
THOOM
THOOM
THOOM


DO YOU HEAR THAT?!
I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER HEAR ANYTHING *AGAIN* AFTER THAT.
MUSIC! I HEAR MUSIC AND—TV? I—
RRRRRRING RRRRRRING
PHONES!
THEIR RADIO BLACKOUT IS DOWN!
PHONES! I'LL BE ABLE TO CALL OUT!


COME ON, SIDESWIPE, I KNOW THIS HAS HIT YOU HARD BUT—
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
WHAT HAS *ANY* OF US DONE SINCE ALL THIS STARTED?
KILL. *DESTROY*.
ALL WE DO IS GO FROM *ONE* PLANET TO *ANOTHER*. FIGHTING. *KILLING*.
AND WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN US?
WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO *SHOW* FOR IT?
WE TAKE SOME GROUND, THE DECEPTICONS TAKE SOME GROUND. *WE* SUFFER LOSSES, *THEY* SUFFER LOSSES.
AND FOR *WHAT*?!
HOW MANY RACES HAVE WE PUT IN *DANGER*? HOW MANY HAVE WE *WIPED OUT* IN OUR PURSUIT TO KILL SOME *MORE*?!
IT WAS A *DISAGREEMENT*! WE FOUGHT TO UPHOLD A WAY OF *LIFE*, AN *IDEAL*. AND *NOW* WHAT?
OUR PLANET IS IN *RUINS* ALONG WITH *COUNTLESS* OTHERS.
HOW MANY HAVE *DIED* FOR OUR WAR, HOW MANY "ACCEPTABLE LOSSES" HAVE WE *ALLOWED* TO GAIN A LITTLE MORE GROUND?!
HE WAS FIGHTING FOR AN IDEAL, FIGHTING FOR A BETTER WAY, AND HE *BROKE*. 'STREAKER WAS A CASUALTY OF THIS WAR *WELL* BEFORE HIS DEATH.
IF WE DON'T UPHOLD THE SANCTITY OF *LIFE*, *ALL* LIFE, HOW ARE WE ANY BETTER THAN THE *DECEPTICONS*?!
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.


PRIME!
MAYBE YOU'RE *RIGHT*, SIDESWIPE, MAYBE WE *HAVE* LOST OUR WAY.
HOW *DO* WE DIFFER FROM THE DECEPTICONS IF OUR METHODS SO CLOSELY ECHO THEIR OWN?
WE STOOD AGAINST THEM, WE SAID NO, AND YET DURING ALL OF THIS, WE *TOO* HAVE CAST ASIDE THE WEAK.
WE *TOO* HAVE ALLOWED OTHERS TO SUFFER AS WE STRIVE TO PUT AN END TO WHAT *WE* HAVE DEEMED TO BE EVIL.
I HAVE FOUGHT ALONGSIDE *ALL* OF YOU. *MORE* TIMES THAN I COULD COUNT.
AND EACH TIME I HAVE DONE SO I HAVE BEEN *PROUD*.
I HAVE BEEN *AMAZED*.
BUT *ASK* YOURSELVES, IF WE FALTER NOW, IF WE GIVE UP, WHERE DOES THAT *LEAVE* US?
WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE THOSE IN *NEED*?
IF WE REALLY *HAVE* LOST OUR WAY, HOW DOES WELCOMING *DEATH* ENSURE OUR RETURN TO RIGHTEOUSNESS?
I DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS, BUT I'LL SAY THIS...
...I PLAN TO *STAND*, I PLAN TO *FIGHT*...
...AND I WILL DO SO WITH *PRIDE* IF EVEN *ONE* OF YOU WOULD HAVE THE COURAGE TO STAND AT MY SIDE.
THIS IS A WAR I STILL INTEND TO WIN.


DID YOU DO IT? DID YOU GET THROUGH?
SPIKE?
YEAH I—I SPOKE WITH MY DAD. HE—
—HE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.
WELL THAT—THAT'S *GREAT*.
WHAT *IS* IT?
HE PASSED ON A MESSAGE—IN *CODE* HE—
—THEY'RE COMING *ANYWAY*, THE OTHER NATIONS...
THEY'RE GOING TO DROP THE BOMB.
CONTINUED...


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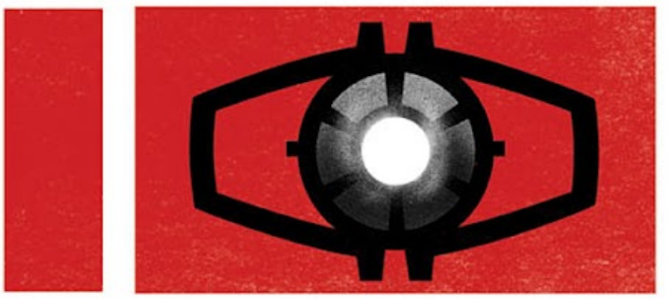
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

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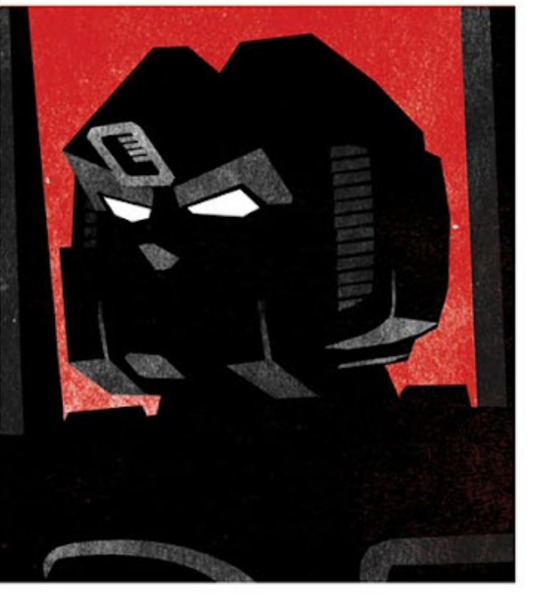
ALL HAIL MEGATRON













Shane McCarthy
Guido Guidi
Emiliano Santalucia





THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #10

Previously in ALL HAIL MEGATRON:

Enlisting the aid of Sarah, Bridge, and Charles, Spike risked life and limb to find the experimental weapon hopefully capable of killing a Transformer. When all appeared to be looking up, Spike learned that the European Union will be going ahead with their plan to drop a nuclear weapon on New York.

Meanwhile on Cybertron, the Autobots prepared to face what could be their final battle. When all hope seems lost, their greatest leader, Optimus Prime, returned to full health—although even he might not be able save the Autobots from their grizzly fate.

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25 YEARS
1984-2009

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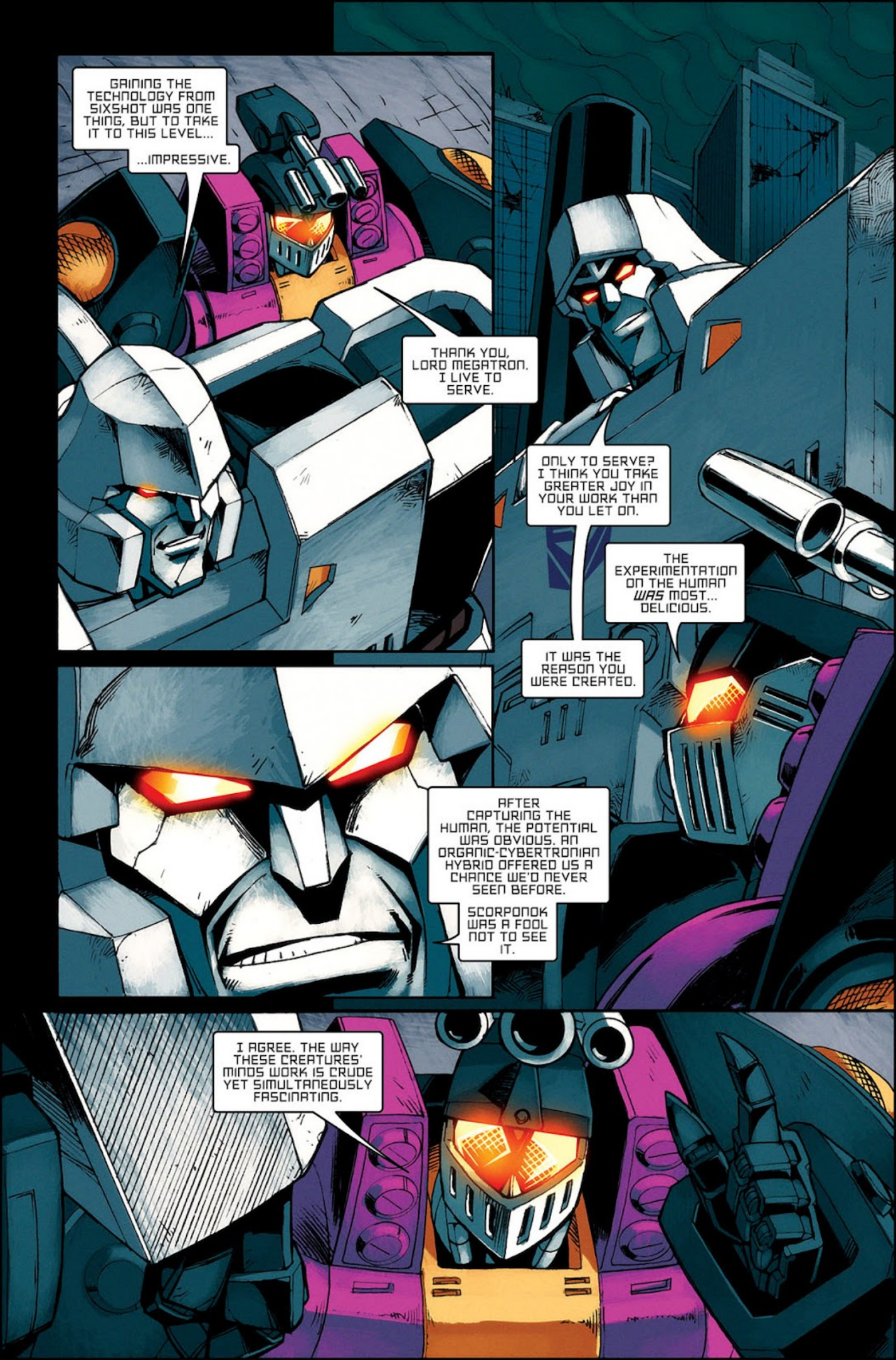
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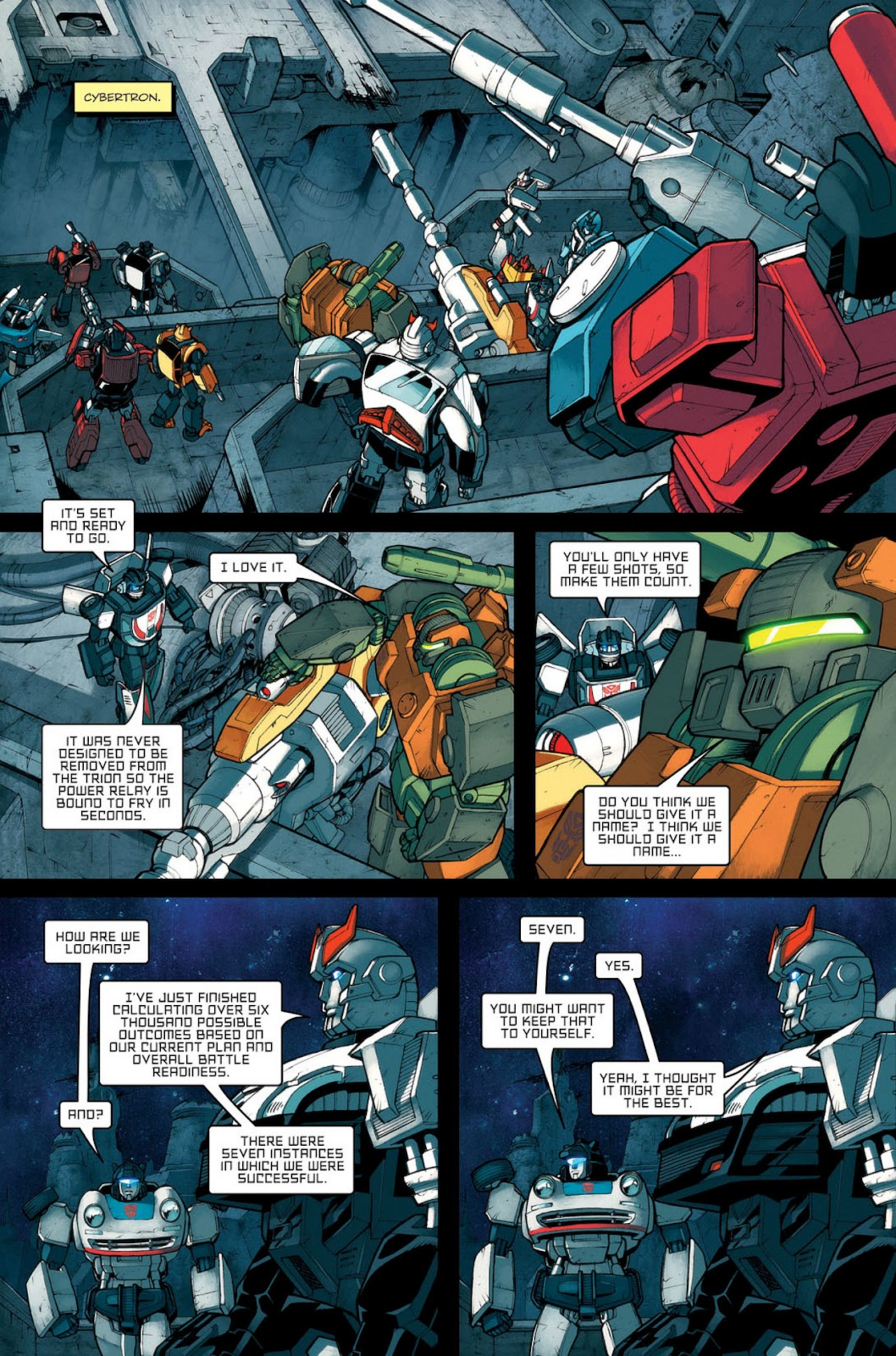
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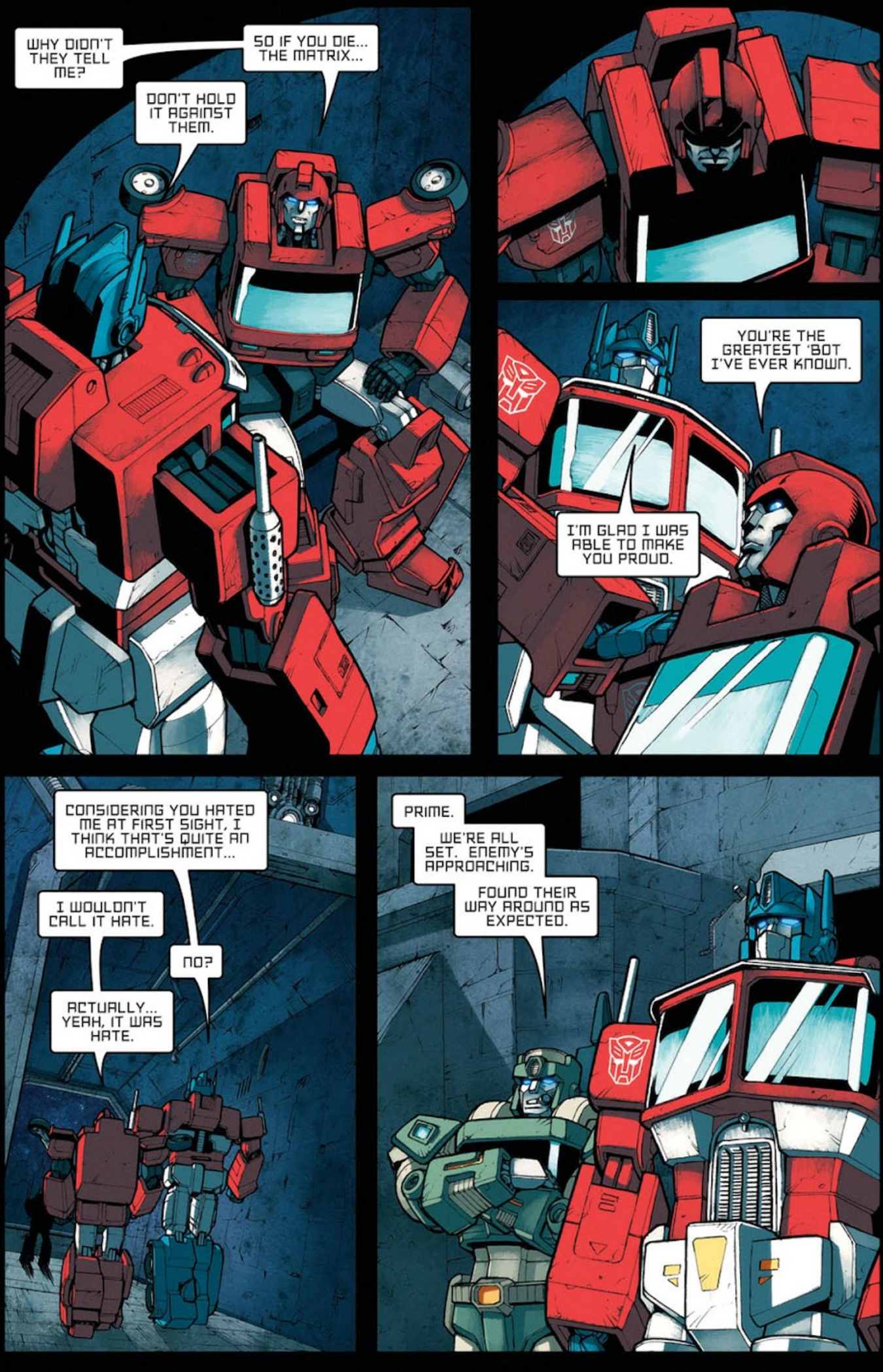
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NEW YORK CITY.
AND SO IT BEGINS.
A SPACE BRIDGE, THE FIRST OF MANY.
BEFORE LONG THESE WILL STRETCH OUT, COVERING THE GALAXY. A WEB, REACHING OUT AND GRANTING US UNLIMITED ACCESS TO ANYTHING WE DESIRE.
YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF MORE USEFUL THAN I COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED, BOMBSHELL.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG, BUT SOON THE NEW ORDER CAN BEGIN...


GAINING THE TECHNOLOGY FROM SIXSHOT WAS ONE THING, BUT TO TAKE IT TO THIS LEVEL...
...IMPRESSIVE.
THANK YOU, LORD MEGATRON. I LIVE TO SERVE.
ONLY TO SERVE? I THINK YOU TAKE GREATER JOY IN YOUR WORK THAN YOU LET ON.
THE EXPERIMENTATION ON THE HUMAN *WAS* MOST... DELICIOUS.
IT WAS THE REASON YOU WERE CREATED.
AFTER CAPTURING THE HUMAN, THE POTENTIAL WAS OBVIOUS. AN ORGANIC-CYBERTRONIAN HYBRID OFFERED US A CHANCE WE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE.
SCORPONOK WAS A FOOL NOT TO SEE IT.
I AGREE. THE WAY THESE CREATURES' MINDS WORK IS CRUDE YET SIMULTANEOUSLY FASCINATING.

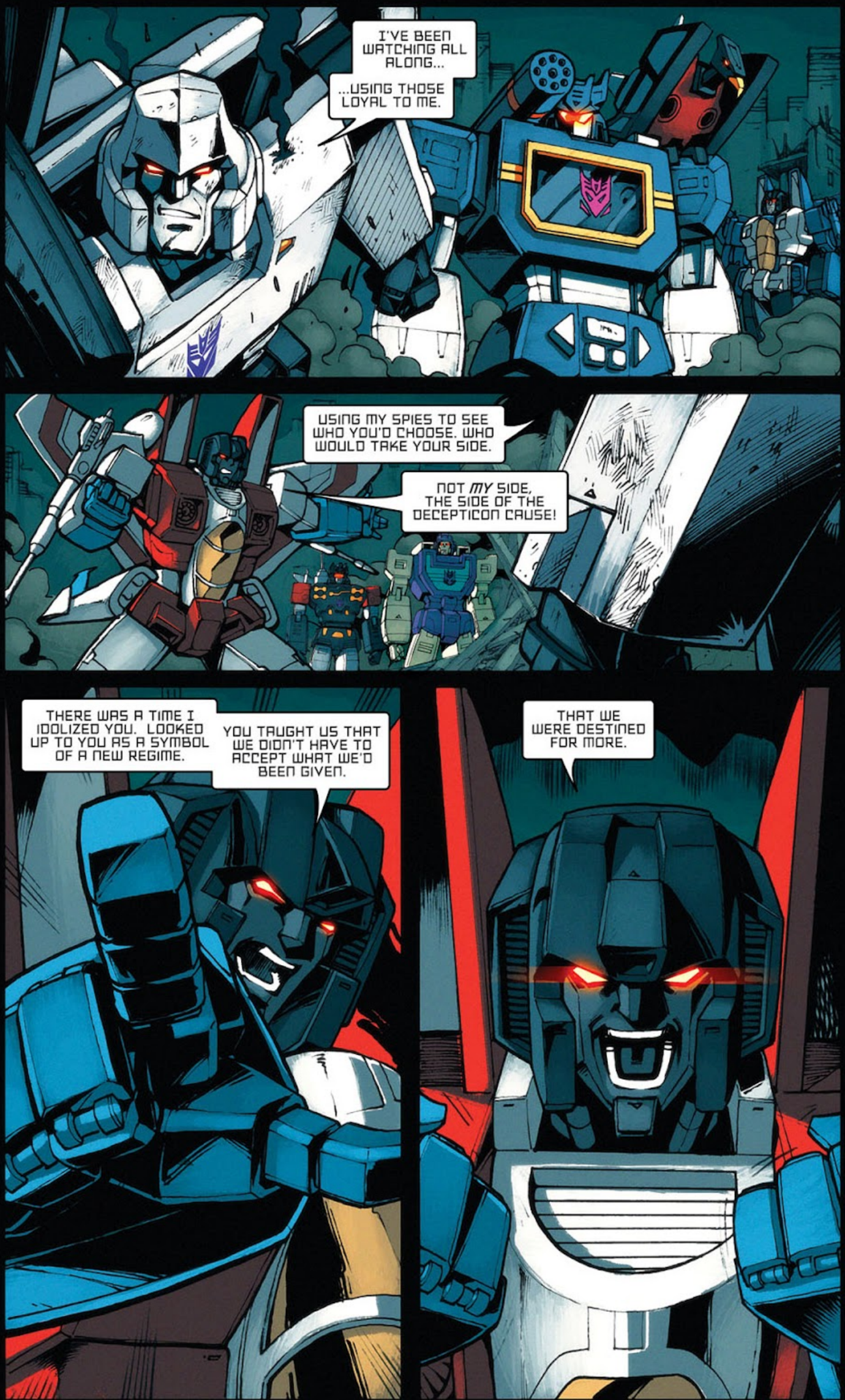

USING THE COMBINATION OF HUMAN AND AUTOBOT TO CREATE AN EFFECTIVE HUB THAT COULD BE USED TO NOT ONLY FIND THEM BUT TO DEACTIVATE THEIR DEFENSES, EVEN IF ONLY ONCE...
IT REQUIRED AN UNPARALLELED, CREATIVE GENIUS.
SOMETHING WE NEEDED, BUT, FRANKLY, SOMETHING I KNEW WOULD EVENTUALLY POSE ITS OWN THREAT.
THREAT?
YOU MAY BE A GENIUS, BOMBSHELL, BUT NEVER FORGET I CREATED YOU. AND NEVER FORGET...
...MEGATRON SEES ALL.
AND SO IT BEGINS...

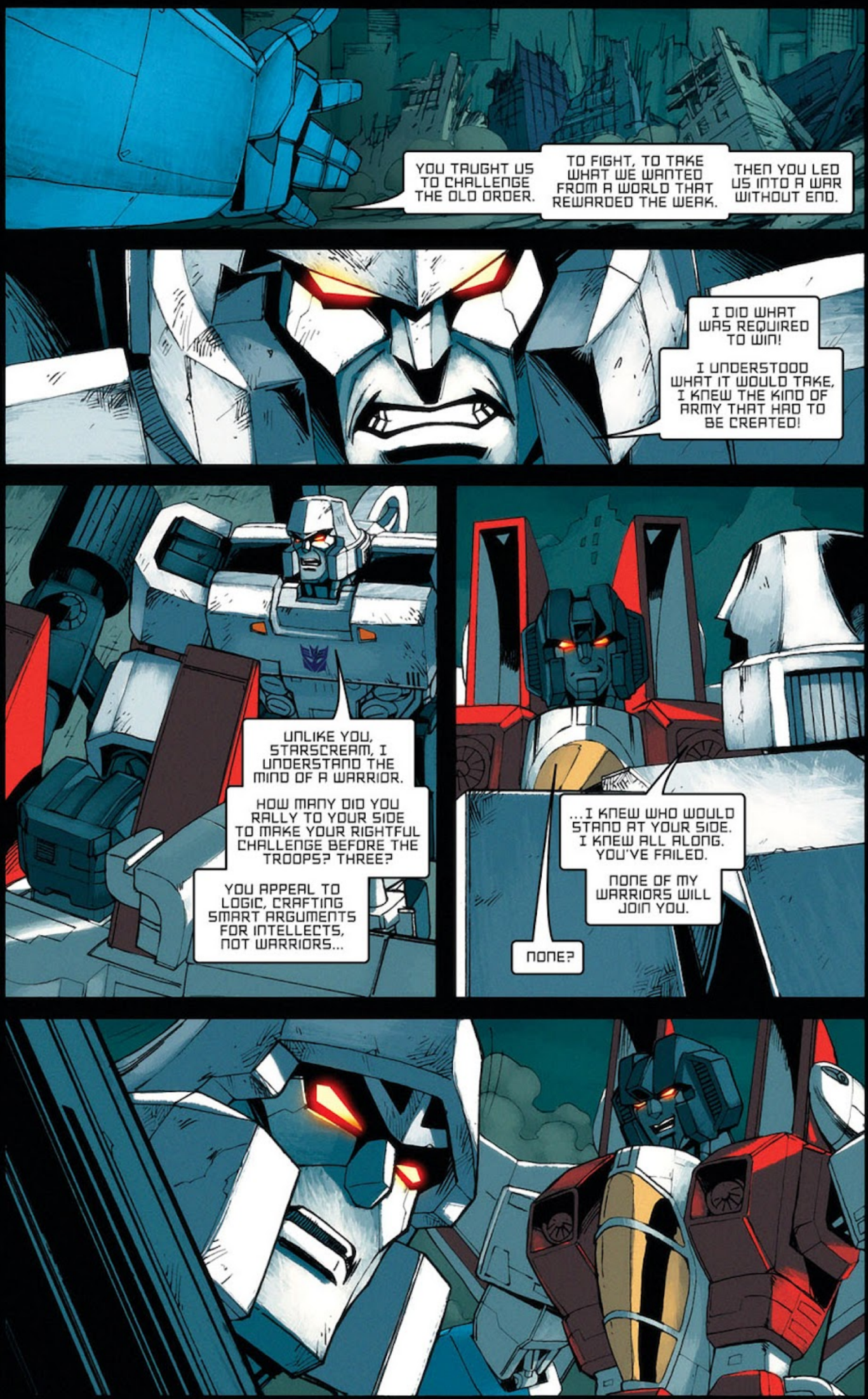

CYBERTRON.
IT'S SET AND READY TO GO.
I LOVE IT.
IT WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO BE REMOVED FROM THE TRION SO THE POWER RELAY IS BOUND TO FRY IN SECONDS.
YOU'LL ONLY HAVE A FEW SHOTS, SO MAKE THEM COUNT.
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD GIVE IT A NAME? I THINK WE SHOULD GIVE IT A NAME...
HOW ARE WE LOOKING?
I'VE JUST FINISHED CALCULATING OVER SIX THOUSAND POSSIBLE OUTCOMES BASED ON OUR CURRENT PLAN AND OVERALL BATTLE READINESS.
AND?
THERE WERE SEVEN INSTANCES IN WHICH WE WERE SUCCESSFUL.
SEVEN.
YES.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THAT TO YOURSELF.
YEAH, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE FOR THE BEST.


WHY DIDN'T THEY TELL ME?
SO IF YOU DIE... THE MATRIX...
DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST THEM.
YOU'RE THE GREATEST 'BOT I'VE EVER KNOWN.
I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO MAKE YOU PROUD.
CONSIDERING YOU HATED ME AT FIRST SIGHT, I THINK THAT'S QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT...
I WOULDN'T CALL IT HATE.
NO?
ACTUALLY... YEAH, IT WAS HATE.
PRIME.
WE'RE ALL SET. ENEMY'S APPROACHING.
FOUND THEIR WAY AROUND AS EXPECTED.


SIR?
ARE YOU SCARED?
LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY...
...I'D RATHER FACE THIS THAN ONE OF KUP'S DRILLS.
HERE WE GO...


YOU'VE BEEN *STALLING* EVER SINCE WE DEFEATED THE AUTOBOTS, MEGATRON. BUILDING YOUR GATE MADE FROM *STOLEN* TECHNOLOGY.
YOU'RE LOST, *DIRECTIONLESS*—
"STALLING"? WAITING, STARSCREAM. FOR THIS.
WITH THE AUTOBOTS GONE, WITH THE OPPORTUNITY THERE...
...I WAITED FOR YOU TO MAKE A CHOICE.


I'VE BEEN WATCHING ALL ALONG...
...USING THOSE LOYAL TO ME.
USING MY SPIES TO SEE WHO YOU'D CHOOSE. WHO WOULD TAKE YOUR SIDE.
NOT *MY* SIDE, THE SIDE OF THE DECEPTICON CAUSE!
THERE WAS A TIME I IDOLIZED YOU. LOOKED UP TO YOU AS A SYMBOL OF A NEW REGIME.
YOU TAUGHT US THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE TO ACCEPT WHAT WE'D BEEN GIVEN.
THAT WE WERE DESTINED FOR MORE.


YOU TAUGHT US TO CHALLENGE THE OLD ORDER.
TO FIGHT, TO TAKE WHAT WE WANTED FROM A WORLD THAT REWARDED THE WEAK.
THEN YOU LED US INTO A WAR WITHOUT END.
I DID WHAT WAS REQUIRED TO WIN!
I UNDERSTOOD WHAT IT WOULD TAKE, I KNEW THE KIND OF ARMY THAT HAD TO BE CREATED!
UNLIKE YOU, STARSCREAM, I UNDERSTAND THE MIND OF A WARRIOR.
HOW MANY DID YOU RALLY TO YOUR SIDE TO MAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL CHALLENGE BEFORE THE TROOPS? THREE?
YOU APPEAL TO LOGIC, CRAFTING SMART ARGUMENTS FOR INTELLECTS, NOT WARRIORS...
...I KNEW WHO WOULD STAND AT YOUR SIDE. I KNEW ALL ALONG. YOU'VE FAILED.
NONE OF MY WARRIORS WILL JOIN YOU.
NONE?


ALL HAIL MEGATRON...

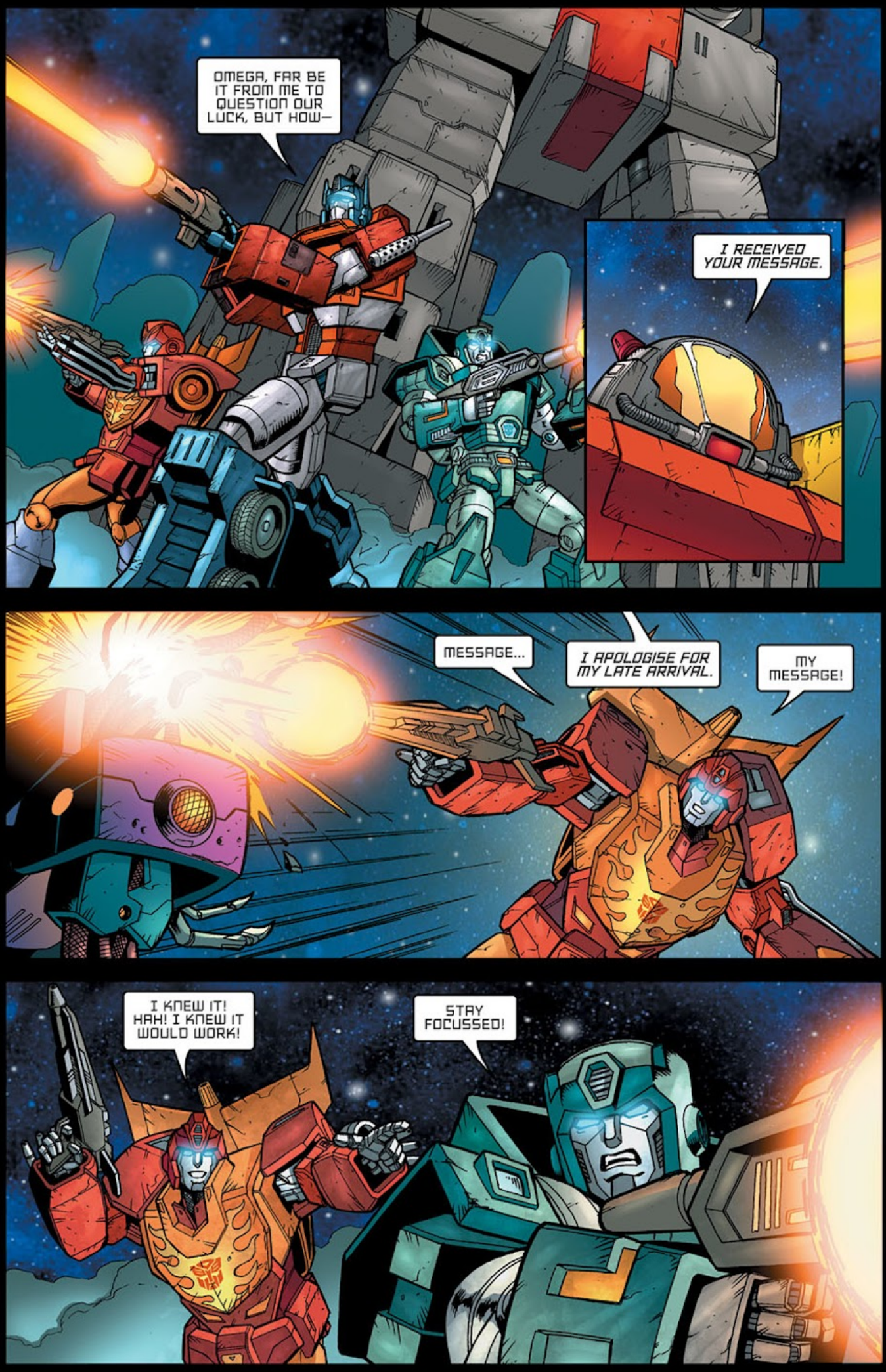

ARGH!
MIRAGE?!

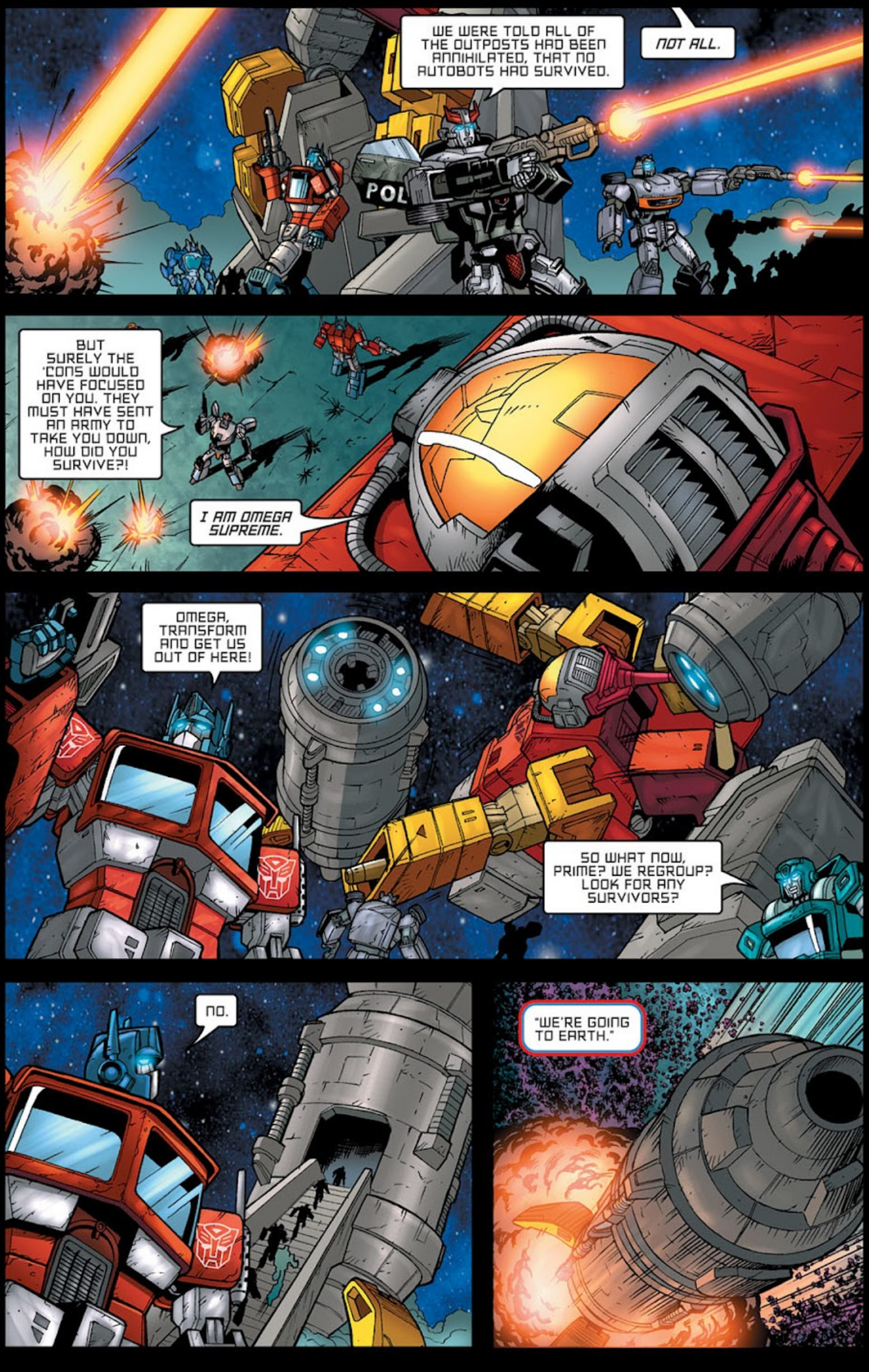

SHUT UP AND RUN!
RUN?
NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!
KEEP AT 'EM!

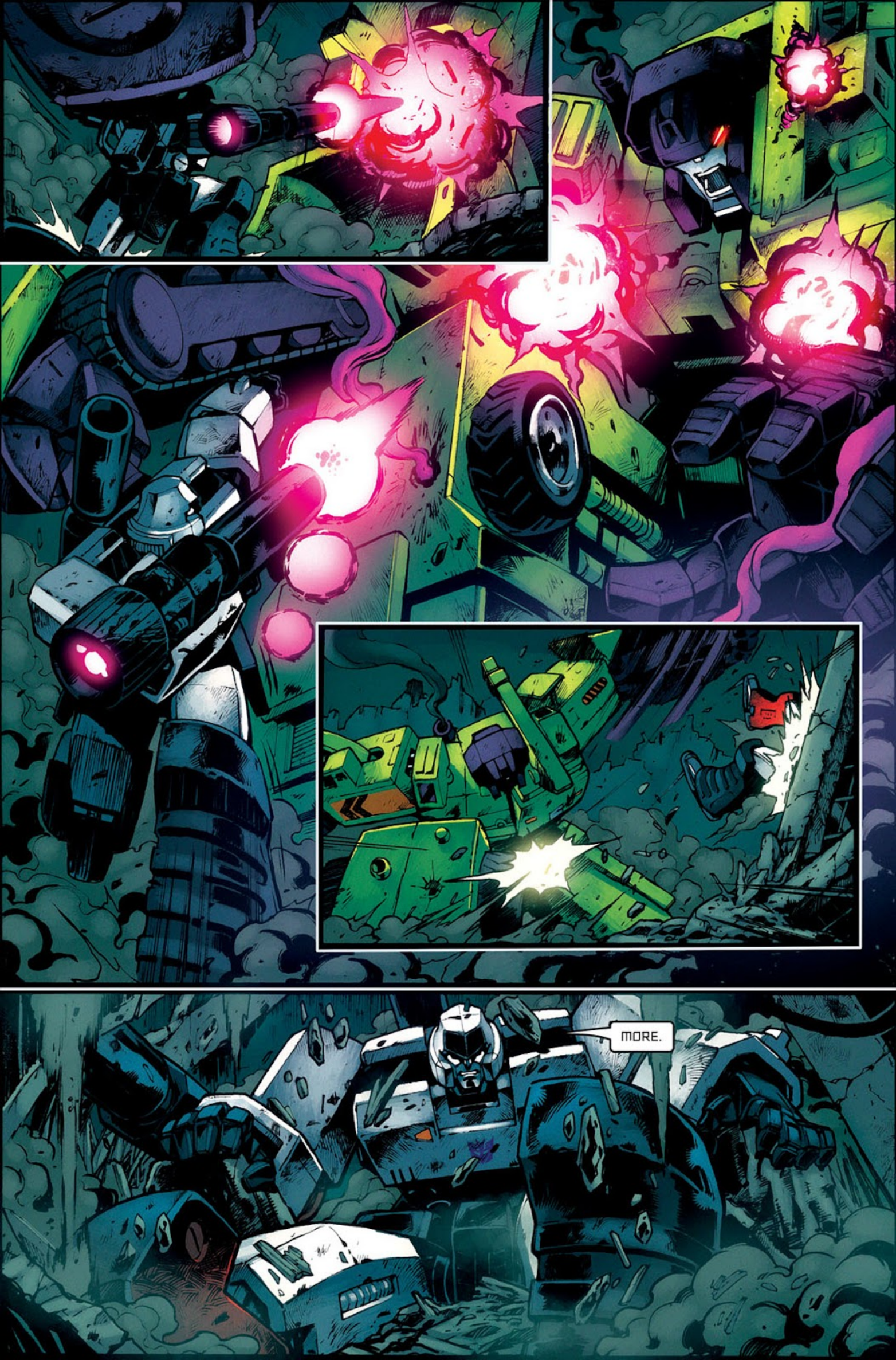

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!
LITTLE HELP!
I CAN'T—THERE'S TOO MANY!
KRZKOL
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!




KRZZAAK


OMEGA, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO QUESTION OUR LUCK, BUT HOW—
I RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE.
MESSAGE...
I APOLOGISE FOR MY LATE ARRIVAL.
MY MESSAGE!
I KNEW IT! HAH! I KNEW IT WOULD WORK!
STAY FOCUSSED!


WE WERE TOLD ALL OF THE OUTPOSTS HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED, THAT NO AUTOBOTS HAD SURVIVED.
NOT ALL.
BUT SURELY THE 'CONS WOULD HAVE FOCUSED ON YOU. THEY MUST HAVE SENT AN ARMY TO TAKE YOU DOWN, HOW DID YOU SURVIVE?!
I AM OMEGA SUPREME.
OMEGA, TRANSFORM AND GET US OUT OF HERE!
SO WHAT NOW, PRIME? WE REGROUP? LOOK FOR ANY SURVIVORS?
NO.
"WE'RE GOING TO EARTH."


MORE.


SHOW ME!
YOU WANT TO TAKE THIS FROM ME?
SHOW ME!
TEAR ME DOWN!
DO IT!
HEY, STARSCREAM, WHAT IS THAT?
WELL, WELL, WELL...


"... THE HUMANS ARE FIGHTING BACK."
CONTINUED...

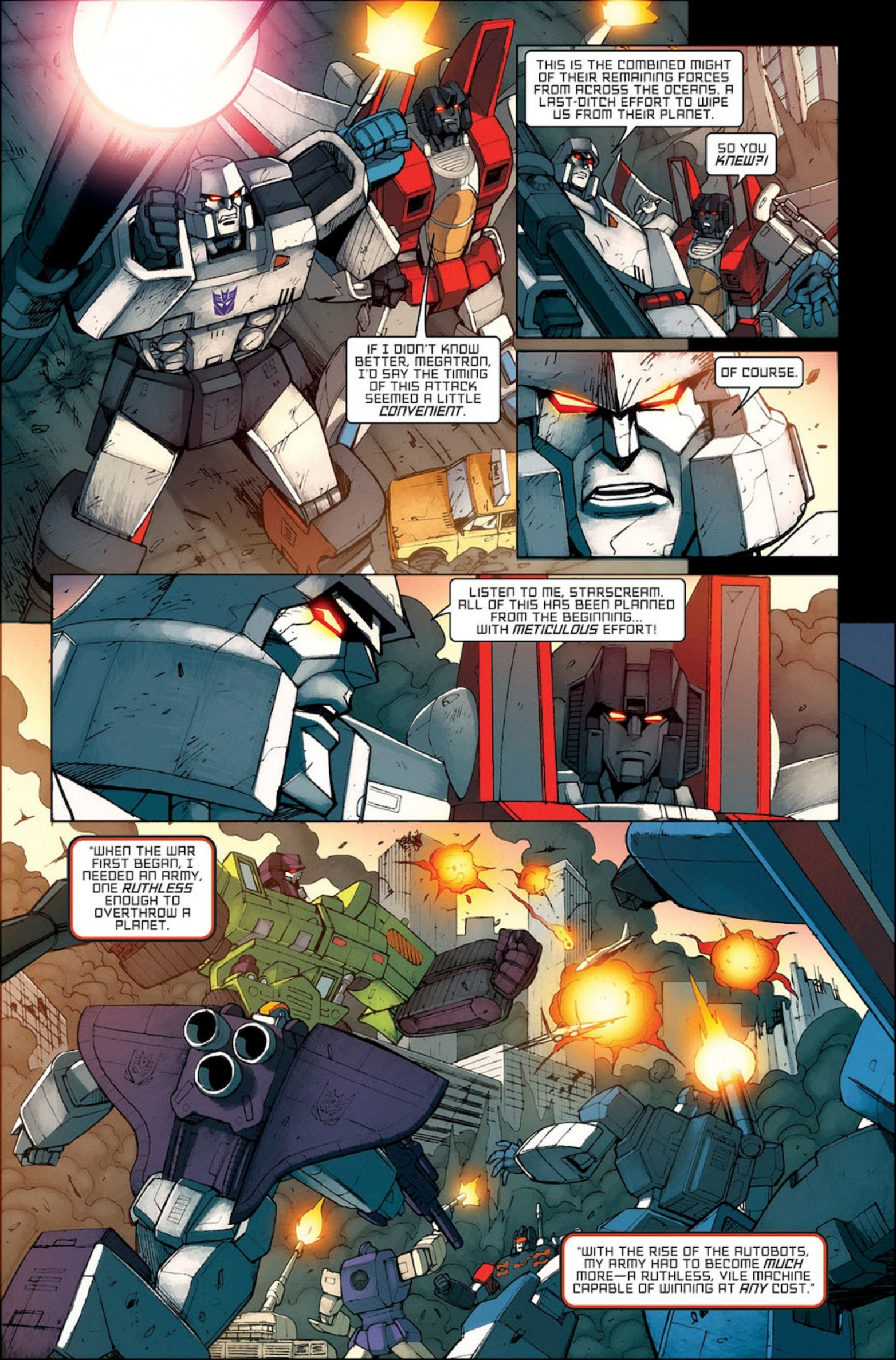

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ALL HAIL MEGATRON
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Shane McCarthy
COMING NEXT MONTH

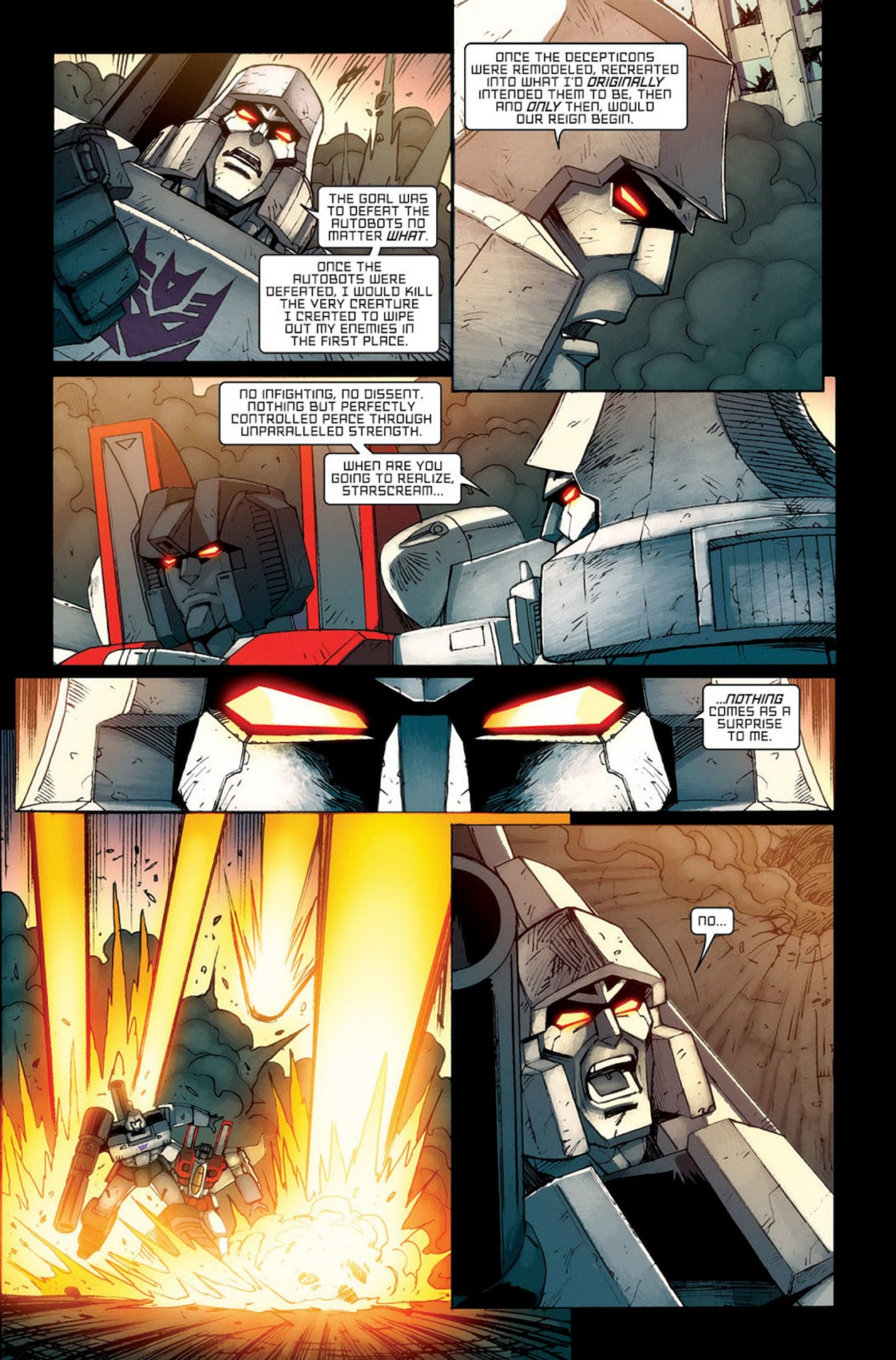

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I'M SERIOUS.
I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE. YOU DON'T NEED TO RISK YOUR OWN LIVES.
WE'VE ALL COME *THIS* FAR...
...WE CAN *HELP* YOU, SPIKE.
THE EUROPEAN UNION FORCES ARE HERE, AND—IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE—THEY'RE GOING TO DROP A NUCLEAR BOMB ON THE CITY.
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE GOING OUT EITHER WAY, RIGHT?
MIGHT AS WELL HELP YOU TAKE DOWN ONE OF THOSE *THINGS* BEFORE THIS IS ALL OVER.
OKAY. STAY CLOSE TO ME.
READY?

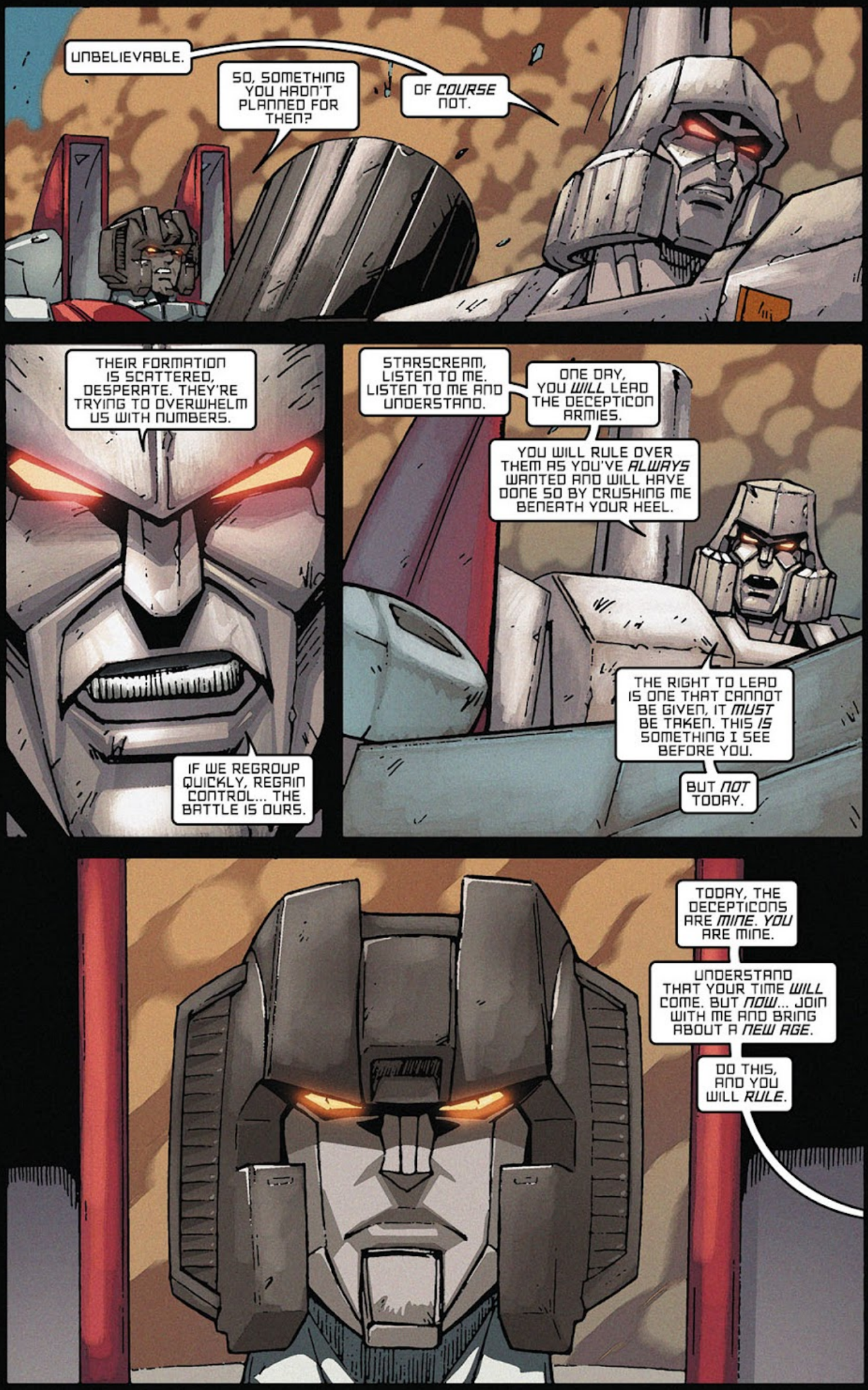

MOVE!


IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, MEGATRON, I'D SAY THE TIMING OF THIS ATTACK SEEMED A LITTLE *CONVENIENT*.
THIS IS THE COMBINED MIGHT OF THEIR REMAINING FORCES FROM ACROSS THE OCEANS. A LAST-DITCH EFFORT TO WIPE US FROM THEIR PLANET.
SO YOU *KNEW?!*
OF COURSE.
LISTEN TO ME, STARSCREAM. ALL OF THIS HAS BEEN PLANNED FROM THE BEGINNING... WITH *METICULOUS* EFFORT!
"WHEN THE WAR FIRST BEGAN, I NEEDED AN ARMY, ONE *RUTHLESS* ENOUGH TO OVERTHROW A PLANET.
"WITH THE RISE OF THE AUTOBOTS, MY ARMY HAD TO BECOME *MUCH* MORE—A RUTHLESS, VILE MACHINE CAPABLE OF WINNING AT *ANY* COST."


THE GOAL WAS TO DEFEAT THE AUTOBOTS NO MATTER *WHAT*.
ONCE THE AUTOBOTS WERE DEFEATED, I WOULD KILL THE VERY CREATURE I CREATED TO WIPE OUT MY ENEMIES IN THE FIRST PLACE.
ONCE THE DECEPTICONS WERE REMODELED, RECREATED INTO WHAT I'D *ORIGINALLY* INTENDED THEM TO BE, THEN AND *ONLY* THEN, WOULD OUR REIGN BEGIN.
NO INFIGHTING, NO DISSENT. NOTHING BUT PERFECTLY CONTROLLED PEACE THROUGH UNPARALLELED STRENGTH.
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO REALIZE, STARSCREAM...
...*NOTHING* COMES AS A SURPRISE TO ME.
NO...






UNBELIEVABLE.
SO, SOMETHING YOU HADN'T PLANNED FOR THEN?
OF *COURSE* NOT.
THEIR FORMATION IS SCATTERED, DESPERATE. THEY'RE TRYING TO OVERWHELM US WITH NUMBERS.
IF WE REGROUP QUICKLY, REGAIN CONTROL... THE BATTLE IS OURS.
STARSCREAM, LISTEN TO ME. LISTEN TO ME AND UNDERSTAND.
ONE DAY, YOU *WILL* LEAD THE DECEPTICON ARMIES.
YOU WILL RULE OVER THEM AS YOU'VE *ALWAYS* WANTED AND WILL HAVE DONE SO BY CRUSHING ME BENEATH YOUR HEEL.
THE RIGHT TO LEAD IS ONE THAT CANNOT BE GIVEN, IT *MUST* BE TAKEN. THIS *IS* SOMETHING I SEE BEFORE YOU.
BUT *NOT* TODAY.
TODAY, THE DECEPTICONS ARE *MINE*. *YOU* ARE MINE.
UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR TIME *WILL* COME. BUT *NOW*... JOIN WITH ME AND BRING ABOUT A *NEW AGE*.
DO THIS, AND YOU WILL *RULE*.




ATTENTION, DECEPTICON GROUND FORCES! I WANT *ALL* TROOPS TO REGROUP AND FORM A SOLID FRONT *IMMEDIATELY* BEHIND DEVASTATOR!
AIR UNITS, YOU'RE TO FORM ON ME IN THE AIR! CONCENTRATE FIRE ON THE HUMANS AND PROVIDE AERIAL DEFENSE FOR OUR GROUND FORCES.




ALL HAIL MEGATRON!




THOOM
THEY'RE CLOSING IN!
THAT GIANT'S GOING TO BE ON US IN *SECONDS*!


HOLD STEADY!
BLASTER, BLOCK THEIR COMMUNICATIONS. I DON'T WANT ANY EYES IN THE SKY.
READY YOURSELVES, AUTOBOTS!
READY...
...SPLIT! TWO GROUPS! DOWN THE CENTER!
GO!
THEY'RE RUNNING! HAHA!
THE COWARDS ARE *RUNNING*!
WE'RE NOT *RUNNING*, MORON.
WE'RE JUST MAKING *ROOM*.
THOOM THOOM THOOM

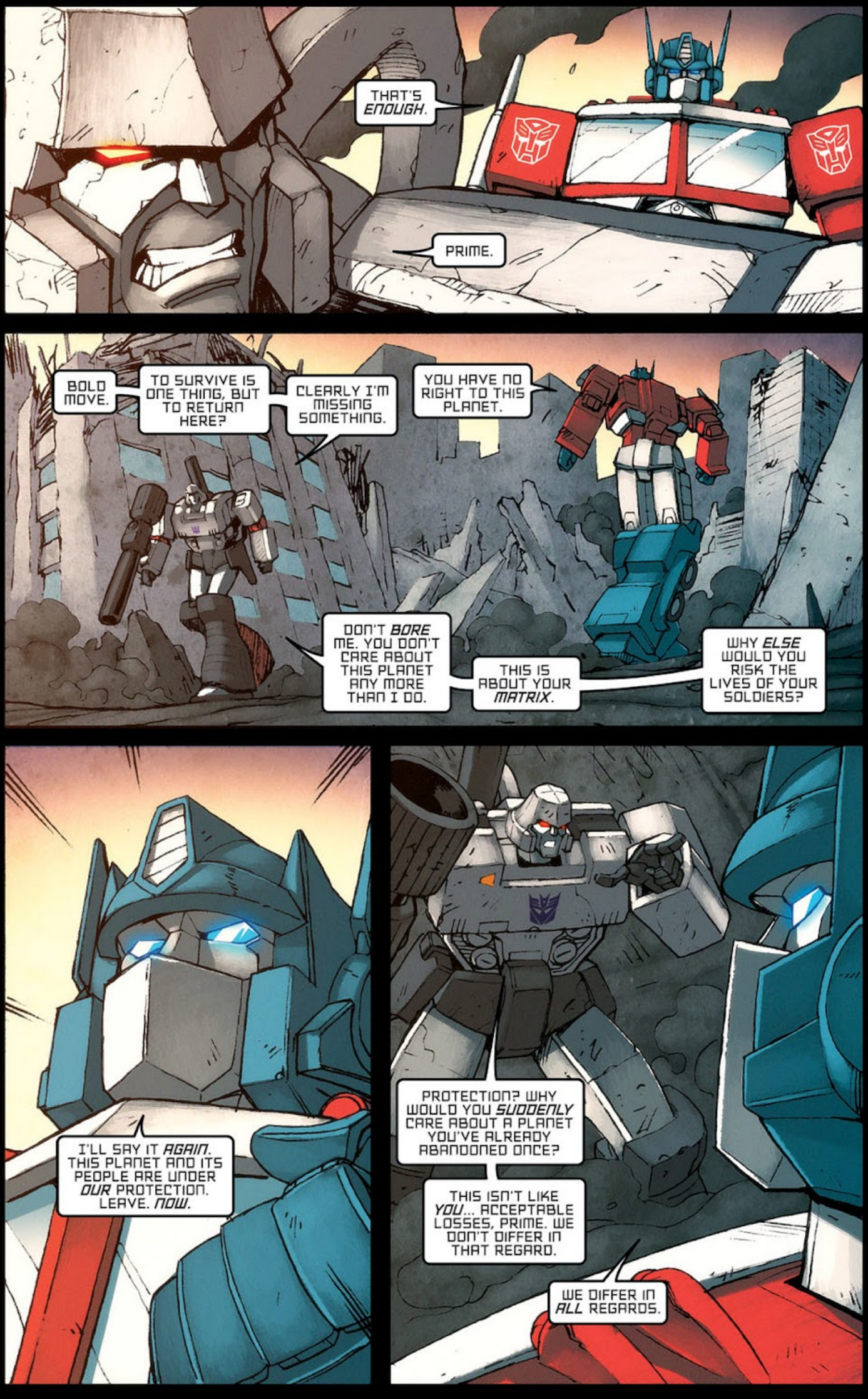


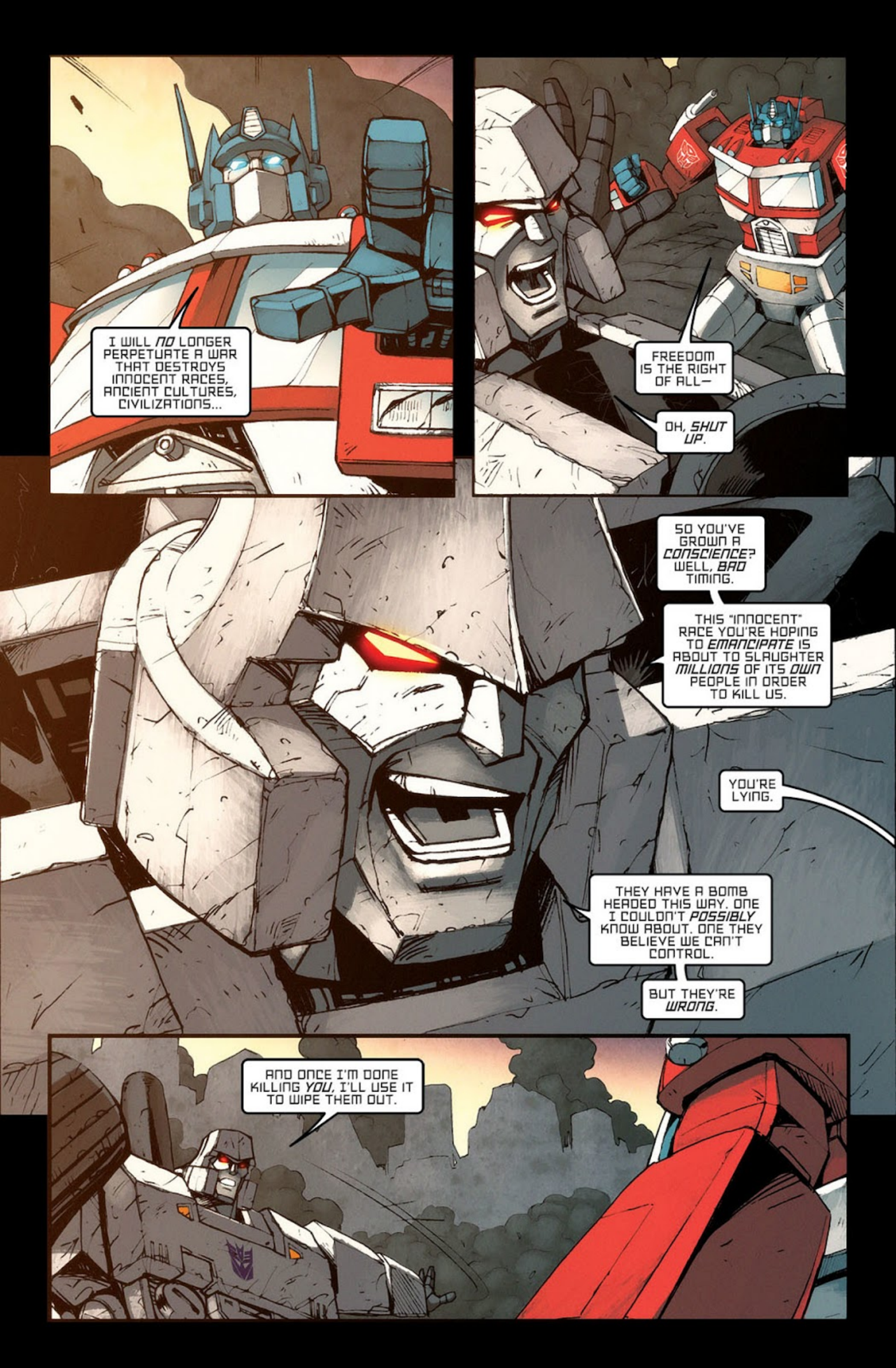

OMEGA! TAKE THE BATTLE ELSEWHERE!
YOU'RE DESTROYING THE CITY!
UNDERSTOOD.


WHAT IN THE WORLD...
THERE'S TWO OF 'EM.
I THINK IT'S ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.
WHAT?
THE RADIO'S BACK UP. WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM THE EU FIGHTERS.
SIR, IT LOOKS LIKE THE CAVALRY'S ARRIVED.


THAT SHIP WE SAW FLY IN EARLIER, IT DROPPED TROOPS. MORE ROBOTS BUT... THEY'RE FIGHTING THE OTHERS...
NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE.
CONTINUE WITH THE EVACUATION BUT KEEP ME POSTED.
BUT, SIR! THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING. IF THOSE ROBOTS ARE ON OUR SIDE THEN—
IT CHANGES NOTHING.
"THERE'S AN EU PLANE HEADED THIS WAY CARRYING AN UNGUIDED NUCLEAR BOMB. A PLANE WE HAVE NO CONTROL OVER."
"WE NEED TO EVACUATE THIS ENTIRE AREA AND MOVE TO SAFE DISTANCE BEFORE IT GETS HERE."
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHO OR WHAT THOSE NEW ROBOTS ARE.
FOR ALL WE KNOW THEY COULD WANT TO TEAR US APART AS MUCH AS THE OTHERS DO.


HAH. LIGHTWEIGHT.
MEGATRON!


THAT'S ENOUGH.
PRIME.
BOLD MOVE.
TO SURVIVE IS ONE THING, BUT TO RETURN HERE?
CLEARLY I'M MISSING SOMETHING.
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO THIS PLANET.
DON'T BORE ME. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS PLANET ANY MORE THAN I DO.
THIS IS ABOUT YOUR MATRIX.
WHY ELSE WOULD YOU RISK THE LIVES OF YOUR SOLDIERS?
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN. THIS PLANET AND ITS PEOPLE ARE UNDER OUR PROTECTION. LEAVE. NOW.
PROTECTION? WHY WOULD YOU SUDDENLY CARE ABOUT A PLANET YOU'VE ALREADY ABANDONED ONCE?
THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU... ACCEPTABLE LOSSES, PRIME. WE DON'T DIFFER IN THAT REGARD.
WE DIFFER IN ALL REGARDS.

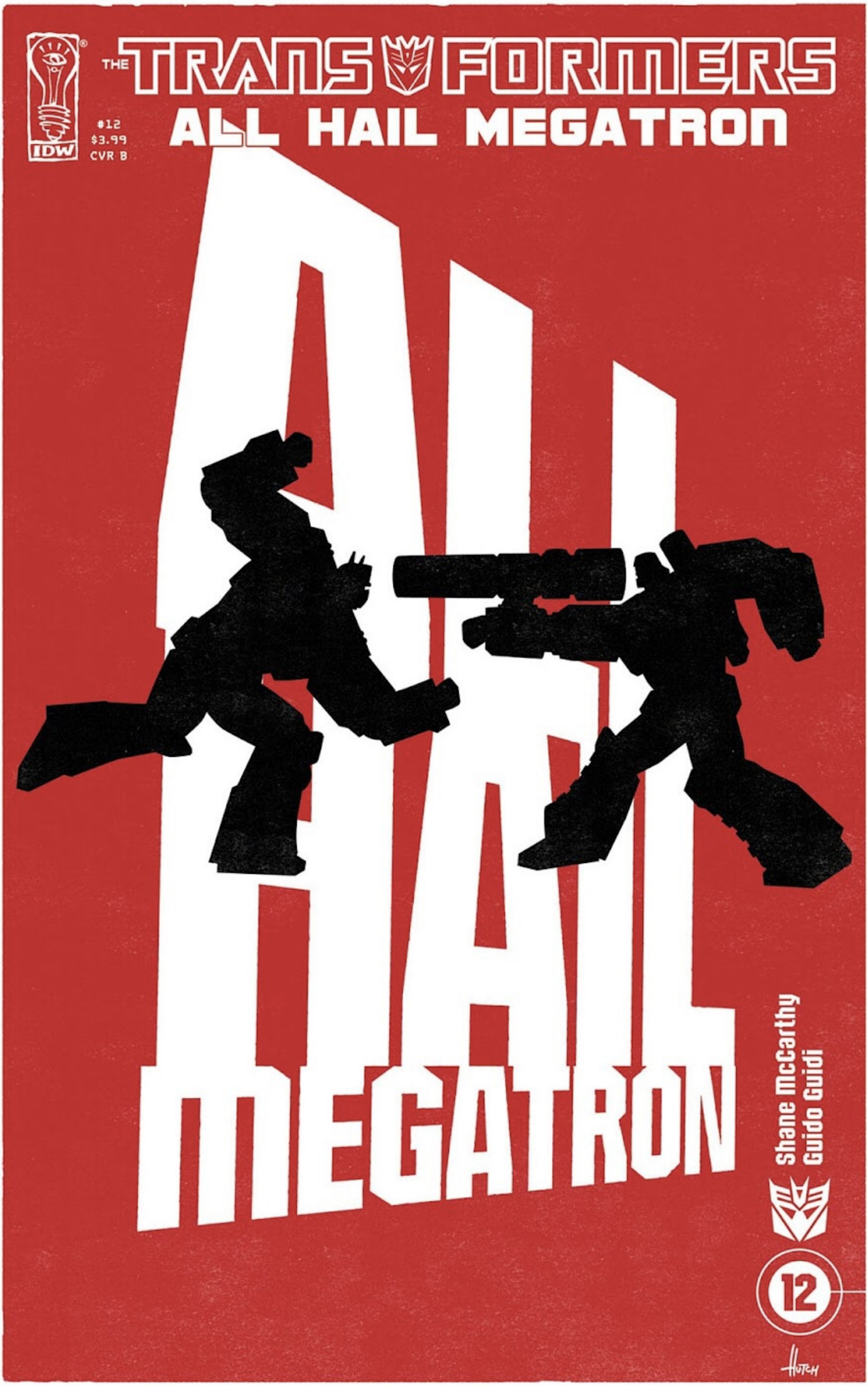

I WILL *NO* LONGER PERPETUATE A WAR THAT DESTROYS INNOCENT RACES, ANCIENT CULTURES, CIVILIZATIONS...
FREEDOM IS THE RIGHT OF ALL—
OH, *SHUT UP*.
SO YOU'VE GROWN A *CONSCIENCE*? WELL, *BAD* TIMING.
THIS "INNOCENT" RACE YOU'RE HOPING TO *EMANCIPATE* IS ABOUT TO SLAUGHTER *MILLIONS* OF ITS *OWN* PEOPLE IN ORDER TO KILL US.
YOU'RE LYING.
THEY HAVE A BOMB HEADED THIS WAY. ONE I COULDN'T *POSSIBLY* KNOW ABOUT. ONE THEY BELIEVE WE CAN'T CONTROL.
BUT THEY'RE *WRONG*.
AND ONCE I'M DONE KILLING *YOU*, I'LL USE IT TO WIPE THEM OUT.

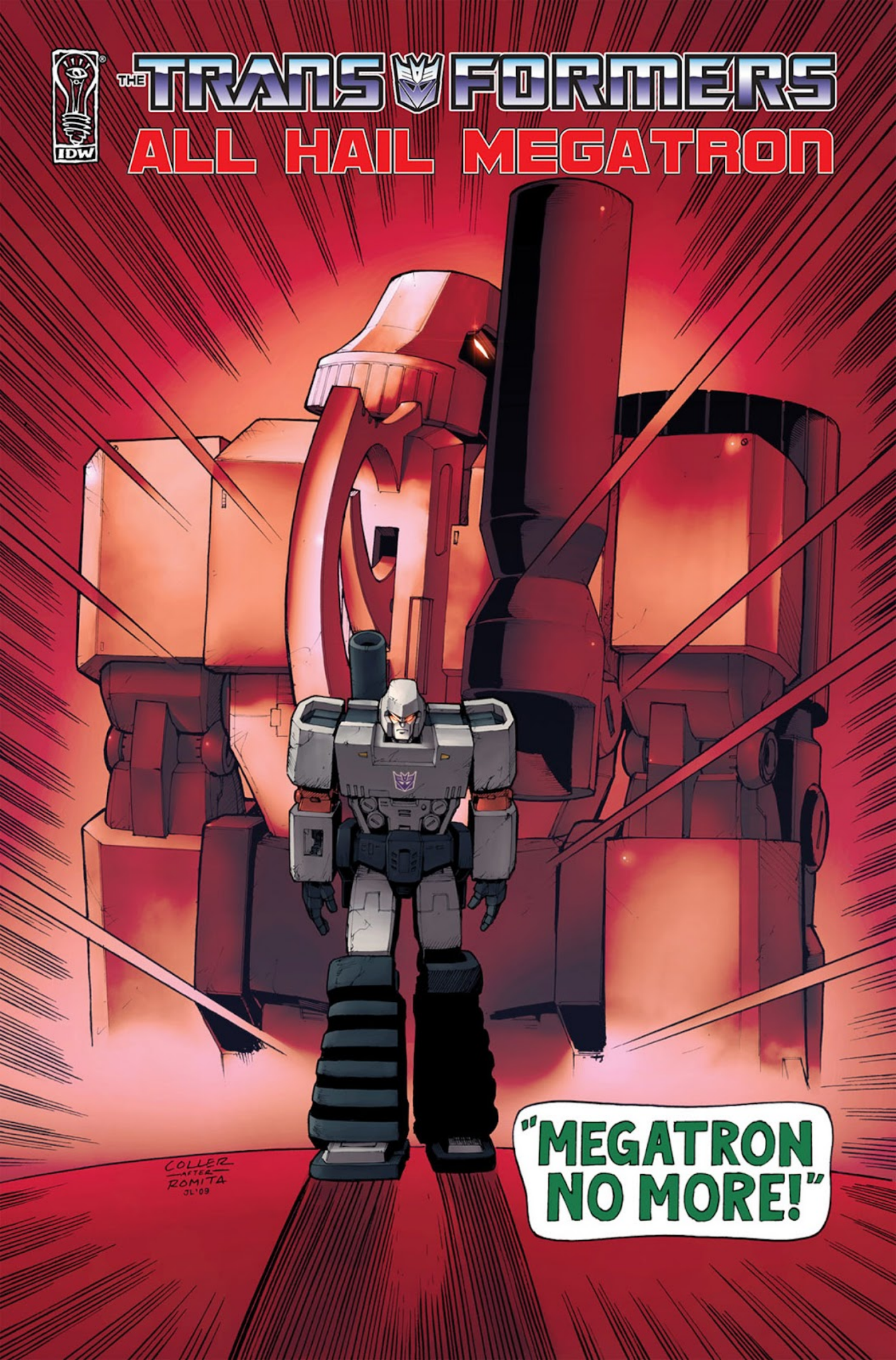

MOVE IT! WE NEED THIS OUT OF HERE ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHERS. NOW!
I'M TRYING, SIR, IT'S JUST NOT RESPONDING.
I DON'T GET IT. IT'S COMPLETELY DEA—
—WHOA!


IT WAS ONE OF THOSE *THINGS*!
ALL ALONG, THEY'VE JUST BEEN *PLAYING* WITH US.
RIGHT HERE, AND WE DIDN'T *KNOW*!
WHERE ELSE...
SIR?
WHERE ELSE?! THEY CAN BE *ANYTHING*, AND WE CAN'T EVEN *TELL*!
WHERE *ELSE* ARE THEY HIDING?!


TO BE CONCLUDED...


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THE TRANSFORMERS
ALL HAIL MEGATRON
"MEGATRON NO MORE!"
COLLER
AFTER
ROMITA
JL'09



THE TRANSFORMERS: ALL HAIL MEGATRON #12

The final battle is upon us. After escaping Cybertron with the aid of Omega Supreme, the Autobots have returned to Earth to discover the Decepticons in complete control. In a last-ditch effort, the combined forces of the EU have attacked the Decepticon headquarters in New York and secretly sent a bomber with a nuclear pay-load.

As the Decepticons and the Autobots battle it out in the streets of New York, Spike prepares to fulfill his mission and assassinate Megatron with a weapon engineered from Shockwave's cannon, hoping to do so before the bomb is dropped.

As the battle reaches fever pitch, Megatron reveals that the bomber isn't controlled by the EU after all and is, in fact, the Decepticon Tankor in disguise...

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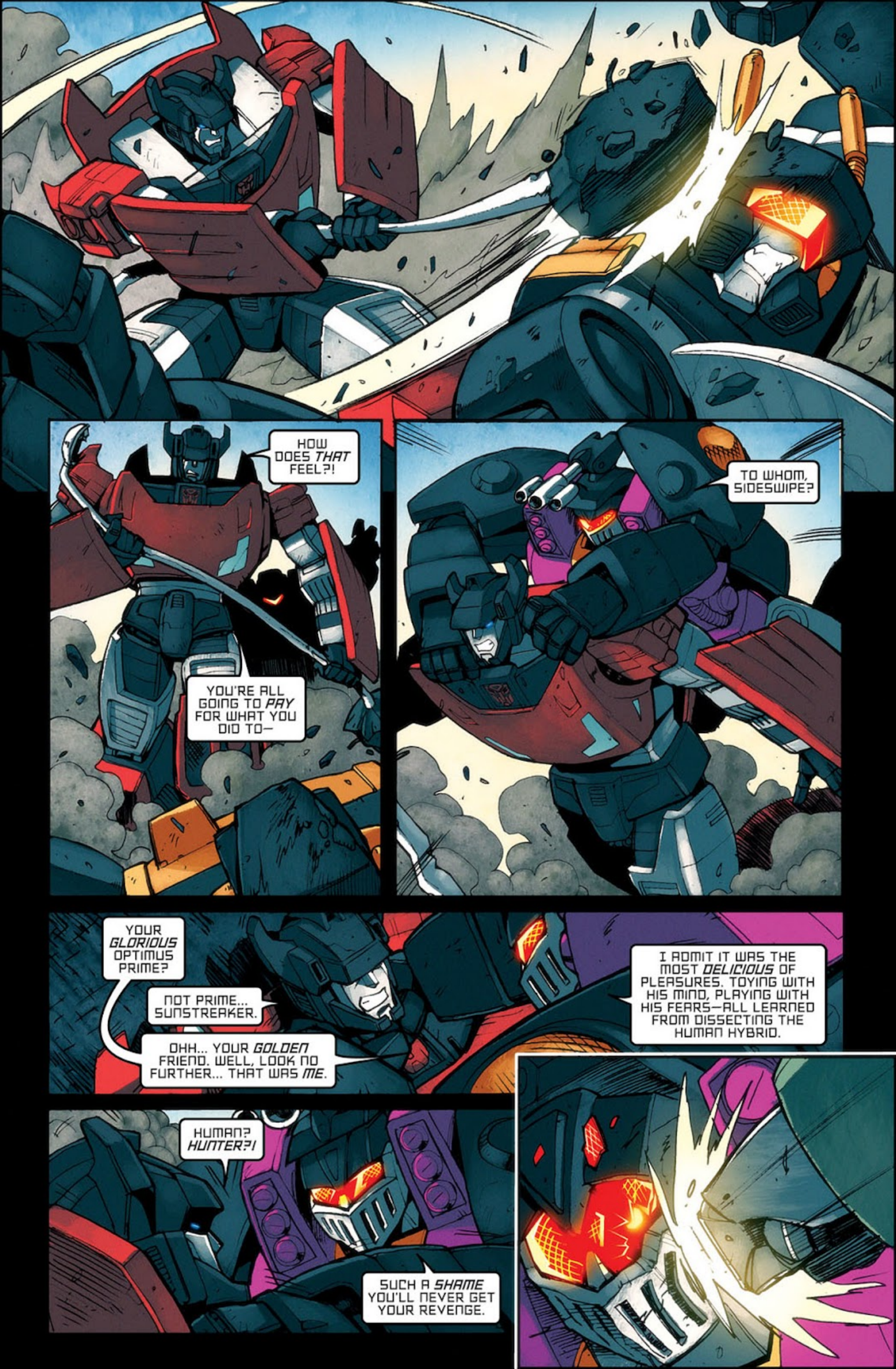
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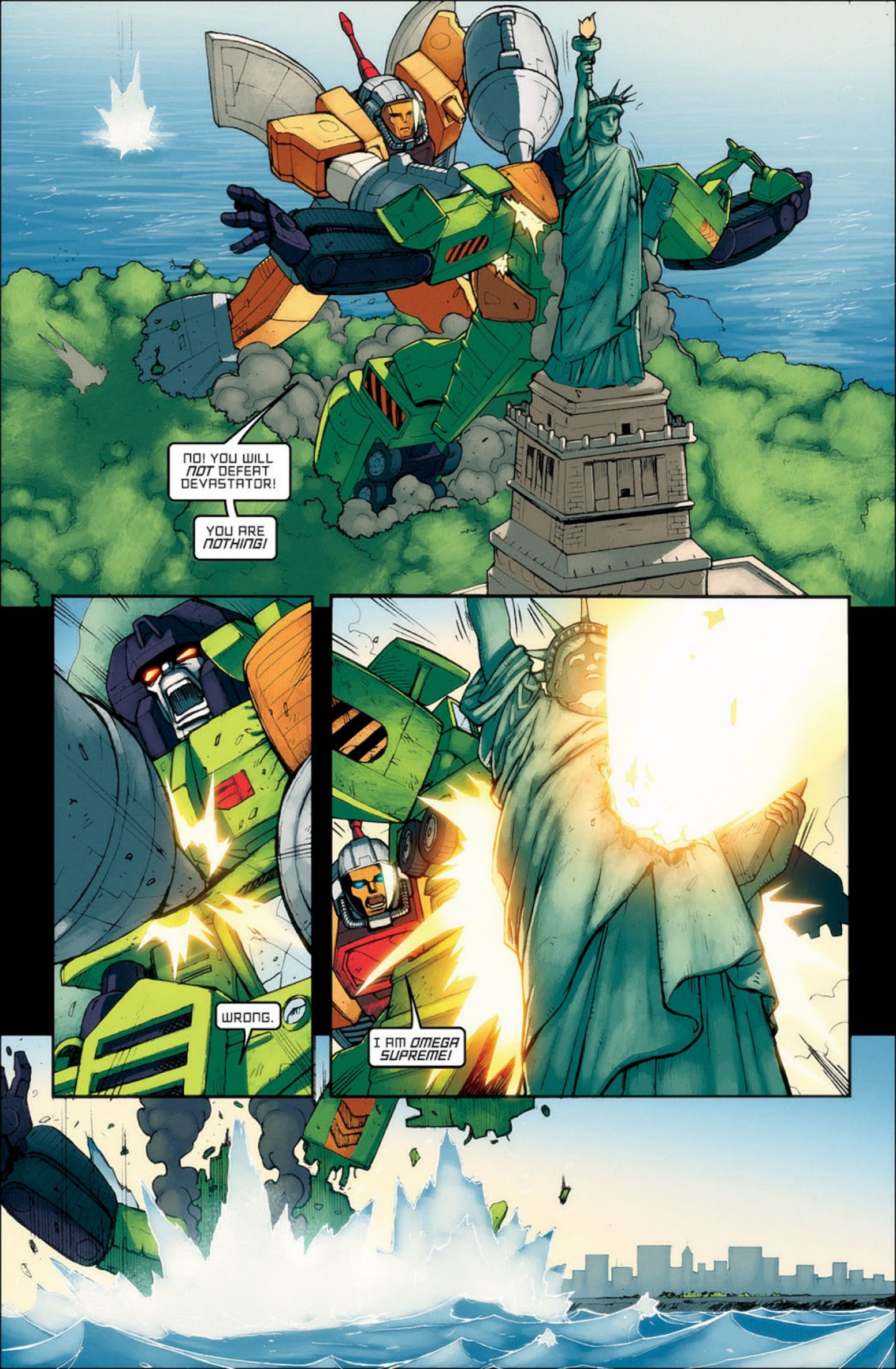
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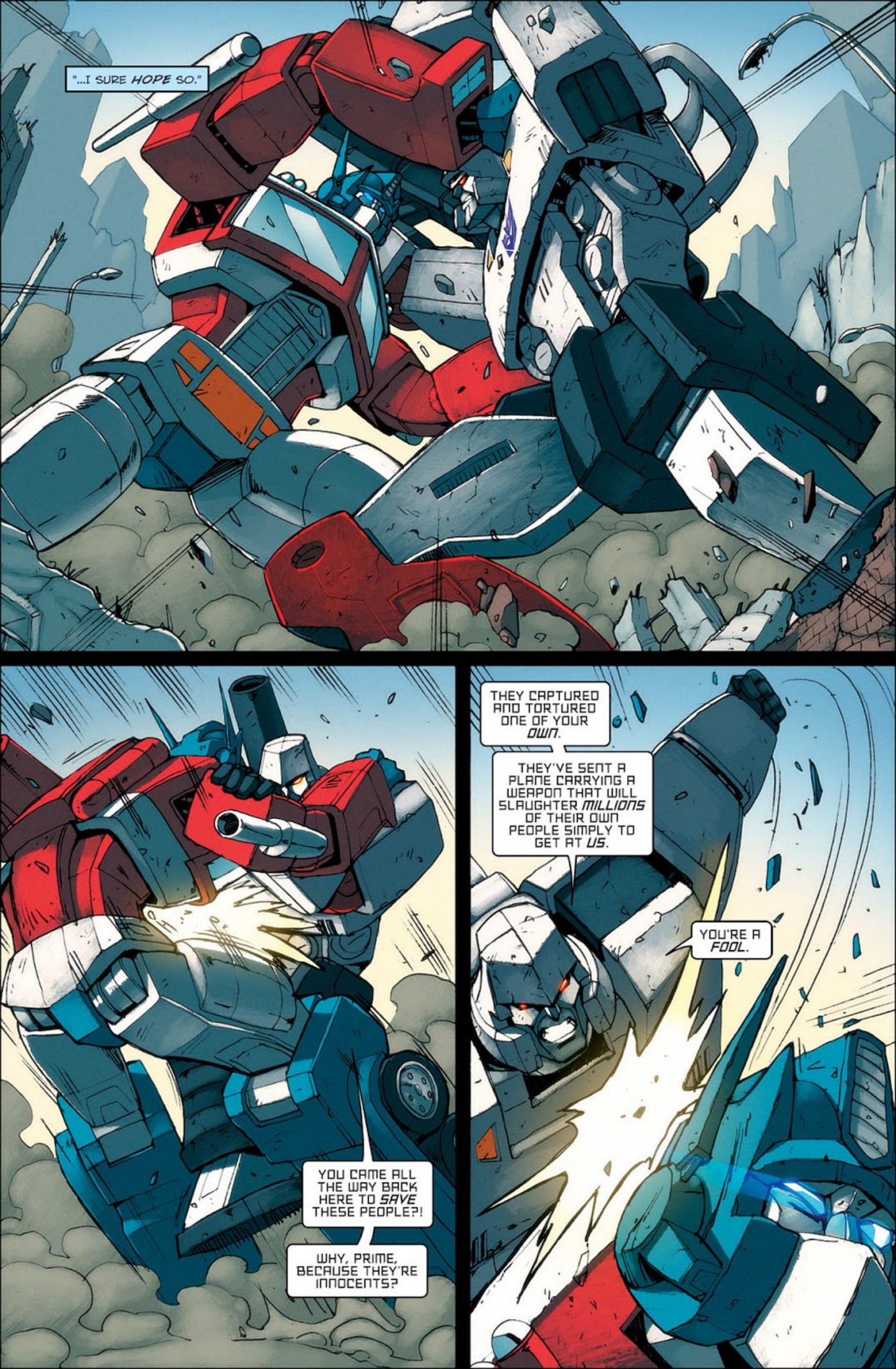

HOW DOES *THAT* FEEL?!
YOU'RE ALL GOING TO *PAY* FOR WHAT YOU DID TO—
TO WHOM, SIDESWIPE?
YOUR *GLORIOUS* OPTIMUS PRIME?
NOT PRIME... SUNSTREAKER.
OHH... YOUR *GOLDEN* FRIEND. WELL, LOOK NO FURTHER... THAT WAS *ME*.
I ADMIT IT WAS THE MOST *DELICIOUS* OF PLEASURES. TOYING WITH HIS MIND, PLAYING WITH HIS FEARS—ALL LEARNED FROM DISSECTING THE HUMAN HYBRID.
HUMAN? *HUNTER?!*
SUCH A *SHAME* YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR REVENGE.


OH, WE'LL GET OUR REVENGE JUST FINE.
THEY *STILL* KEEP YOU AROUND, OLD TIMER?!
WORD IS YOU WENT *CRAZY*.
FIGURED YOU'D BE IN THE *SCRAP HEAP* BY NOW, KUP.
I'LL SHOW YOU "*SCRAP HEAP*." MOUTHY *PUNK*.
AARGH!

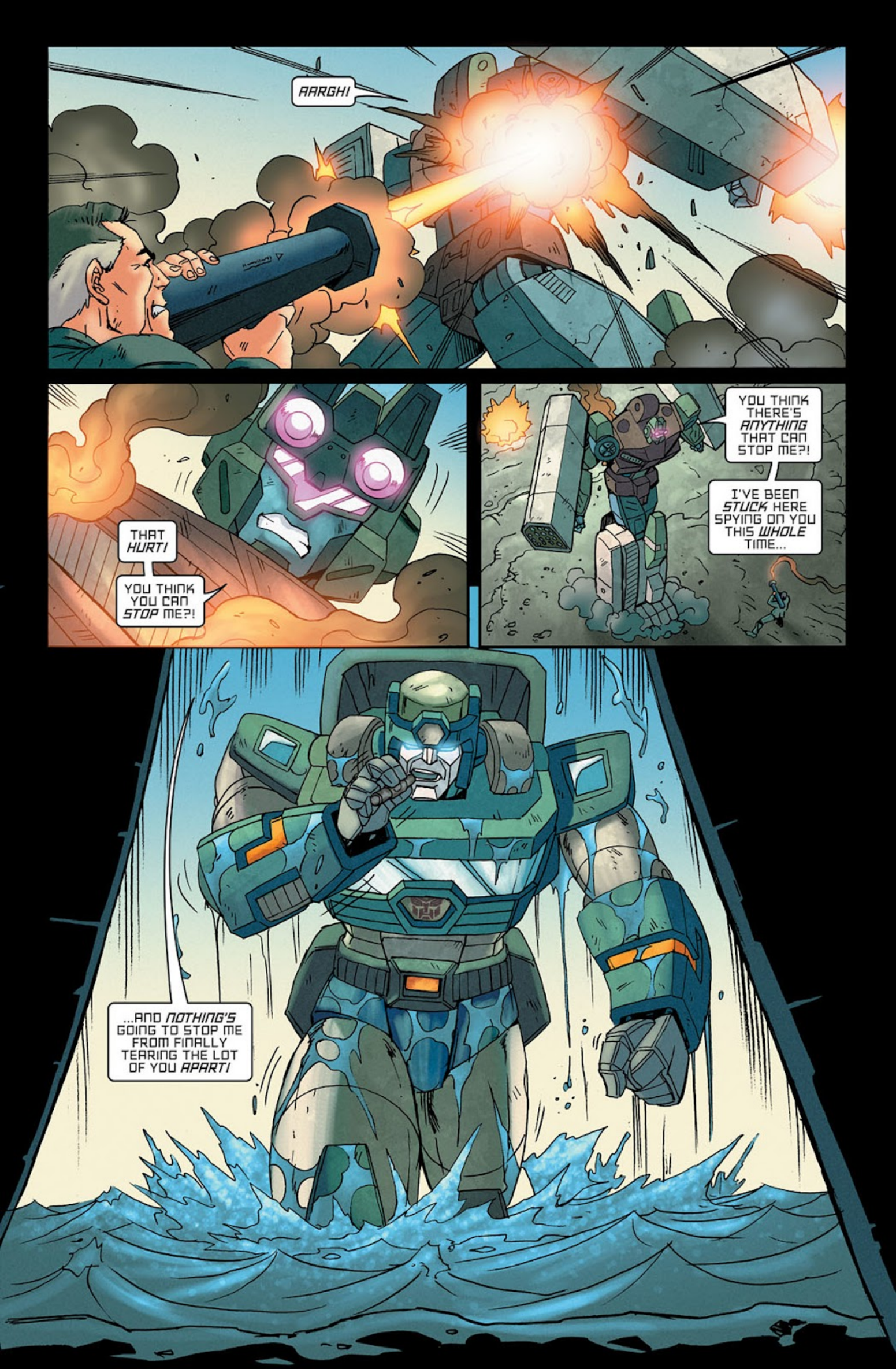

NO! YOU WILL NOT DEFEAT DEVASTATOR!
YOU ARE NOTHING!
WRONG.
I AM OMEGA SUPREME!


I SAID GET THEM *OUT* OF HERE, HAWKE!
THE PLANE'S ON ITS WAY WITH A NUCLEAR PAYLOAD. WE NEED THESE MEN AT A SAFE DISTANCE!
BUT, COLONEL—
GO!
I'M ABOUT TO LOSE MY SON. I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M LOSING ANY MORE MEN ALONG WITH HIM.

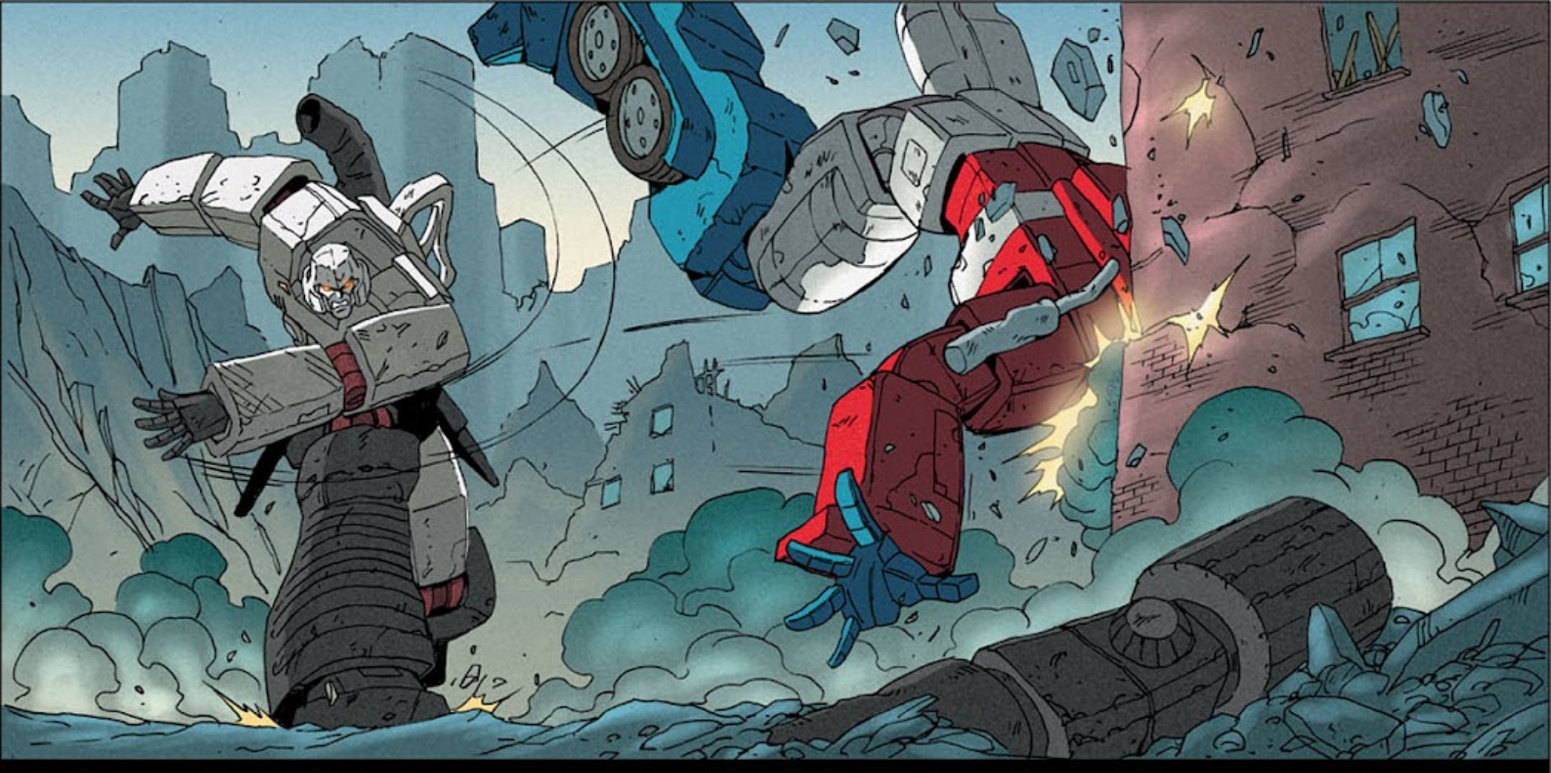

STAY LOW!
ONE OF THOSE THINGS EVEN BUMPS INTO THIS BUILDING AND WE'RE GONE.
OH MY GOD!
I KNOW.
LOOK AT THEM! THEY'RE SO—
I KNOW.
HEY, SPIKE, WHICH ONE'S THE TARGET?
THE SILVER ONE.
SO WHO'S THE OTHER ONE?
NO IDEA.
YOU THINK IT'S ON OUR SIDE?
WELL, CONSIDERING THE SIZE OF IT...


"...I SURE HOPE SO."
YOU CAME ALL THE WAY BACK HERE TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE?!
WHY, PRIME, BECAUSE THEY'RE INNOCENTS?
THEY CAPTURED AND TORTURED ONE OF YOUR OWN.
THEY'VE SENT A PLANE CARRYING A WEAPON THAT WILL SLAUGHTER MILLIONS OF THEIR OWN PEOPLE SIMPLY TO GET AT US.
YOU'RE A FOOL.


IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT SAVING *THEM*, MEGATRON.
IT'S ABOUT WHO WE *ARE!*
IT'S ABOUT THE *DIFFERENCE* BETWEEN US.
IT'S ABOUT WHAT MAKES *YOU* A DECEPTICON...
...AND ME AN *AUTOBOT!*

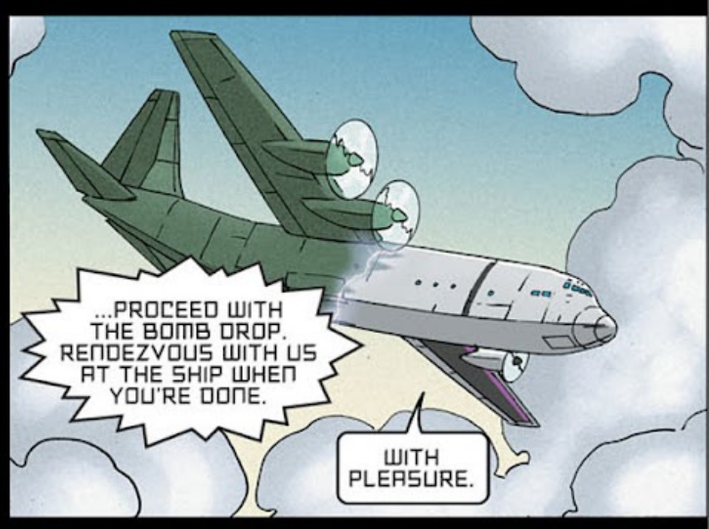

AARGH!
THAT HURT!
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?!
YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING THAT CAN STOP ME?!
I'VE BEEN STUCK HERE SPYING ON YOU THIS WHOLE TIME...
...AND NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM FINALLY TEARING THE LOT OF YOU APART!






I RESPECT YOU, OPTIMUS.
YOU'RE WILLING TO STRUGGLE WHEN OTHERS WOULD QUIT.

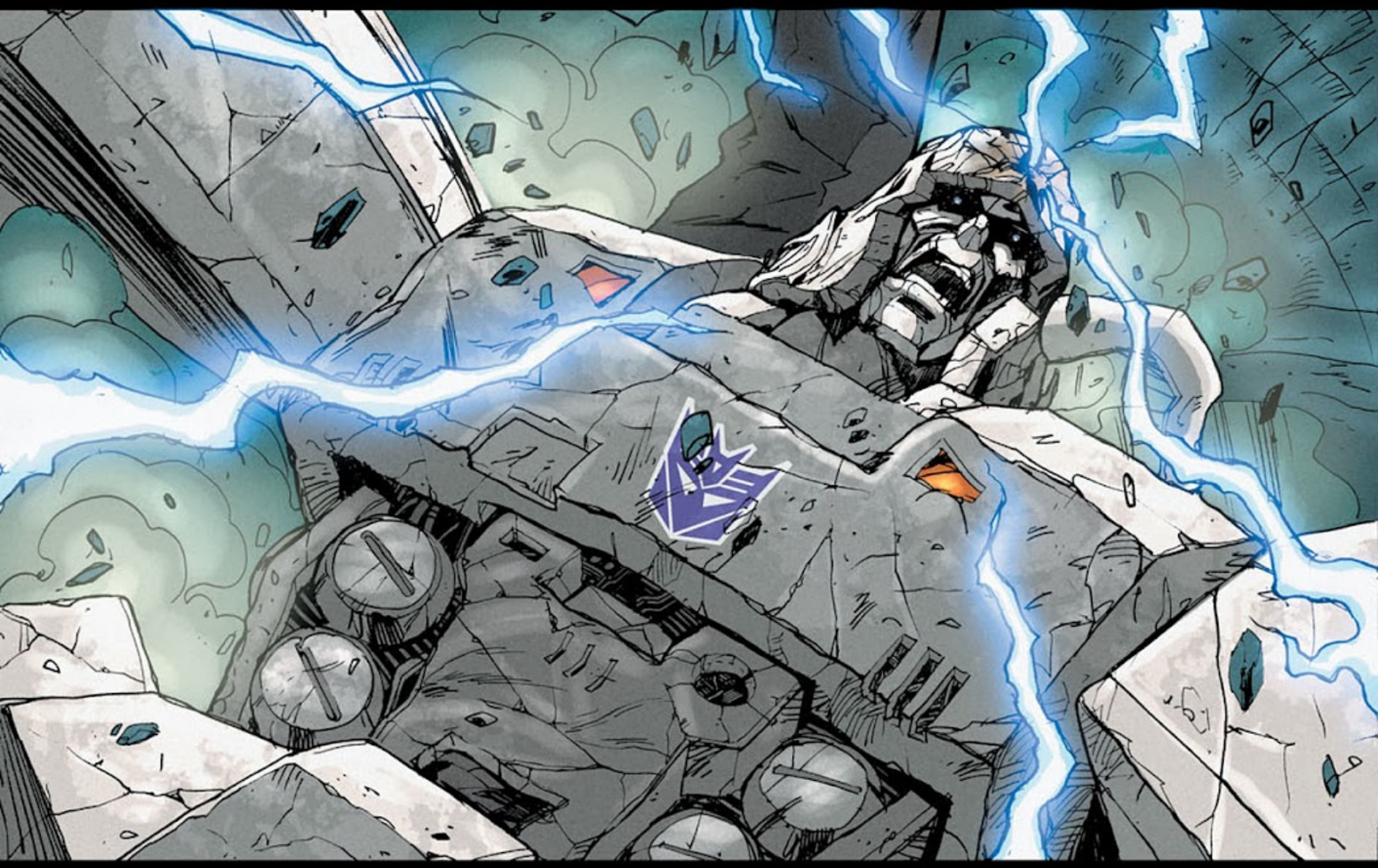

TANKOR...


...PROCEED WITH THE BOMB DROP. RENDEZVOUS WITH US AT THE SHIP WHEN YOU'RE DONE.
WITH PLEASURE.


THE RED ONE'S DOWN. YOU BETTER MAKE THIS FAST.
ALMOST FULLY CHARGED...
WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?


DECEPTICONS! WE'RE LEAVING!
BUT THE SPACE BRIDGE, THE CITY...
WE HAVE OTHER WORLDS. WE'LL START AGAIN. IT'S A PRICE I'M WILLING TO PAY...
...THE AUTOBOTS CAN *DIE* ALONGSIDE THE *HUMANS*.
I THINK THEY'RE PLANNING TO SPLIT. YOU BETTER—
I'M ON IT.
OH, AND, PRIME...
...I'M TAKING THE MATRIX *WITH* ME.

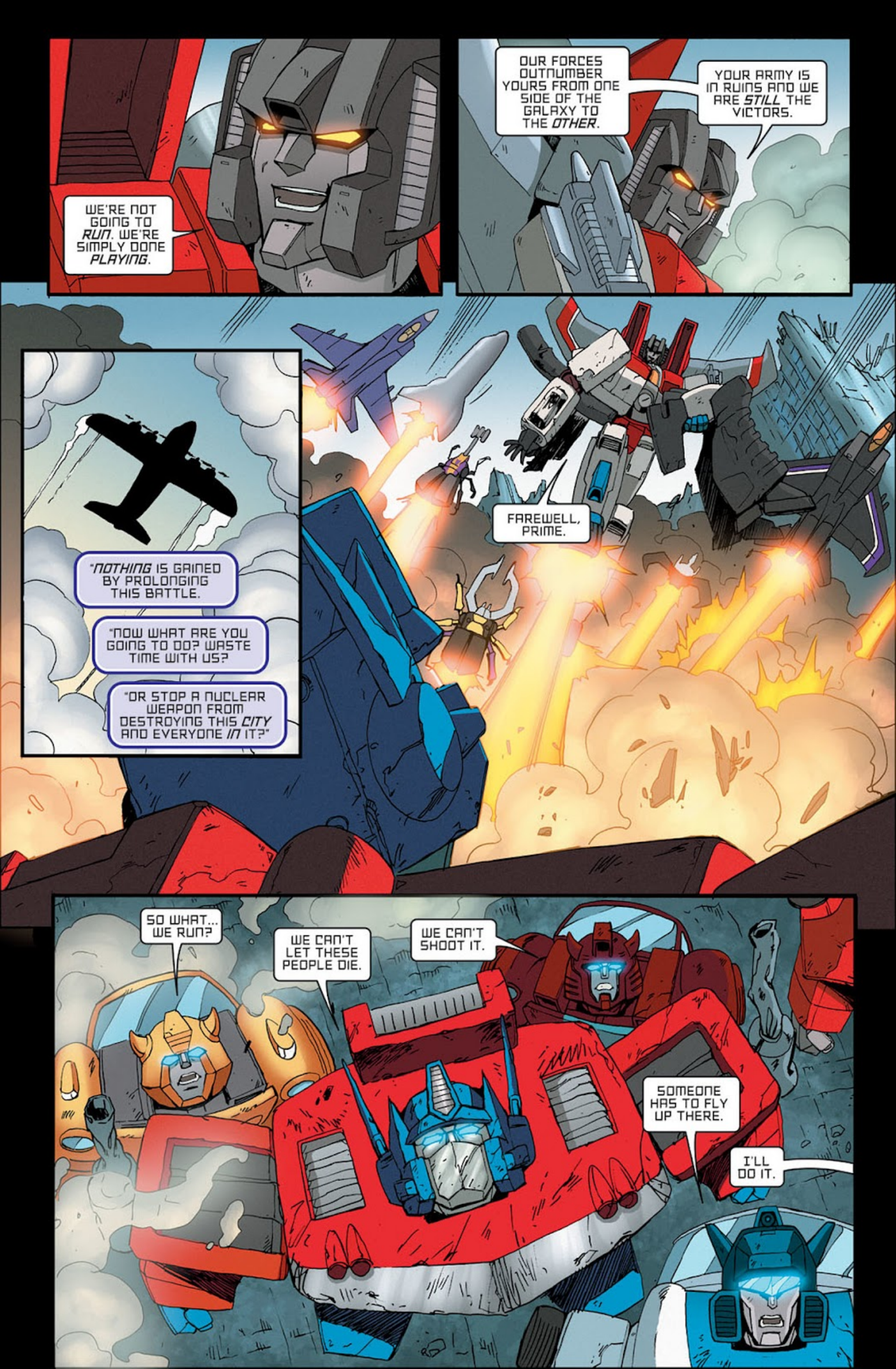

UURH...

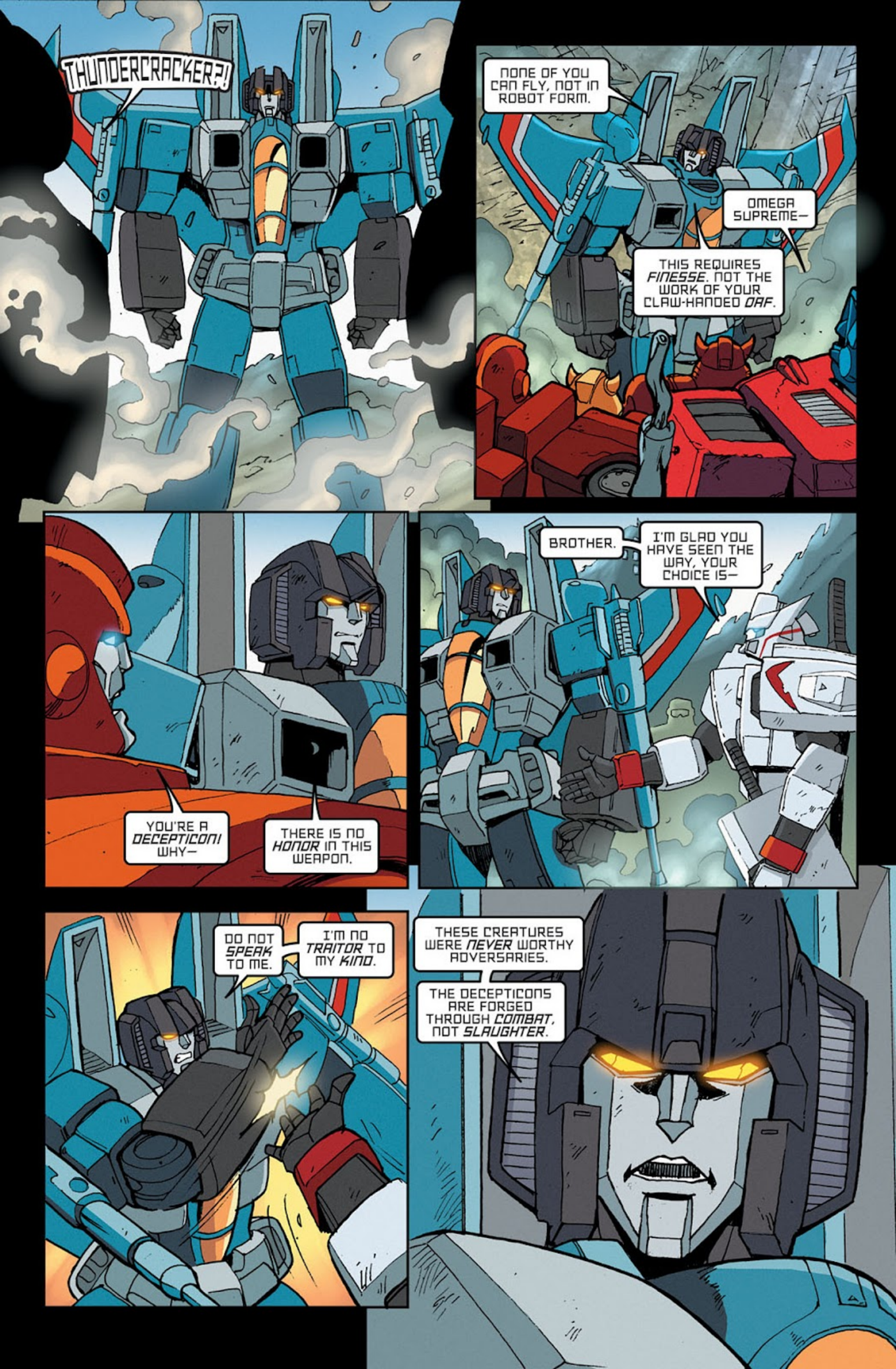



LOOK! MEGATRON IS...
WAY TO GO, PRIME!
IS HE... DEAD?
MEGATRON?


DON'T YOU *DARE!*

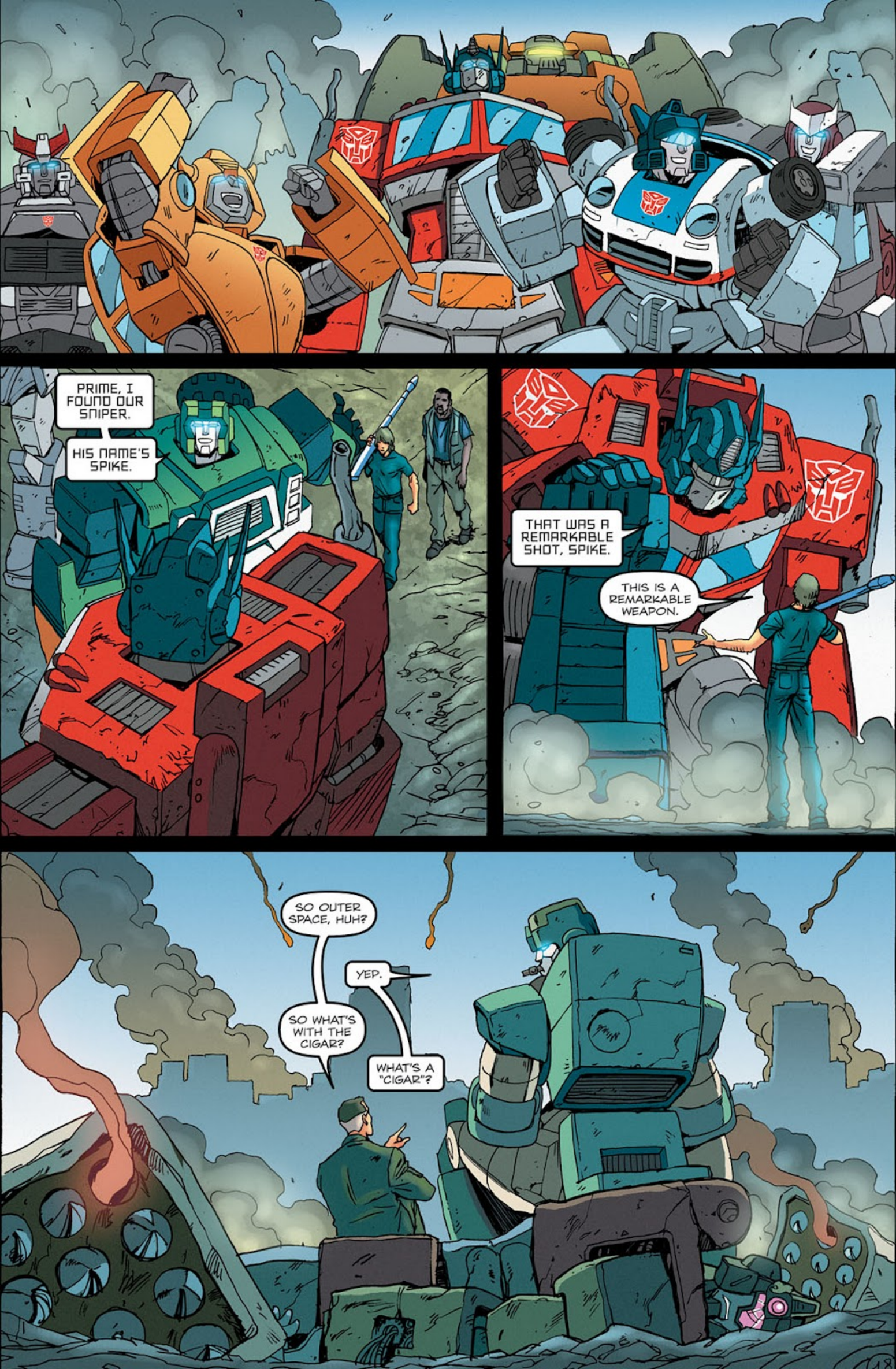

STARSCREAM?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
FULFILLING MY ROLE AS A SEEKER.
I'M PROTECTING THE LEADER OF THE DECEPTICON EMPIRE.
NEITHER YOU, NOR ANY OF YOUR FILTHY AUTOBOT *HERO* IS GOING TO TOUCH HIM.
THIS ISN'T *LIKE* YOU... THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. *LEAVE* HIM.
LEAVE HIM HERE AND LEADERSHIP IS *YOURS.*
LEADERSHIP OF THE DECEPTICONS MUST BE *TAKEN,* PRIME.
NOT *MAGICALLY* OFFERED UP BY *CHANCE.*
SOMETHING YOUR KIND WILL *NEVER* UNDERSTAND.
SO YOU'RE GOING TO *RUN?*
COWARDS.
CUTE.


WE'RE NOT GOING TO *RUN*. WE'RE SIMPLY DONE *PLAYING*.
OUR FORCES OUTNUMBER YOURS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE GALAXY TO THE *OTHER*.
YOUR ARMY IS IN RUINS AND WE ARE *STILL* THE VICTORS.
FAREWELL, PRIME.
"*NOTHING* IS GAINED BY PROLONGING THIS BATTLE.
"NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? WASTE TIME WITH US?
"OR STOP A NUCLEAR WEAPON FROM DESTROYING THIS *CITY* AND EVERYONE *IN* IT?"
SO WHAT... WE RUN?
WE CAN'T LET THESE PEOPLE DIE.
WE CAN'T SHOOT IT.
SOMEONE HAS TO FLY UP THERE.
I'LL DO IT.


THUNDERCRACKER?!
NONE OF YOU CAN FLY, NOT IN ROBOT FORM.
OMEGA SUPREME—
THIS REQUIRES *FINESSE*. NOT THE WORK OF YOUR CLAW-HANDED *OAF*.
YOU'RE A *DECEPTICON*! WHY—
THERE IS NO *HONOR* IN THIS WEAPON.
BROTHER.
I'M GLAD YOU HAVE SEEN THE WAY, YOUR CHOICE IS—
DO NOT *SPEAK* TO ME.
I'M NO *TRAITOR* TO MY *KIND*.
THESE CREATURES WERE *NEVER* WORTHY ADVERSARIES.
THE DECEPTICONS ARE FORGED THROUGH *COMBAT*, NOT *SLAUGHTER*.


EVERYTHING WE HAVE DONE HERE HAS BROUGHT *DISHONOR* TO THE DECEPTICON NAME.




PRIME, I FOUND OUR SNIPER.
HIS NAME'S SPIKE.
THAT WAS A REMARKABLE SHOT, SPIKE.
THIS IS A REMARKABLE WEAPON.
SO OUTER SPACE, HUH?
YEP.
SO WHAT'S WITH THE CIGAR?
WHAT'S A "CIGAR"?


THUNDERCRACKER!
TRAITOR!
NO... BROTHER, WAIT...
WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?!
YOU BETRAYED US!
YOU BETRAYED— YOU'RE A SEEKER!
NO! NO, LISTEN, MEGATRON HAD LOST HIS WAY. THIS WAS WRONG IT—
WAIT! BROTHER!
BETRAYER.
ZKZAM

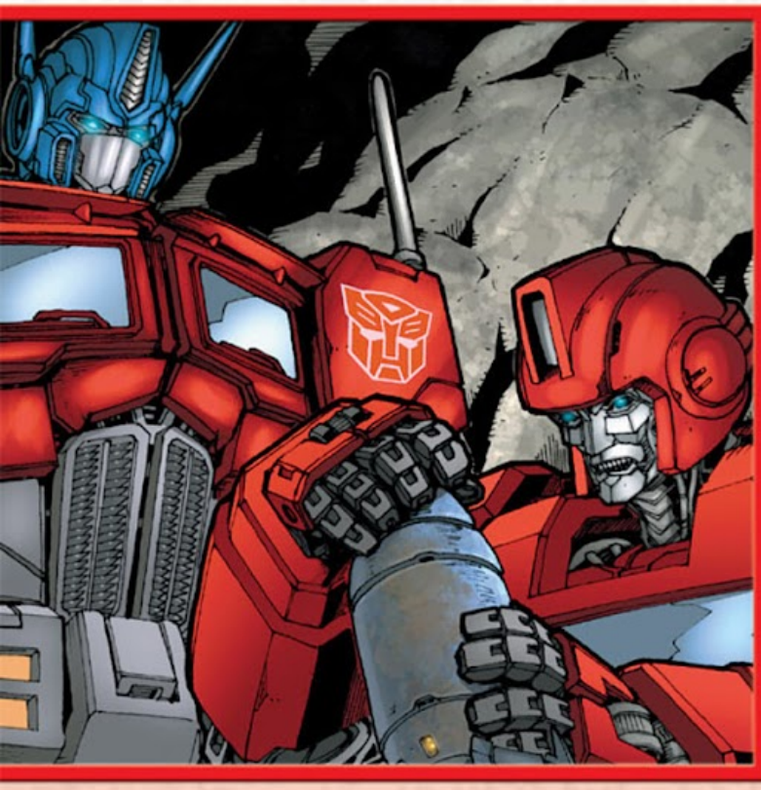

OUR PEOPLE ARE FREE, SPIKE, THEY'RE SAFE.
YET THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO...
THEY'RE GOING TO NEED TO REBUILD AND RECOVER FROM THE DEVASTATION.
THEY'RE GOING TO NEED LEADERS LIKE YOURSELVES. HEROES THEY CAN LOOK TO IN THEIR TIME OF NEED.
WE TRAVELED HERE FROM OUR HOMEWORLD CYBERTRON IN ORDER TO DRIVE THE DECEPTICONS BACK, TO FREE YOUR PEOPLE.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW, I WANT YOUR PEOPLE TO KNOW THAT WE WILL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO HELP.
LISTEN, I APPRECIATE THAT, I REALLY DO.
BUT YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
"HONESTLY?
"IF YOU THINK I'M—THAT IS—MANKIND IS JUST GOING TO ACCEPT YOU, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING."


"YOU BROUGHT YOUR WAR HERE.
"YOUR KIND, GOOD OR BAD, CAUSED ALL OF THIS.
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
"ANY CHANCE OF A UNION BETWEEN HUMANS AND YOUR KIND?
BIP
TCK
"IT'S LONG GONE."
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
THE END.


IDW
#13
Cover A
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THE TRANSFORMERS
ALL HAIL MEGATRON

THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON #13





"OLD WAYS"

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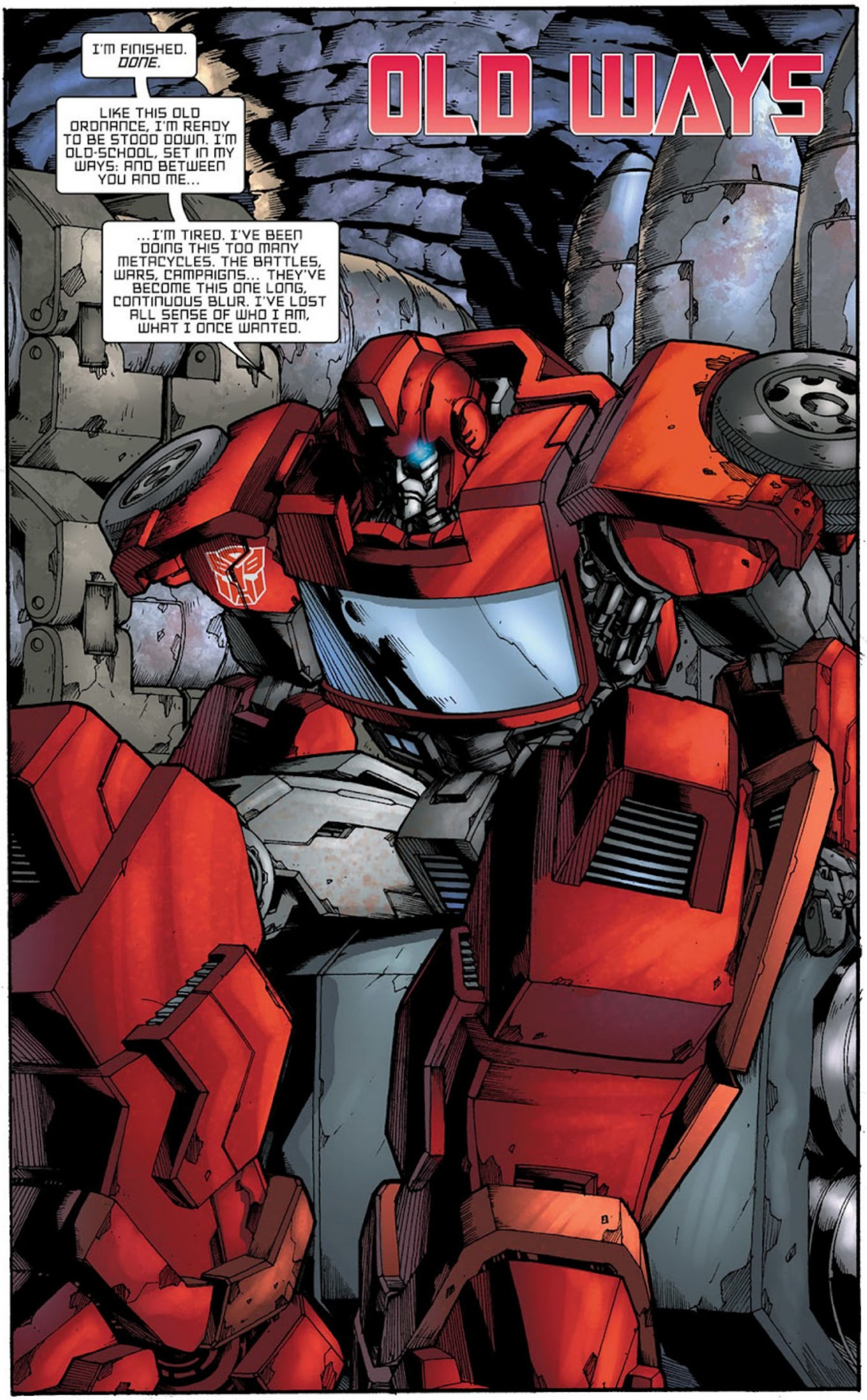
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OLD WAYS
I'M FINISHED. *DONE.*
LIKE THIS OLD ORDNANCE, I'M READY TO BE STOOD DOWN. I'M OLD-SCHOOL, SET IN MY WAYS: AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME...
...I'M TIRED. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS TOO MANY METACYCLES. THE BATTLES, WARS, CAMPAIGNS... THEY'VE BECOME THIS ONE LONG, CONTINUOUS BLUR. I'VE LOST ALL SENSE OF WHO I AM, WHAT I ONCE WANTED.



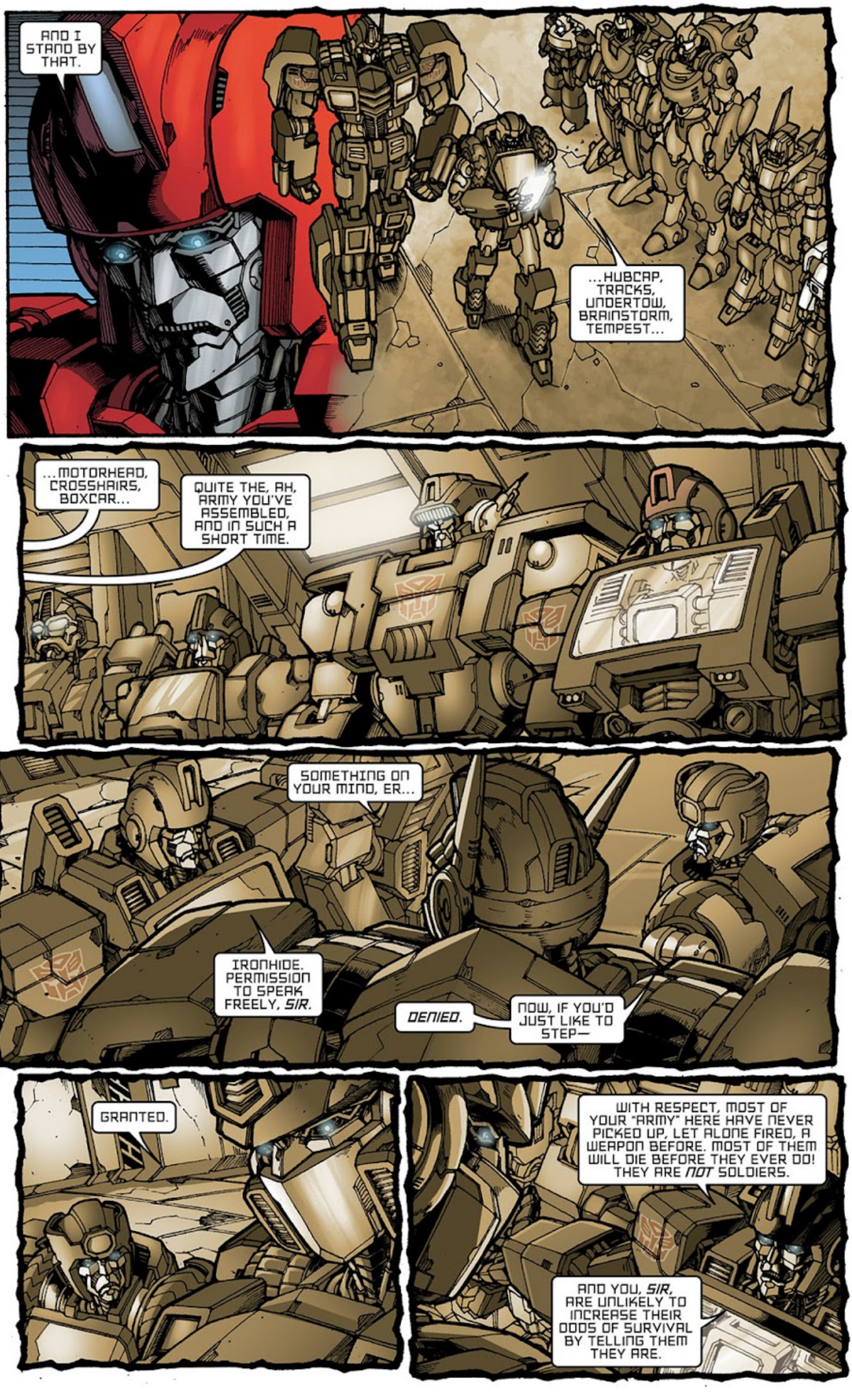

IF THAT'S YOUR DECISION, *IRONHIDE*, I WON'T TRY TO CHANGE YOUR MIND.
I RESPECT YOU TOO MUCH FOR THAT.

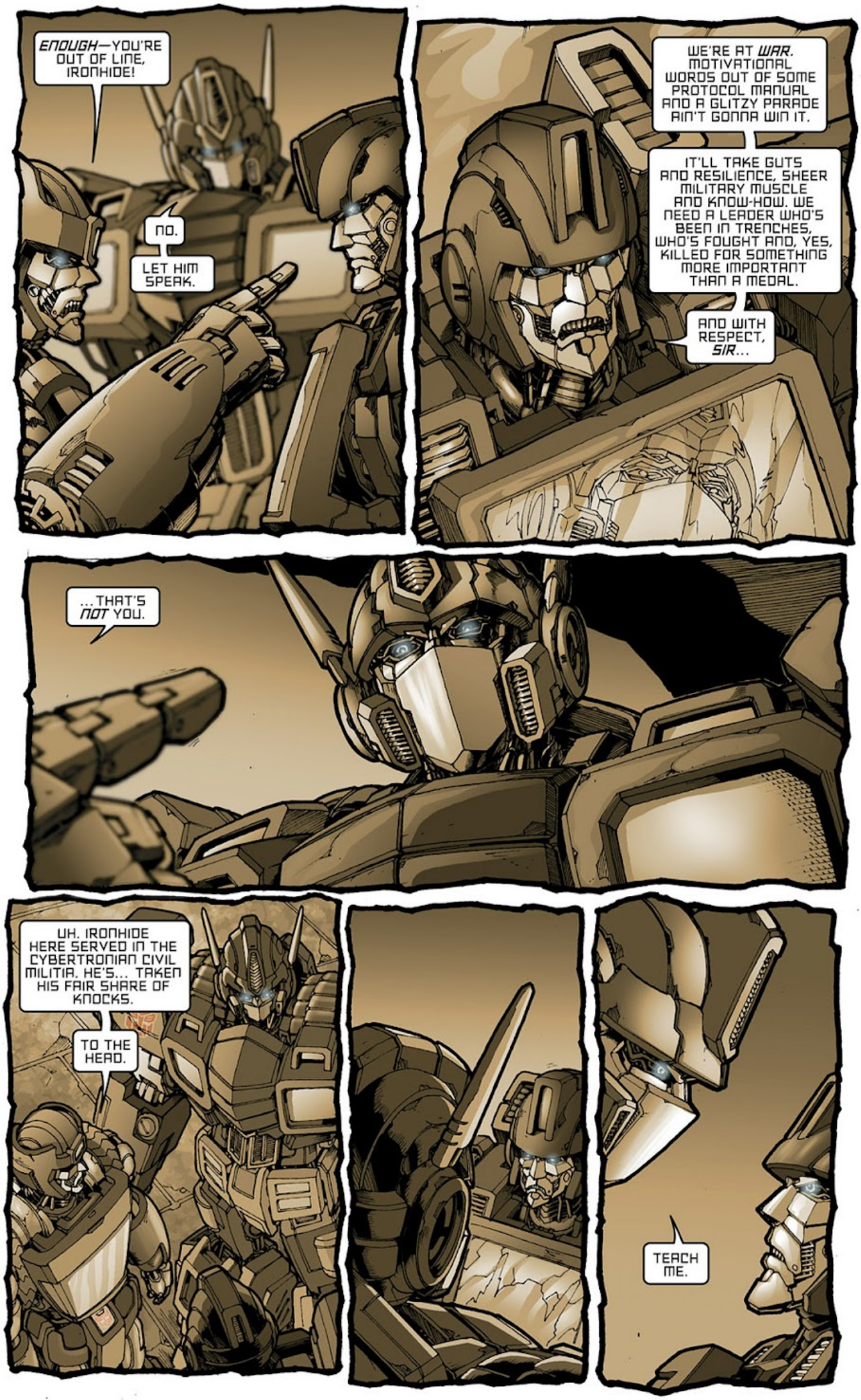

OH.

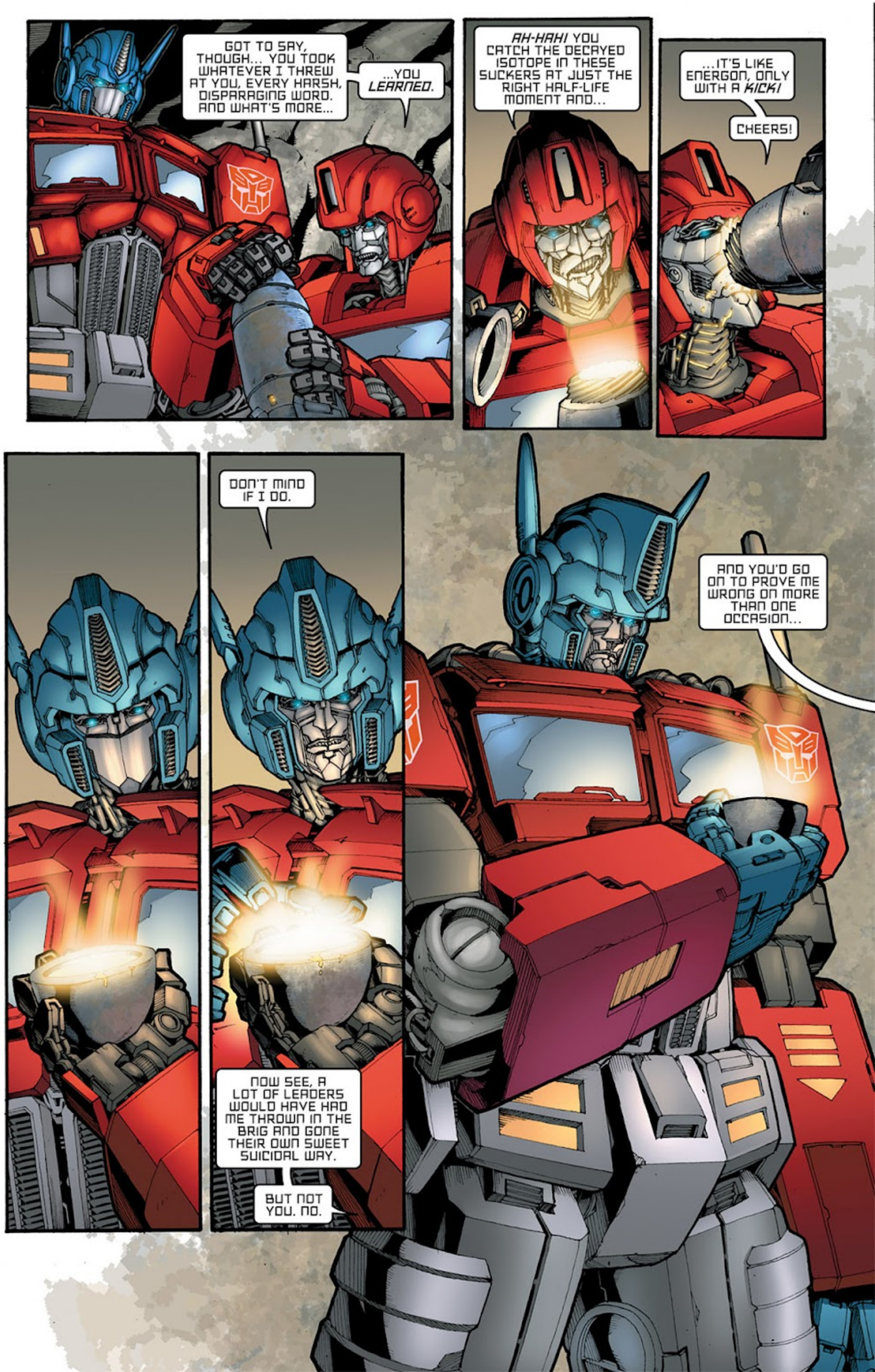

IT'S A CHANGED WORLD WE NOW FACE, WITH MYRIAD NEW CHALLENGES. WE HAVE TO RE-LEARN, REASSESS, ADAPT.
I HAVE TO ADMIT, IT'S A DAUNTING PROSPECT.

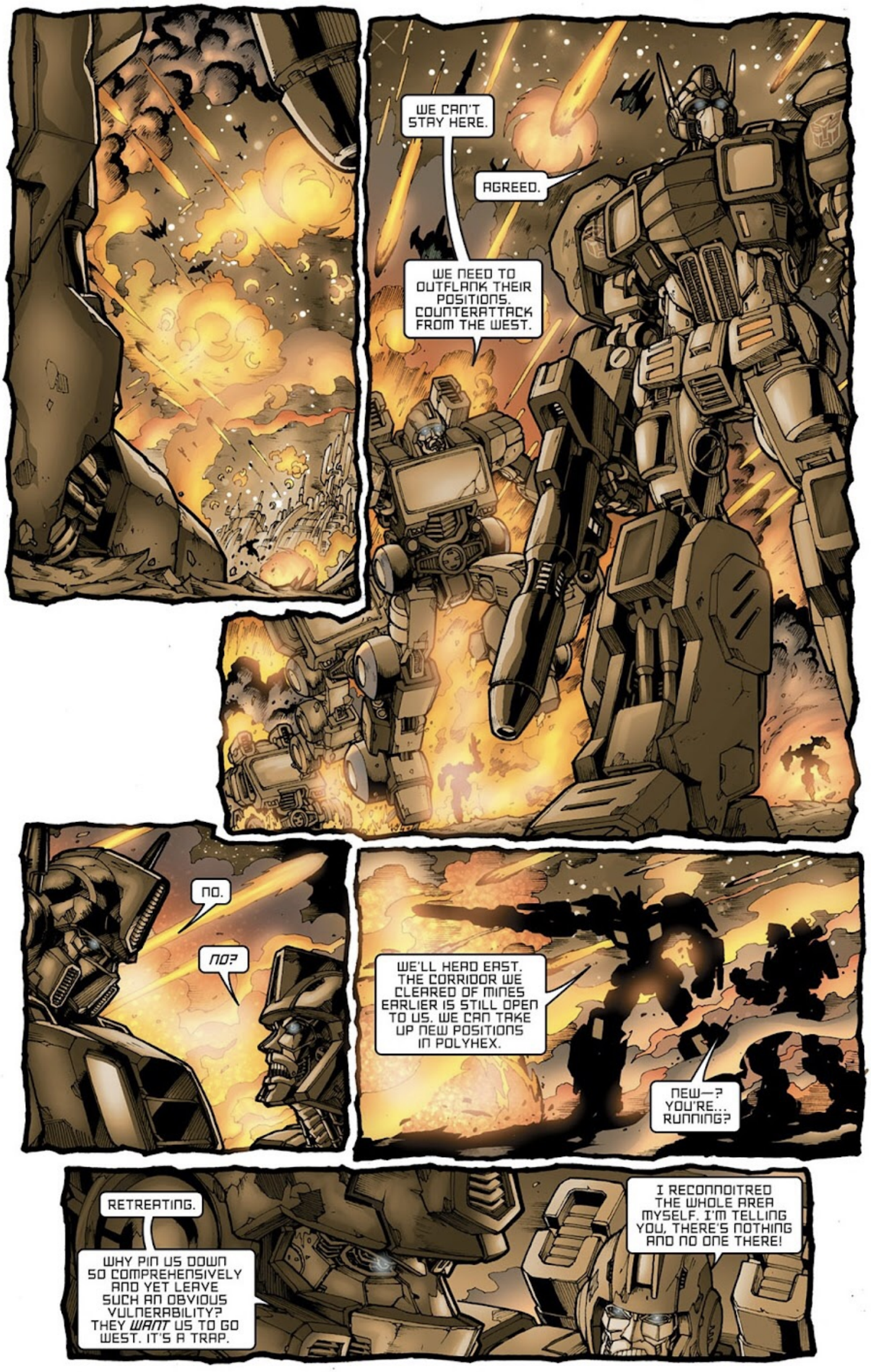

THAT'S... NOT IT. NO. YOU KNOW ME, PRIME. I MEET CHALLENGES HEAD-ON! IT'S MORE...
...I NO LONGER TRUST MY JUDGMENT.

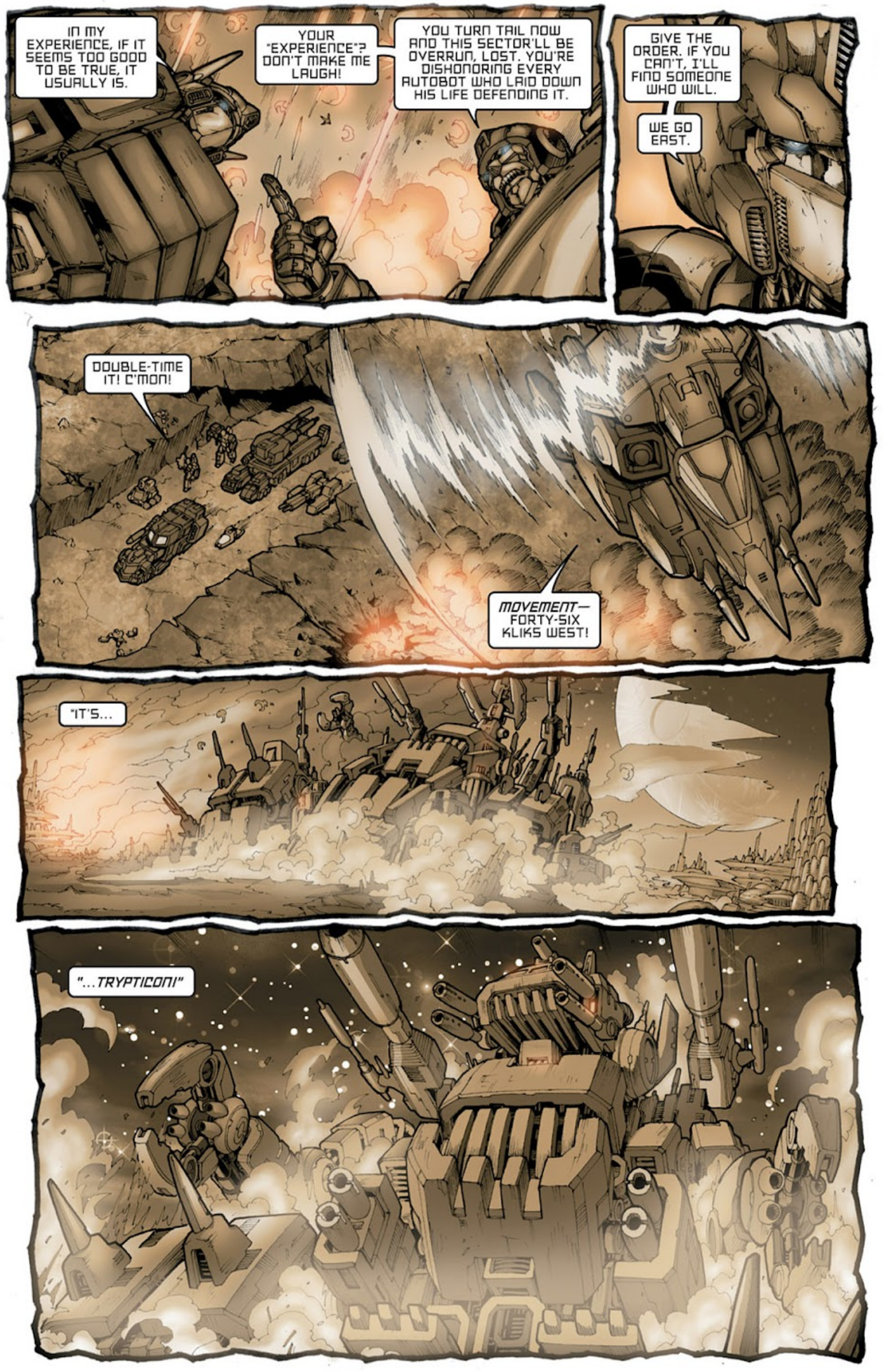

AH. THE BUSINESS WITH MIRAGE...
SORRY TO SAY, IRONHIDE, BUT YOU'VE *NEVER* BEEN MUCH OF A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.
AS I RECALL, YOU THOUGHT I WAS A WET-BEHIND-THE-AUDIO-RECEPTORS UPSTART WITH LITTLE OR NO RIGHT CALLING HIMSELF A *PRIME!*

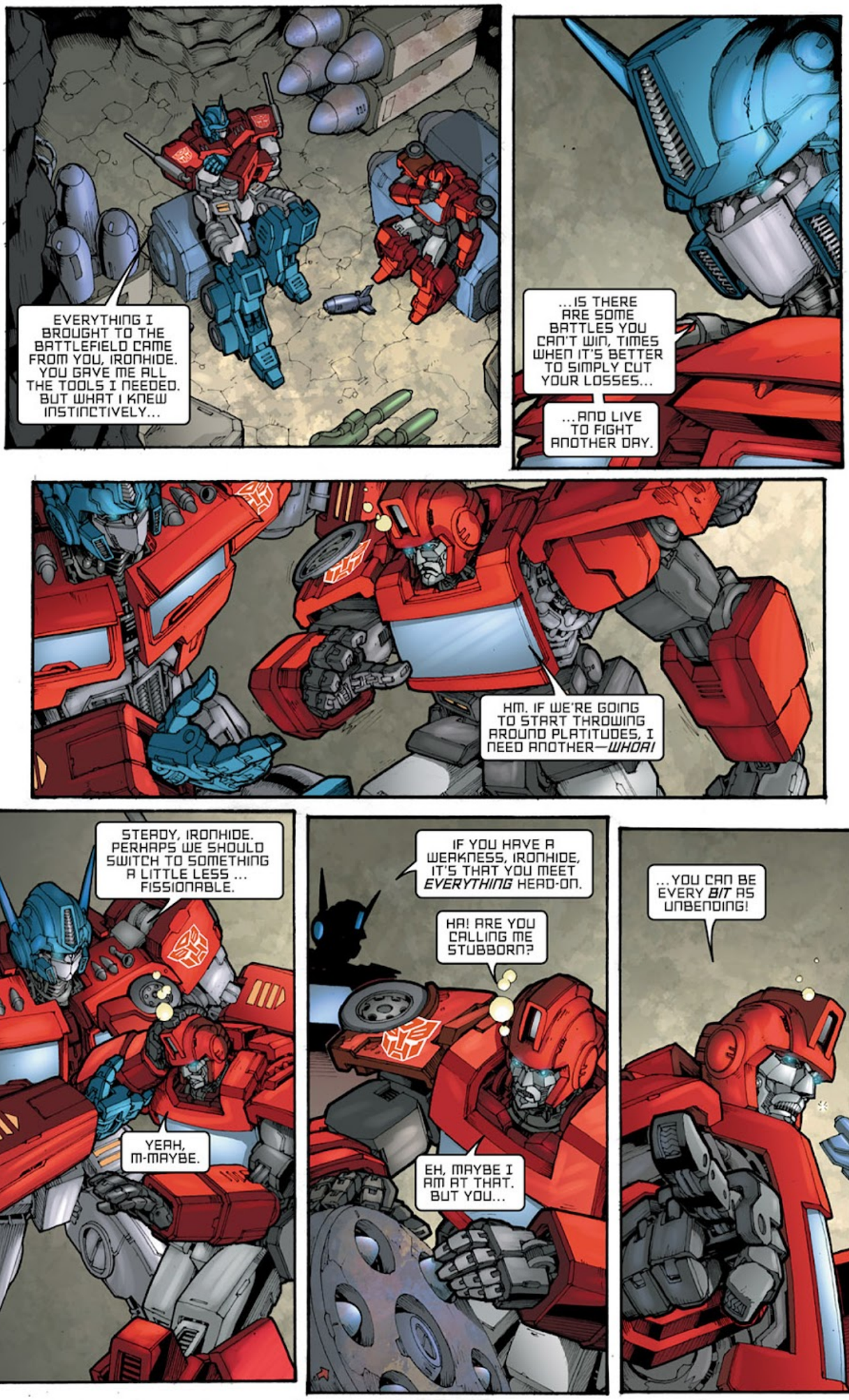

AND I STAND BY THAT.
...HUBCAP, TRACKS, UNDERTOW, BRAINSTORM, TEMPEST...
...MOTORHEAD, CROSSHAIRS, BOXCAR...
QUITE THE, AH, ARMY YOU'VE ASSEMBLED, AND IN SUCH A SHORT TIME.
SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, ER...
IRONHIDE. PERMISSION TO SPEAK FREELY, *SIR*.
DENIED.
NOW, IF YOU'D JUST LIKE TO STEP—
GRANTED.
WITH RESPECT, MOST OF YOUR "ARMY" HERE HAVE NEVER PICKED UP, LET ALONE FIRED, A WEAPON BEFORE. MOST OF THEM WILL DIE BEFORE THEY EVER DO! THEY ARE *NOT* SOLDIERS.
AND YOU, *SIR*, ARE UNLIKELY TO INCREASE THEIR ODDS OF SURVIVAL BY TELLING THEM THEY ARE.


ENOUGH—YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, IRONHIDE!
NO.
LET HIM SPEAK.
WE'RE AT WAR. MOTIVATIONAL WORDS OUT OF SOME PROTOCOL MANUAL AND A GLITZY PARADE AIN'T GONNA WIN IT.
IT'LL TAKE GUTS AND RESILIENCE, SHEER MILITARY MUSCLE AND KNOW-HOW. WE NEED A LEADER WHO'S BEEN IN TRENCHES, WHO'S FOUGHT AND, YES, KILLED FOR SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN A MEDAL.
AND WITH RESPECT, SIR...
...THAT'S NOT YOU.
UH. IRONHIDE HERE SERVED IN THE CYBERTRONIAN CIVIL MILITIA. HE'S... TAKEN HIS FAIR SHARE OF KNOCKS.
TO THE HEAD.
TEACH ME.

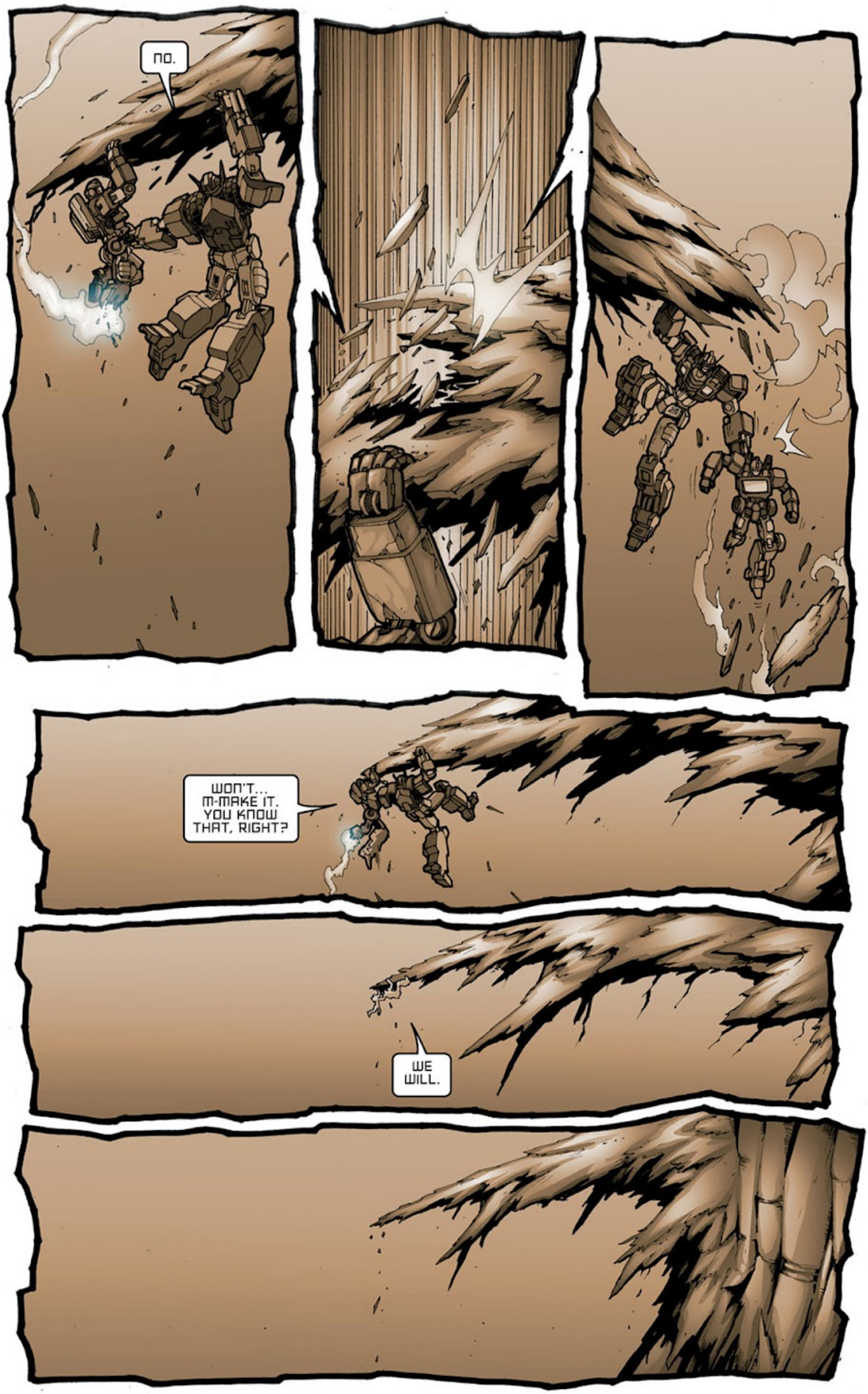

GOT TO SAY, THOUGH... YOU TOOK WHATEVER I THREW AT YOU, EVERY HARSH, DISPARAGING WORD. AND WHAT'S MORE...
...YOU LEARNED.
AH-HAH! YOU CATCH THE DECAYED ISOTOPE IN THESE SUCKERS AT JUST THE RIGHT HALF-LIFE MOMENT AND...
...IT'S LIKE ENERGON, ONLY WITH A KICK!
CHEERS!
DON'T MIND IF I DO.
NOW SEE, A LOT OF LEADERS WOULD HAVE HAD ME THROWN IN THE BRIG AND GONE THEIR OWN SWEET SUICIDAL WAY.
BUT NOT YOU. NO.
AND YOU'D GO ON TO PROVE ME WRONG ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION...

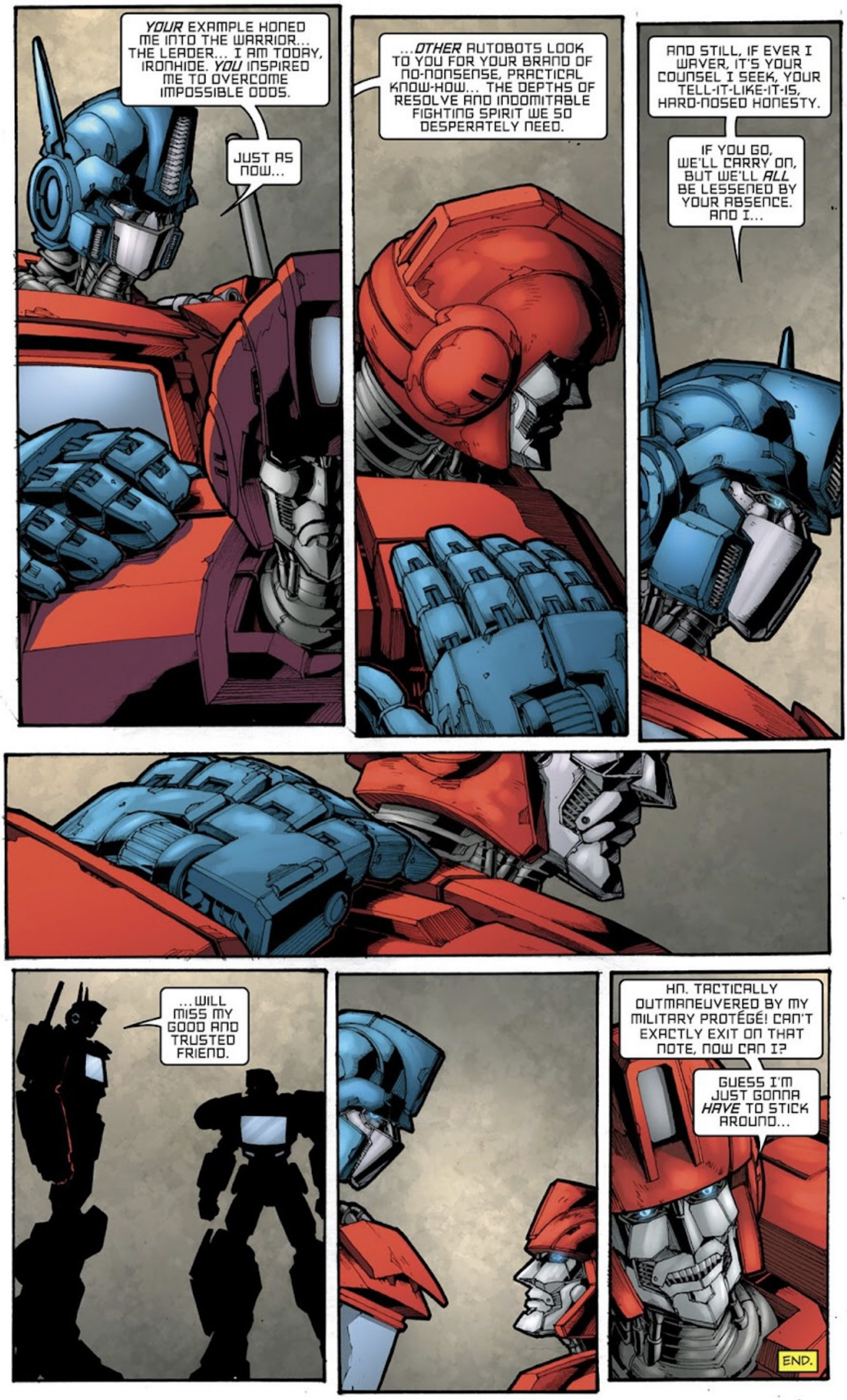

WE CAN'T STAY HERE.
AGREED.
WE NEED TO OUTFLANK THEIR POSITIONS. COUNTERATTACK FROM THE WEST.
NO.
NO?
WE'LL HEAD EAST. THE CORRIDOR WE CLEARED OF MINES EARLIER IS STILL OPEN TO US. WE CAN TAKE UP NEW POSITIONS IN POLYHEX.
NEW—? YOU'RE... RUNNING?
RETREATING.
WHY PIN US DOWN SO COMPREHENSIVELY AND YET LEAVE SUCH AN OBVIOUS VULNERABILITY? THEY *WANT* US TO GO WEST. IT'S A TRAP.
I RECONNOITRED THE WHOLE AREA MYSELF. I'M TELLING YOU, THERE'S NOTHING AND NO ONE THERE!


IN MY EXPERIENCE, IF IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, IT USUALLY IS.
YOUR "EXPERIENCE"? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
YOU TURN TAIL NOW AND THIS SECTOR'LL BE OVERRUN, LOST. YOU'RE DISHONORING EVERY AUTOBOT WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE DEFENDING IT.
GIVE THE ORDER. IF YOU CAN'T, I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL.
WE GO EAST.
DOUBLE-TIME IT! C'MON!
MOVEMENT— FORTY-SIX KLIKS WEST!
"IT'S...
"...*TRYPTICON!*"


EVERYTHING I BROUGHT TO THE BATTLEFIELD CAME FROM YOU, IRONHIDE. YOU GAVE ME ALL THE TOOLS I NEEDED. BUT WHAT I KNEW INSTINCTIVELY...
...IS THERE ARE SOME BATTLES YOU CAN'T WIN, TIMES WHEN IT'S BETTER TO SIMPLY CUT YOUR LOSSES...
...AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.
HM. IF WE'RE GOING TO START THROWING AROUND PLATITUDES, I NEED ANOTHER—*WHOA!*
STEADY, IRONHIDE. PERHAPS WE SHOULD SWITCH TO SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS ... FISSIONABLE.
YEAH, M-MAYBE.
IF YOU HAVE A WEAKNESS, IRONHIDE, IT'S THAT YOU MEET *EVERYTHING* HEAD-ON.
HA! ARE YOU CALLING ME STUBBORN?
EH, MAYBE I AM AT THAT. BUT YOU...
...YOU CAN BE EVERY *BIT* AS UNBENDING!


PRIME!
HURT... BAD. BOOBY TRAP—
TRY NOT TO SPEAK. DOWN HERE, EVEN A WHISPER IS MAGNIFIED A HUNDREDFOLD.
AND THIS LEDGE... WON'T SUPPORT US FOR LONG AS IT IS.
GO! LEAVE ME.


NO.
WON'T... M-MAKE IT. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
WE WILL.


YOUR EXAMPLE HONED ME INTO THE WARRIOR... THE LEADER... I AM TODAY, IRONHIDE. *YOU* INSPIRED ME TO OVERCOME IMPOSSIBLE ODDS.
JUST AS NOW...
...*OTHER* AUTOBOTS LOOK TO YOU FOR YOUR BRAND OF NO-NONSENSE, PRACTICAL KNOW-HOW... THE DEPTHS OF RESOLVE AND INDOMITABLE FIGHTING SPIRIT WE SO DESPERATELY NEED.
AND STILL, IF EVER I WAVER, IT'S YOUR COUNSEL I SEEK, YOUR TELL-IT-LIKE-IT-IS, HARD-NOSED HONESTY.
IF YOU GO, WE'LL CARRY ON, BUT WE'LL *ALL* BE LESSENED BY YOUR ABSENCE. AND I...
...WILL MISS MY GOOD AND TRUSTED FRIEND.
HN. TACTICALLY OUTMANEUVERED BY MY MILITARY PROTÉGÉ! CAN'T EXACTLY EXIT ON THAT NOTE, NOW CAN I?
GUESS I'M JUST GONNA *HAVE* TO STICK AROUND...
END.

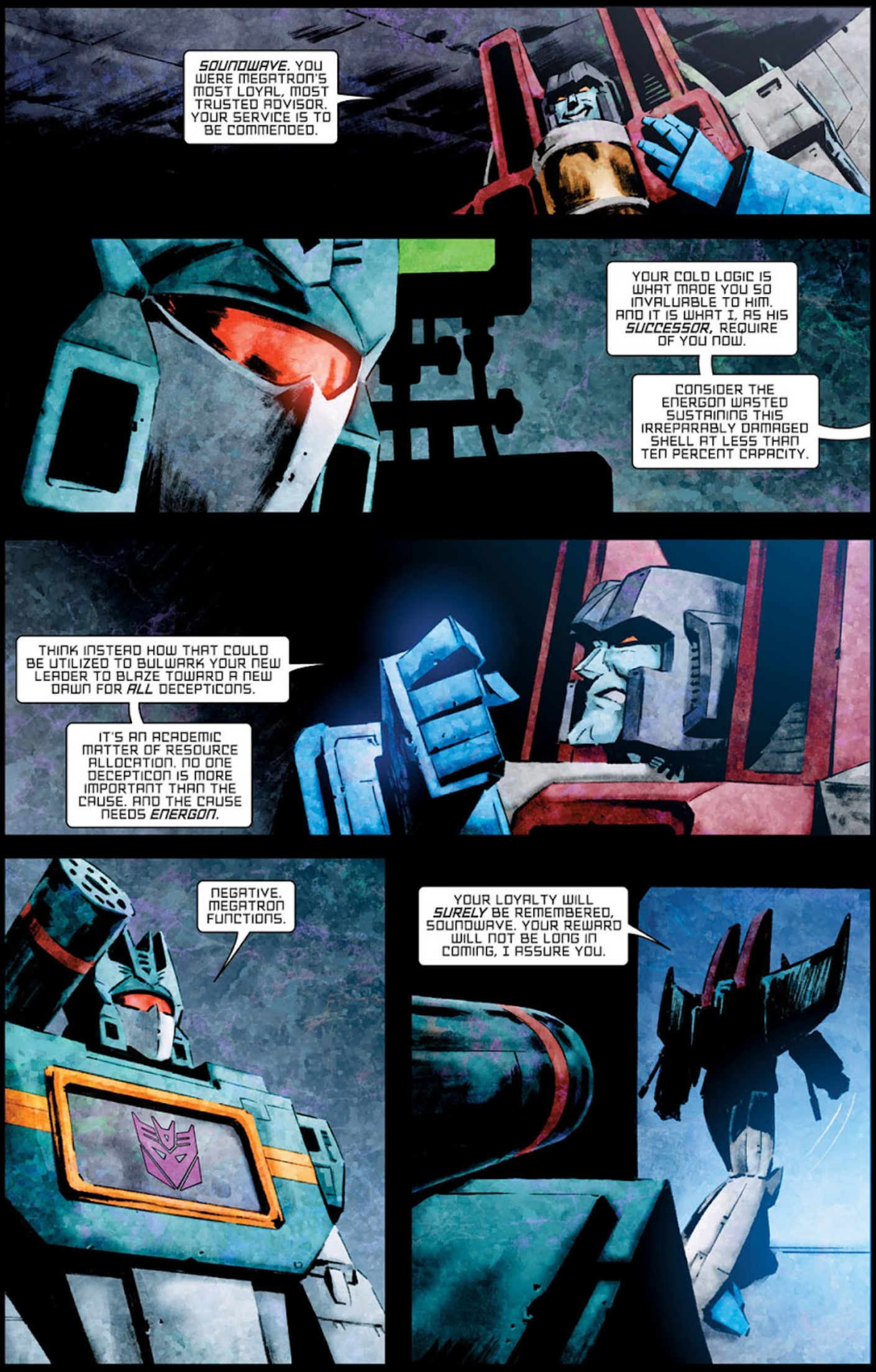

SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH.
STARSCREAM...


I ASKED NOT TO BE DISTURBED, SHRAPNEL.
THERE'S... NEWS.
TAKE ME THERE IMMEDIATELY.


CLANG
DON'T WORRY, MY SOLDIERS. TODAY IS *NOT* A DAY OF SADNESS, BUT CELEBRATION.
FOR THOUGH ONE MIGHTY WARRIOR LEAVES US, IN HIS MEMORY WE FORGE A *NEW* PATH. TODAY IS A DAY THAT WILL BE LONG REMEMBERED.


THE DAY THAT MEGATRON CEASED TO FUNCTION.
UNEASY LIES THE HEAD


INCORRECT. MEGATRON'S SPARK SURVIVES.
WHAT?! I WAS TOLD THERE WAS NEWS!
YEAH. HIS BRAIN ACTIVITY HAS INCREASED TO 400 PETRA-CYCLES PER SECOND. THAT'S UP TO TEN PERCENT CAPACITY.
WE SENT SHRAPNEL TO GET YOU IMMEDIATELY.


SOUNDWAVE, YOU WERE MEGATRON'S MOST LOYAL, MOST TRUSTED ADVISOR. YOUR SERVICE IS TO BE COMMENDED.
YOUR COLD LOGIC IS WHAT MADE YOU SO INVALUABLE TO HIM. AND IT IS WHAT I, AS HIS *SUCCESSOR*, REQUIRE OF YOU NOW.
CONSIDER THE ENERGON WASTED SUSTAINING THIS IRREPARABLY DAMAGED SHELL AT LESS THAN TEN PERCENT CAPACITY.
THINK INSTEAD HOW THAT COULD BE UTILIZED TO BULWARK YOUR NEW LEADER TO BLAZE TOWARD A NEW DAWN FOR *ALL* DECEPTICONS.
IT'S AN ACADEMIC MATTER OF RESOURCE ALLOCATION. NO ONE DECEPTICON IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE CAUSE. AND THE CAUSE NEEDS *ENERGON*.
NEGATIVE. MEGATRON FUNCTIONS.
YOUR LOYALTY WILL *SURELY* BE REMEMBERED, SOUNDWAVE. YOUR REWARD WILL NOT BE LONG IN COMING, I ASSURE YOU.

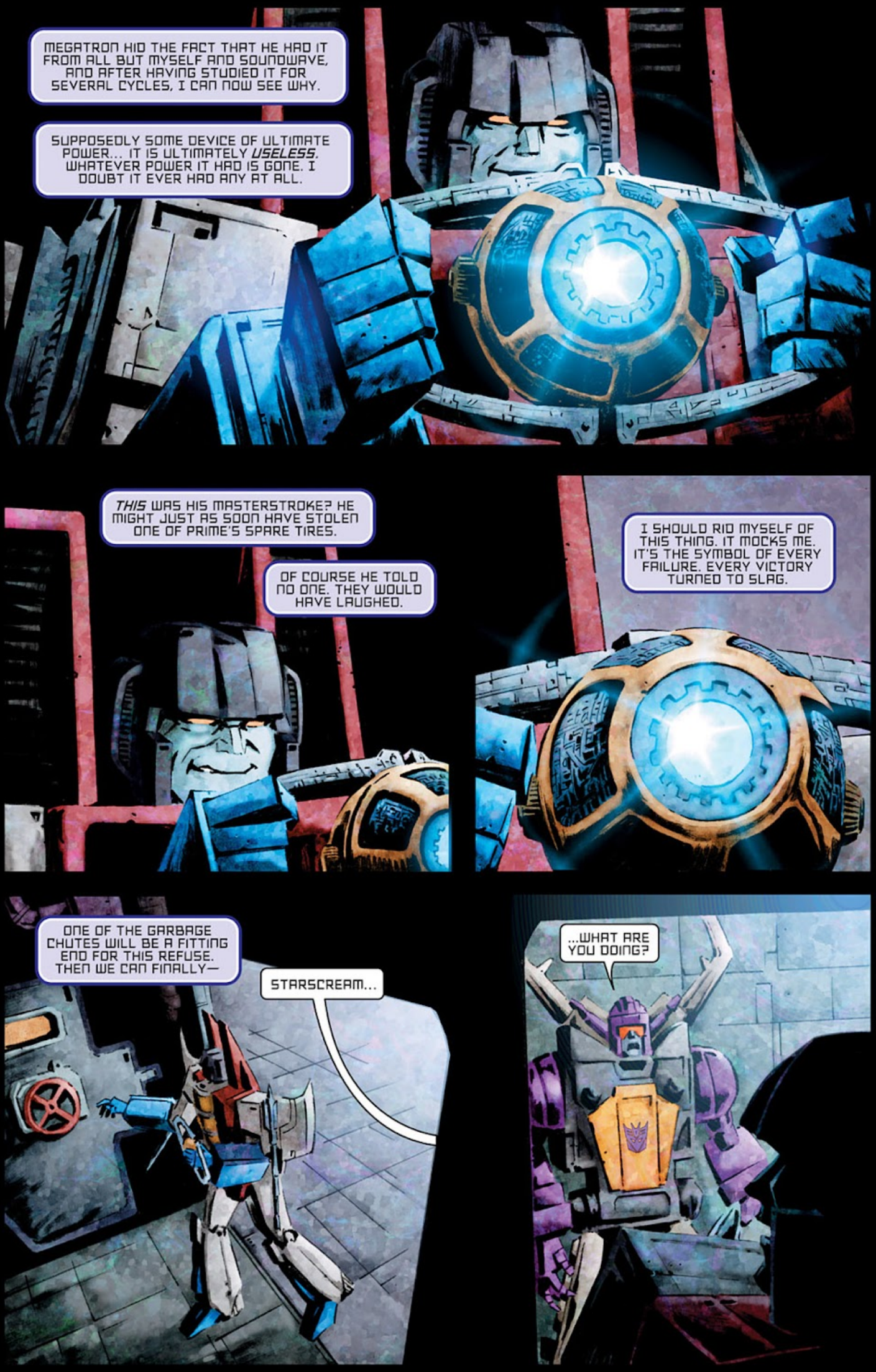

AS LONG AS MEGATRON FUNCTIONS, I WILL *NEVER* BE ABLE TO LEAD.
AND IF IT TOOK ALL THE ENERGON WE HAD TO KEEP HIS HUSK AT ONLY FIVE PERCENT POWER, HIS LOYALISTS WOULD GLADLY SPEND IT ON THAT RATHER THAN THE REST OF US, WHO COULD ACTUALLY USE IT.
MAY I SUGGEST ANOTHER OPTION? PERHAPS MYSELF OR ANOTHER INSECTICON COULD FIND A WAY TO SIPHON THE ENERGON FOR—
NO. ASSASSINATION IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH SOUNDWAVE AND HIS DERANGED CHILDREN KEEPING CONSTANT VIGIL.
I'D JUST CEREMONIOUSLY JETTISON HIS BODY OUT THE AIRLOCK IF I DIDN'T HAVE A NAGGING FEELING HE'D SOMEHOW RETURN, EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE.
THIS... REQUIRES THOUGHT. LEAVE ME.


VERY SHORTLY WE'LL ARRIVE AT OUR DESTINATION, AND *RAZORCLAW* WILL IMMEDIATELY CHALLENGE MY RIGHT TO ABSOLUTE RULE.
IN THE BEST-CASE SCENARIO, I'LL BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN MY SEEKERS AND COMMAND OF THIS RAGTAG BUNCH, AND THE DECEPTICONS WILL CONTINUE AS A GROUP OF DISORGANIZED, IN-FIGHTING FACTIONS.

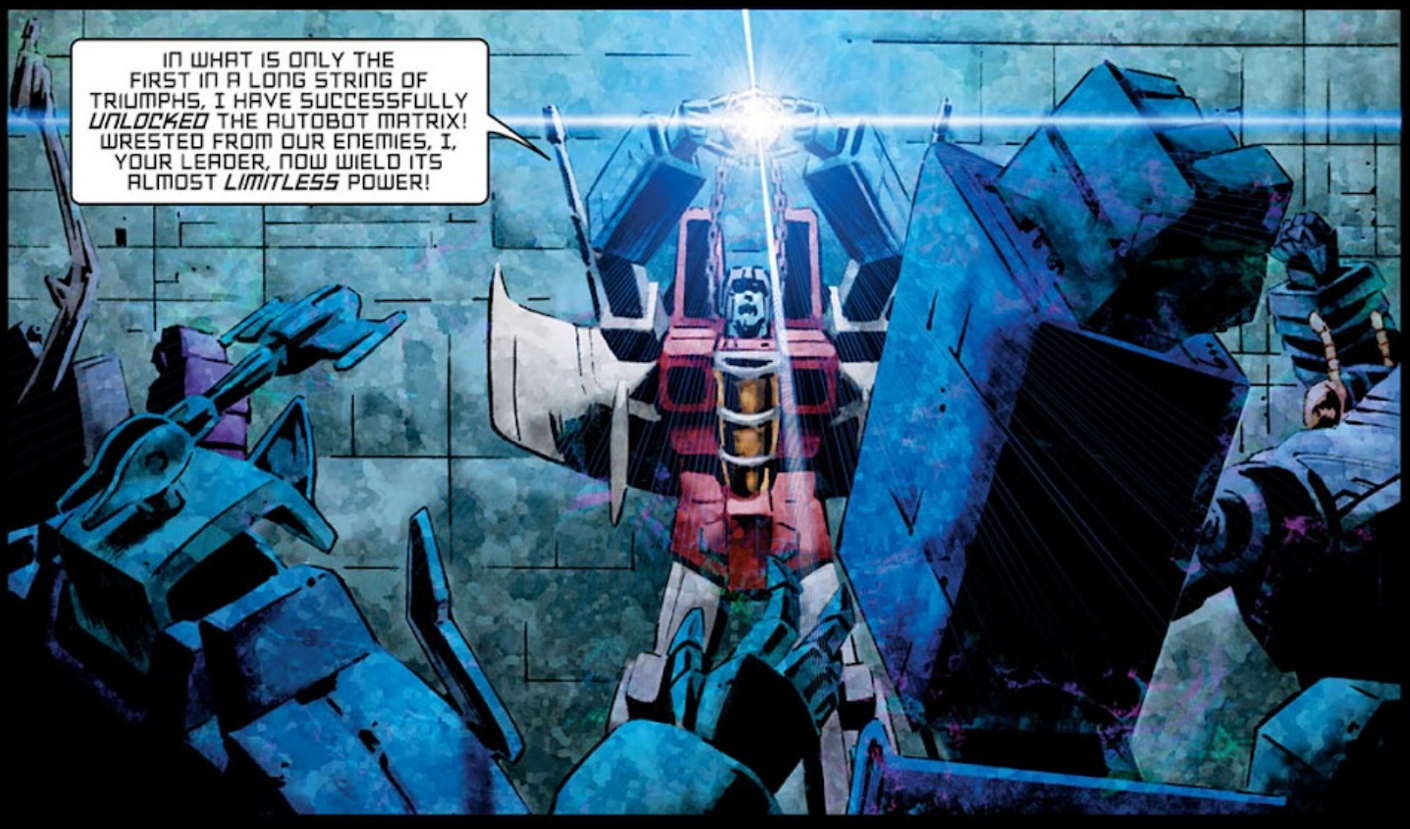

WITHOUT A LEADER, THE CAUSE IS LOST. MEGATRON HAD HIS MOMENT, AND IS NOW NOT *MY* HOUR? I FOLLOWED HIM TO THE BITTER END—THE END I ALWAYS FORESAW: FAILURE.

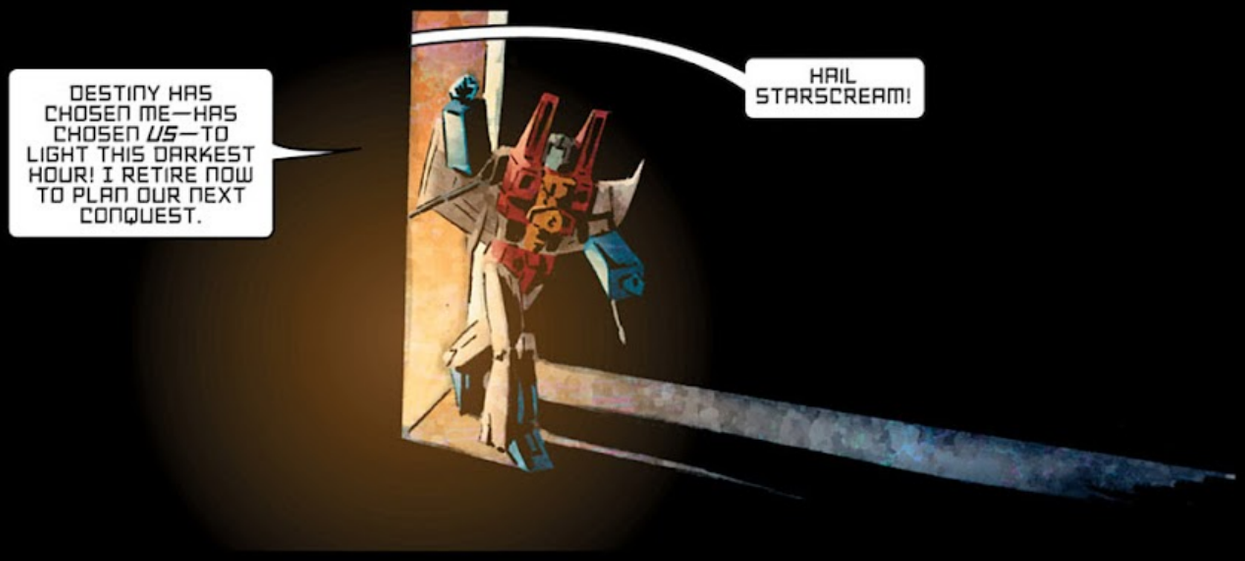

HE LEFT US WITH ONLY GRUDGES... AND *THIS.*


THIS USELESS BAUBLE.


MEGATRON HID THE FACT THAT HE HAD IT FROM ALL BUT MYSELF AND SOUNDWAVE, AND AFTER HAVING STUDIED IT FOR SEVERAL CYCLES, I CAN NOW SEE WHY.
SUPPOSEDLY SOME DEVICE OF ULTIMATE POWER... IT IS ULTIMATELY *USELESS*. WHATEVER POWER IT HAD IS GONE. I DOUBT IT EVER HAD ANY AT ALL.
THIS WAS HIS MASTERSTROKE? HE MIGHT JUST AS SOON HAVE STOLEN ONE OF PRIME'S SPARE TIRES.
OF COURSE HE TOLD NO ONE. THEY WOULD HAVE LAUGHED.
I SHOULD RID MYSELF OF THIS THING. IT MOCKS ME. IT'S THE SYMBOL OF EVERY FAILURE. EVERY VICTORY TURNED TO SLAG.
ONE OF THE GARBAGE CHUTES WILL BE A FITTING END FOR THIS REFUSE. THEN WE CAN FINALLY—
STARSCREAM...
...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?


I... I WAS SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH THE URGE TO VENT THIS INTO SPACE.
STARSCREAM... THAT'S THE *AUTOBOT MATRIX.* ARE YOU *INSANE?*
I... IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
THAT'S THE MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP! IT'S THE AUTOBOT'S MOST IMPORTANT ARTIFACT! WHICHEVER OF THEM IT CHOOSES IS THEIR UNDISPUTED LEADER. WITHOUT IT...
...HOW DID *YOU* GET IT?
WELL, SHRAPNEL...
...I BELIEVE I'VE BEEN CHOSEN.
MY FELLOW DECEPTICONS! IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE AND RELISH I ADDRESS YOU TODAY, *NOT* FROM THE VALLEY OF DEFEAT... BUT APPROACHING ONCE AGAIN THE SUMMIT OF *VICTORY!*


IN WHAT IS ONLY THE FIRST IN A LONG STRING OF TRIUMPHS, I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY *UNLOCKED* THE AUTOBOT MATRIX! WRESTED FROM OUR ENEMIES, I, YOUR LEADER, NOW WIELD ITS ALMOST *LIMITLESS* POWER!


DESTINY HAS CHOSEN ME—HAS CHOSEN *US*—TO LIGHT THIS DARKEST HOUR! I RETIRE NOW TO PLAN OUR NEXT CONQUEST.
HAIL STARSCREAM!


HAIL! HAIL!

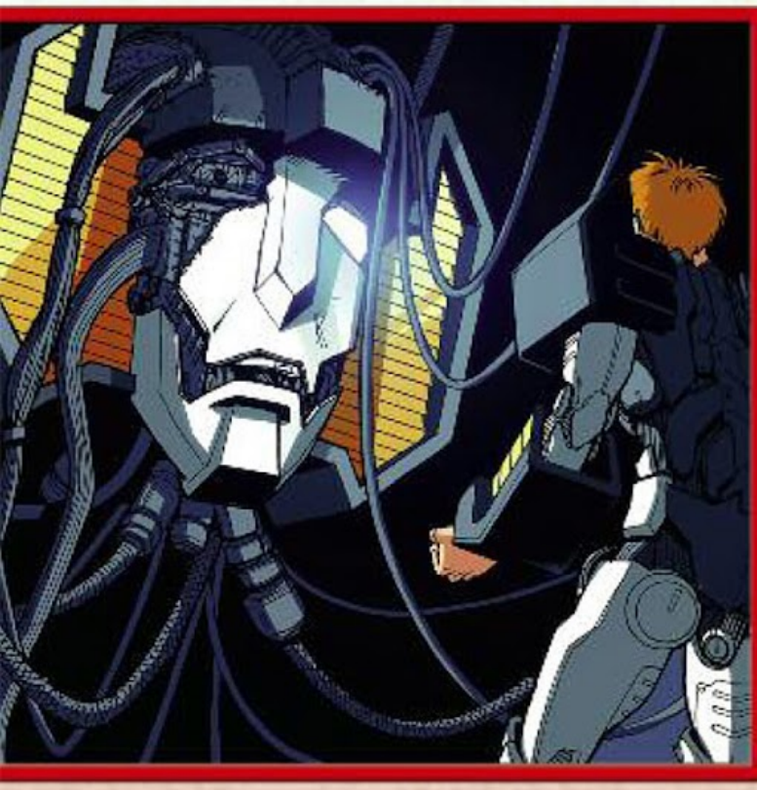

HAIL! HAIL!


HAIL! HAIL!
THE END.


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THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON #14





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"REPLAY"
THE DECEPTICONS ARE ON THE RUN!
OF *COURSE* THEY ARE.
INFORM PRIME.
THE BATTLE IS OVER, THE PLANET IS OURS.
YESSIR!
SUNSTREAKER! SUNSTREAKER!


SUNSTREAKER! SUNSTREAKER!
VICTORY!




SIR, WORD FROM PRIME. HE CONGRATULATES YOU ON YOUR VICTORY.
HE ALSO SENT THESE COORDINATES. YOU'RE BEING REASSIGNED.
SOME PLACE CALLED EARTH.




WELL, THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY TO SHUT IT UP! THE NOISE IS UNBEARABLE!
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? ANESTHETICS? IT'S A MACHINE.
AZZARRGHH!
WHY DON'T WE TAKE IT OFFLINE SOMEHOW?
AND MISS OUT ON ALL THIS DATA? I DON'T THINK SO.

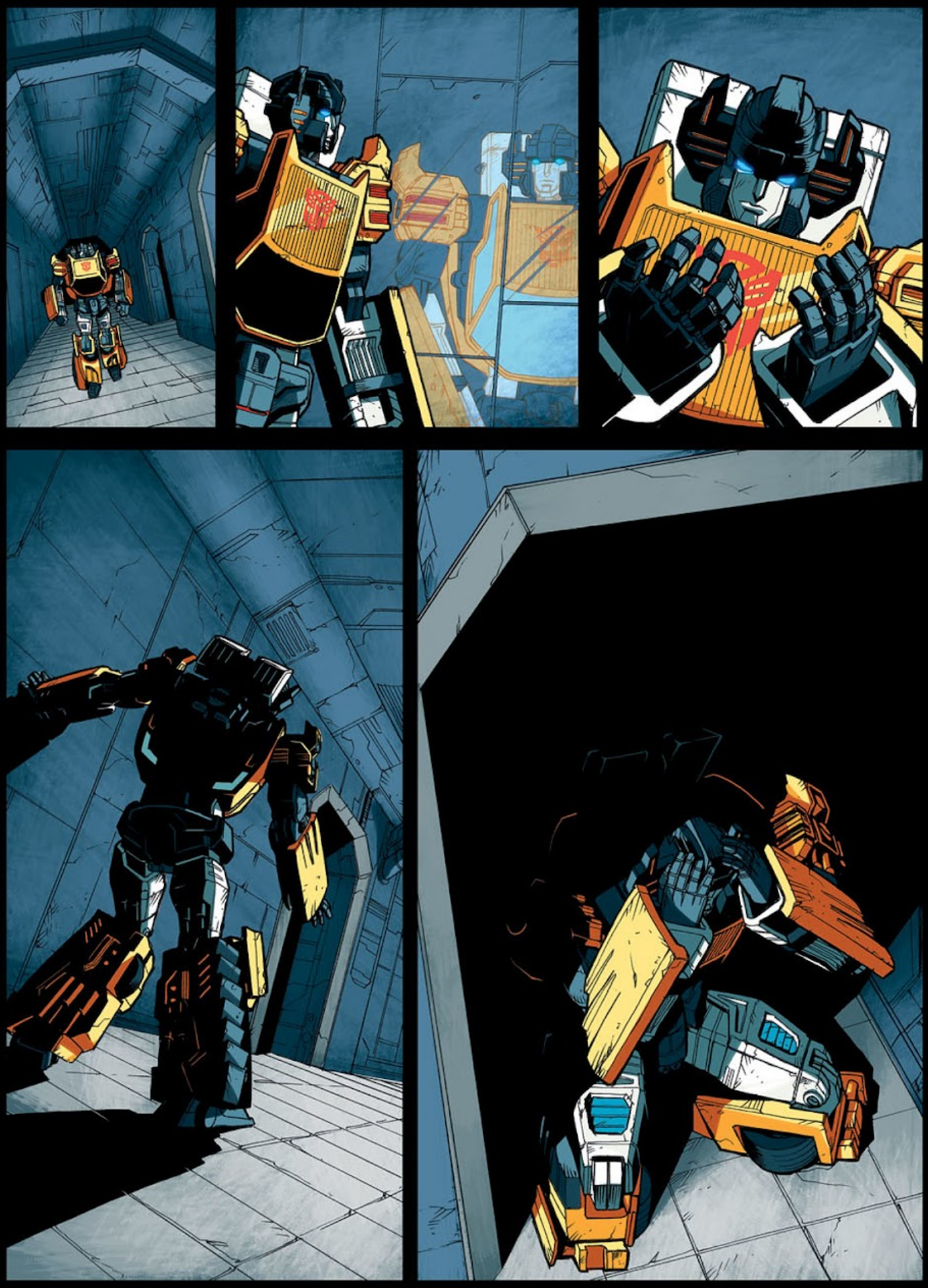

I WANT ALL THE READINGS WE CAN GET ON THESE THINGS.
IT'S A MACHINE, DOUGLAS, A PIECE OF METAL. IT'S NOT AS THOUGH IT CAN FEEL PAIN LIKE WE DO.
IT'S AN AUTOMATED RESPONSE.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT, IT'S JUST DISTRACTING.
THEN GET YOURSELF SOME EARPLUGS AND GET ON WITH IT.
NO, DON'T.
WHAT?
DON'T, IT'S... IT'S LOOKING AT ME.


IT'S NOT LOOKING AT ANYTHING.
IT IS, IT'S STARING. IT'S HIDEOUS.
LOOK AT IT. IT'S THE MOST GROTESQUE THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
YOU WANTED TO SEE IT.
HHHHELP... PLLLLEASSSE...
OH MY—
IT SPOKE!
—OH GOD, I'M GOING TO BE SICK!
IT SPOKE! HAHA. HEY, SAY IT AGAIN! SPEAK!
SPEAK!


HT—
HUNTERRR...
PEHLEASE...
...KILL ME!
NO. I WON'T ACCEPT THAT!
PWLEASE. I... JUST...
...WANT. THIS. TO. STOP.
NO. TEACH ME, SUNSTREAKER. TEACH ME HOW TO BE A HEADMASTER!
KUH... KILL ME. PLEASSSE.


CR CHAMBER'S* DONE YOU *WONDERS*. EVERYTHING *LOOKS* IN ORDER, BUT WE'LL NEED TO RUN A FULL BATTERY OF TESTS TO BE SURE.
*-CRYOGENIC RESTORATION.
CAN I GO?
OF COURSE. I CAN LET YOU KNOW THE RESULTS WHEN I HAVE THEM.
WE'RE ABOUT TO FINISH THE FINAL WORK ON HUNTER IF YOU—
—SUNSTREAKER!

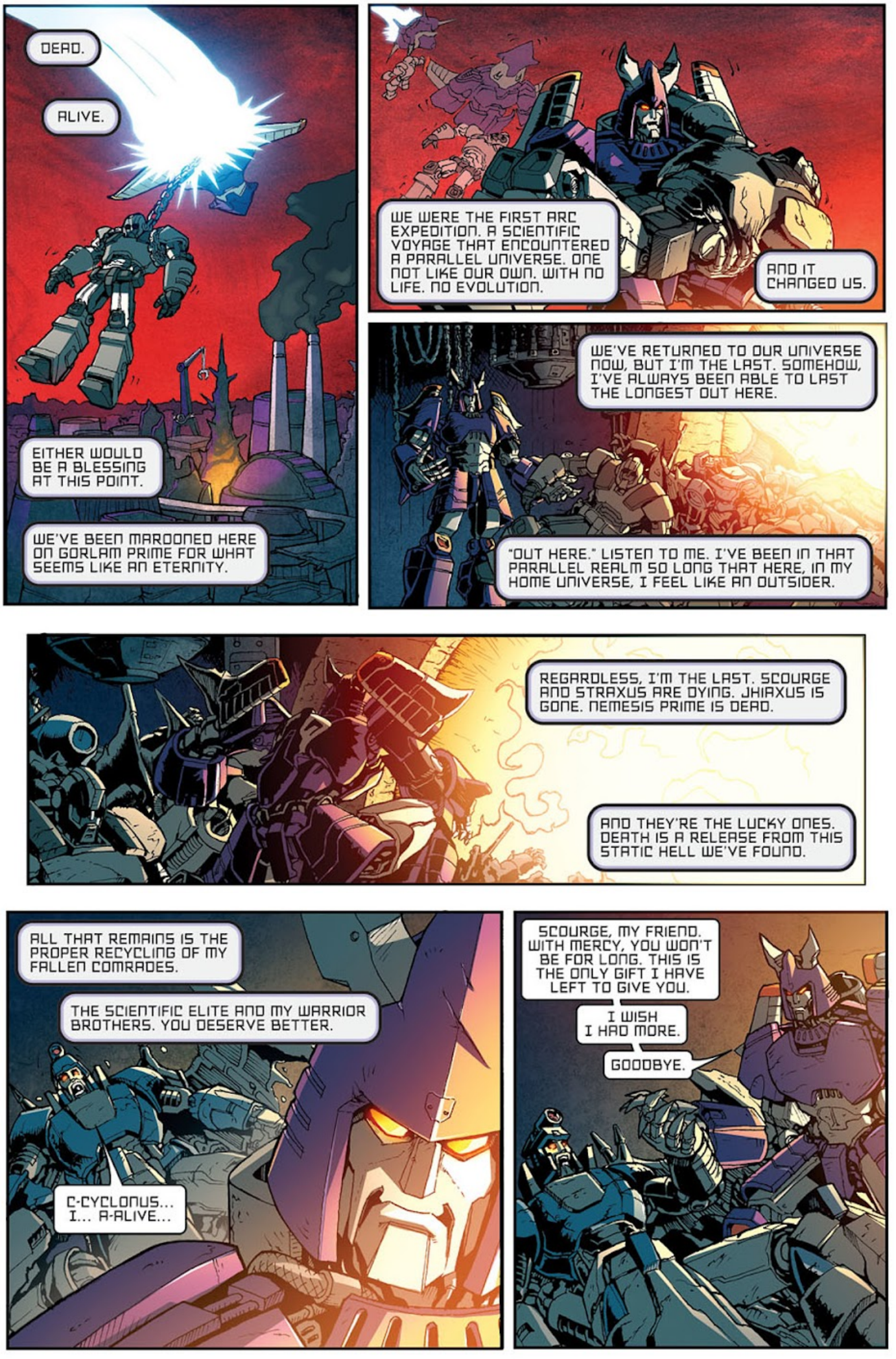

SORRY. I WAS JUST... A LITTLE UNSTEADY.
LOOK, I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THERE FOREVER. I JUST WANT TO GO FOR A WALK.
STREAKER. THIS CAN'T HAVE BEEN EASY FOR YOU. THIS HAS NEVER *HAPPENED* BEFORE.
IT'S NEW GROUND FOR *ALL* OF US.
THERE'S A HIGH POSSIBILITY OF NEURAL TRAUMA DUE TO THE BONDING AND SEPARATION.
YOU SHARED YOUR MIND AND BODY WITH A *HUMAN*. WHO *KNOWS* WHAT THAT'S DONE TO YOU?
I'M FINE. REALLY, RATCHET.
I'VE GOT MY BODY BACK. I'VE GOT MY HEAD BACK.
I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER.
I *PROMISE*.



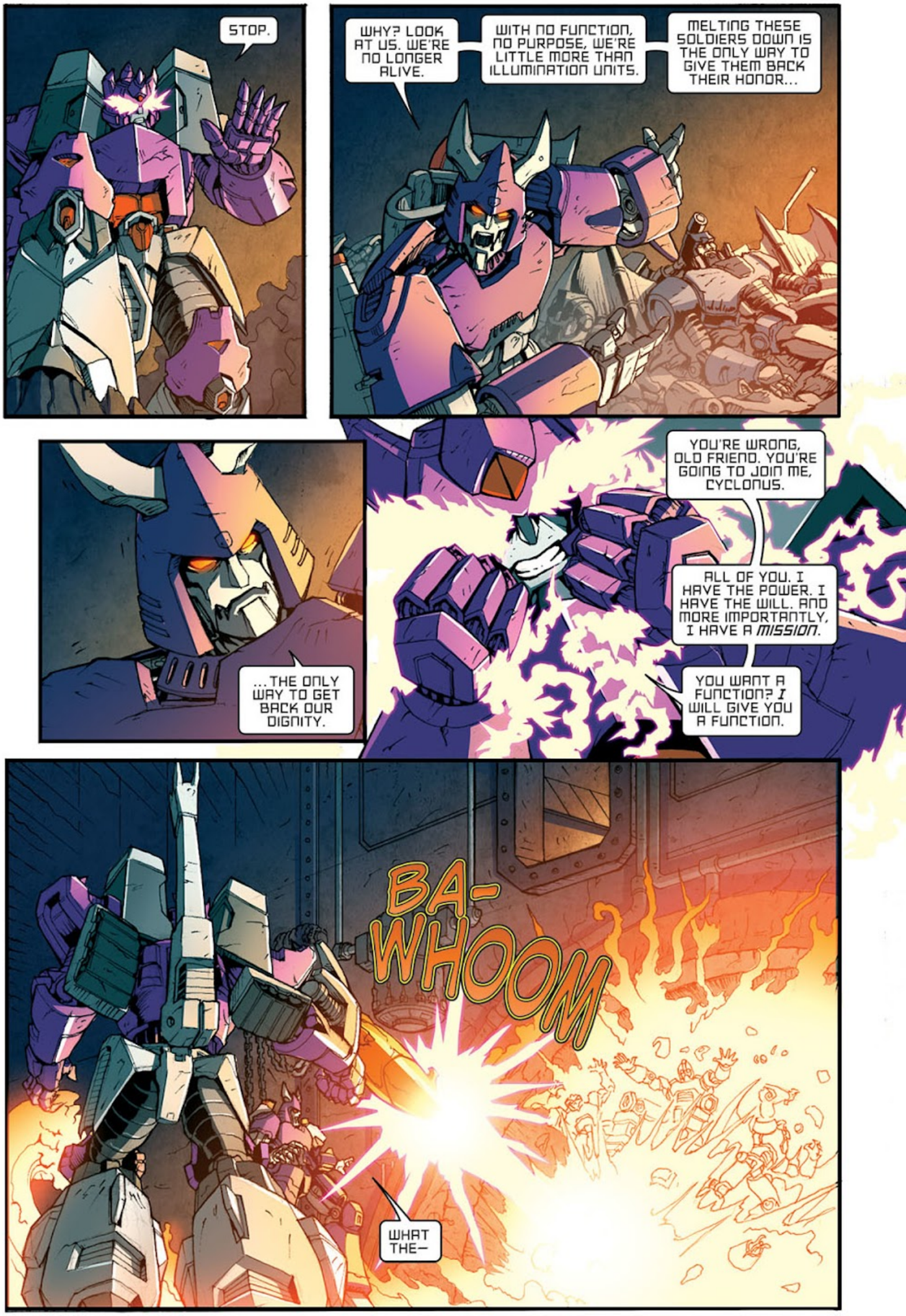

SUNSTREAKER! SUNSTREAKER!
WELL THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY TO SHUT IT UP! THE NOISE IS UNBEARABLE!
LOOK AT IT. IT'S THE MOST GROTESQUE THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
I... JUST...
...WANT. THIS. TO. STOP.

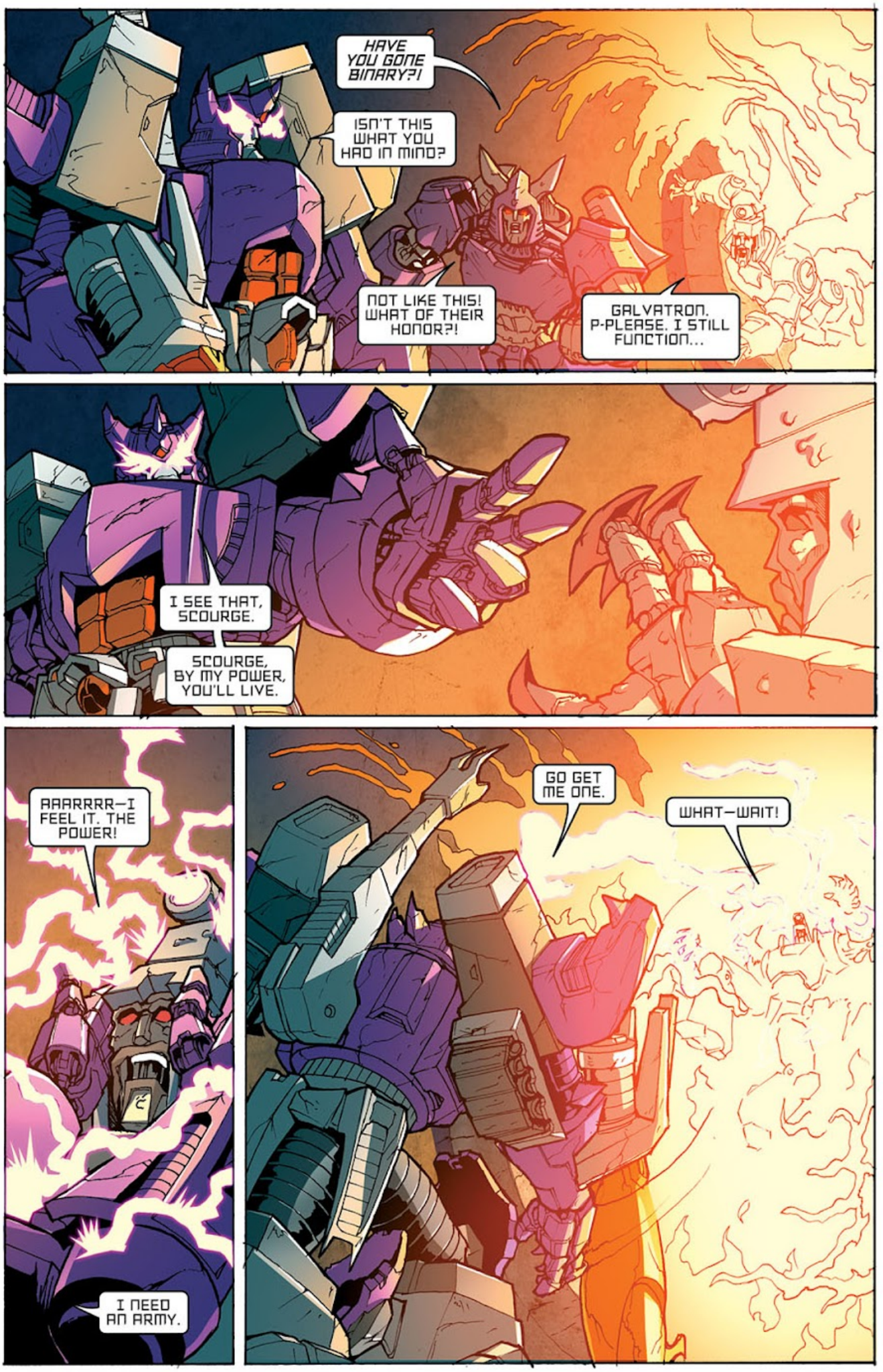

THE END.


AAAARRRRRRGGHHHH!
"REBIRTH"
HHUUURRR...
C-C-C-C-COLD... SO C-COLD...
THONK
C-C-C-CAN'T THINK...
...W-WE C-CAN ENDURE. M-MUST ENDURE.

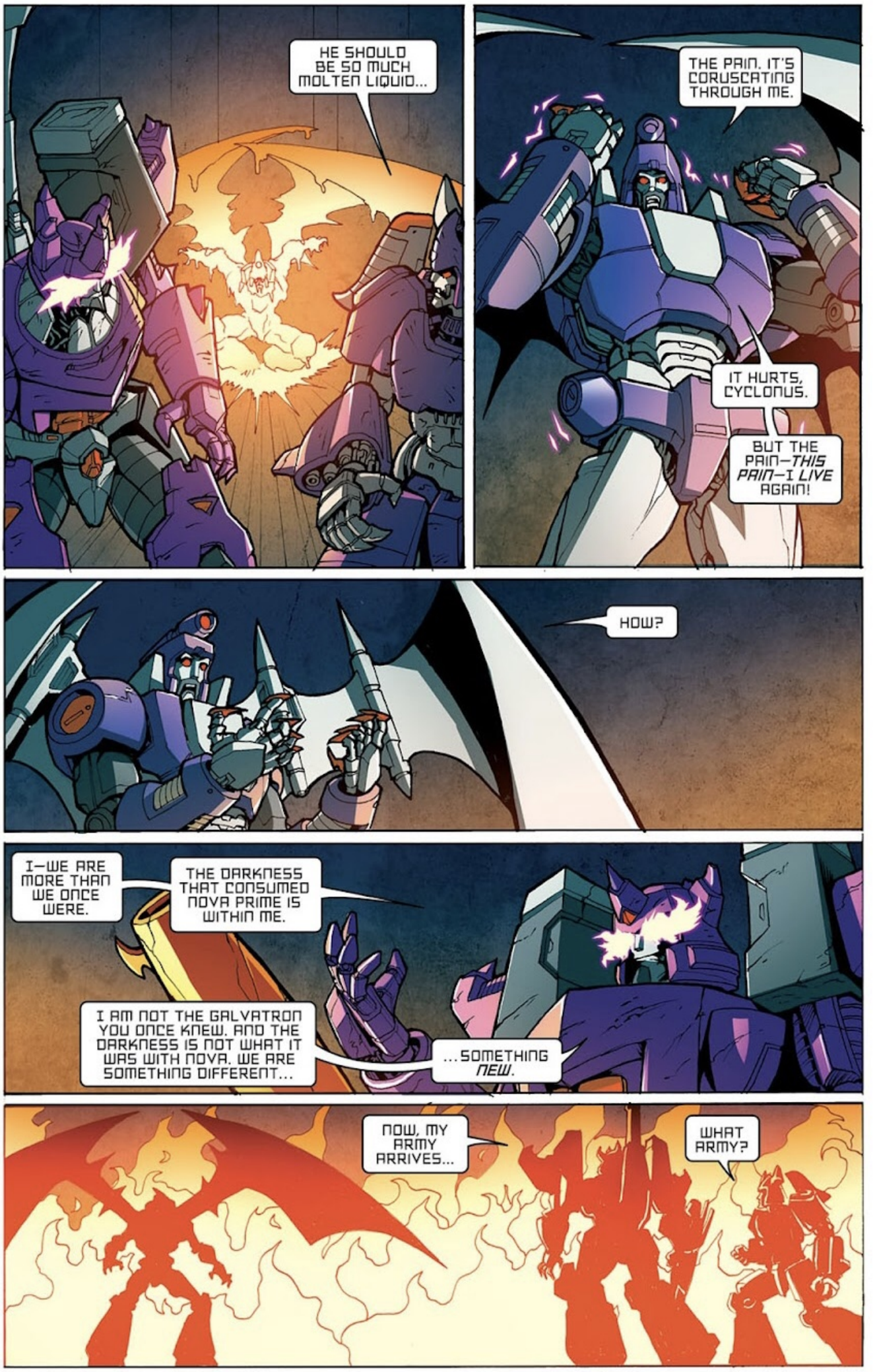

DEAD.
ALIVE.
EITHER WOULD BE A BLESSING AT THIS POINT.
WE'VE BEEN MAROONED HERE ON GORLAM PRIME FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY.
WE WERE THE FIRST ARC EXPEDITION. A SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE THAT ENCOUNTERED A PARALLEL UNIVERSE. ONE NOT LIKE OUR OWN. WITH NO LIFE. NO EVOLUTION.
AND IT CHANGED US.
WE'VE RETURNED TO OUR UNIVERSE NOW, BUT I'M THE LAST. SOMEHOW, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO LAST THE LONGEST OUT HERE.
"OUT HERE." LISTEN TO ME. I'VE BEEN IN THAT PARALLEL REALM SO LONG THAT HERE, IN MY HOME UNIVERSE, I FEEL LIKE AN OUTSIDER.
REGARDLESS, I'M THE LAST. SCOURGE AND STRAXUS ARE DYING. JHIAXUS IS GONE. NEMESIS PRIME IS DEAD.
AND THEY'RE THE LUCKY ONES. DEATH IS A RELEASE FROM THIS STATIC HELL WE'VE FOUND.
ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE PROPER RECYCLING OF MY FALLEN COMRADES.
THE SCIENTIFIC ELITE AND MY WARRIOR BROTHERS. YOU DESERVE BETTER.
C-CYCLONUS... I... A-ALIVE...
SCOURGE, MY FRIEND. WITH MERCY, YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG. THIS IS THE ONLY GIFT I HAVE LEFT TO GIVE YOU.
I WISH I HAD MORE.
GOODBYE.

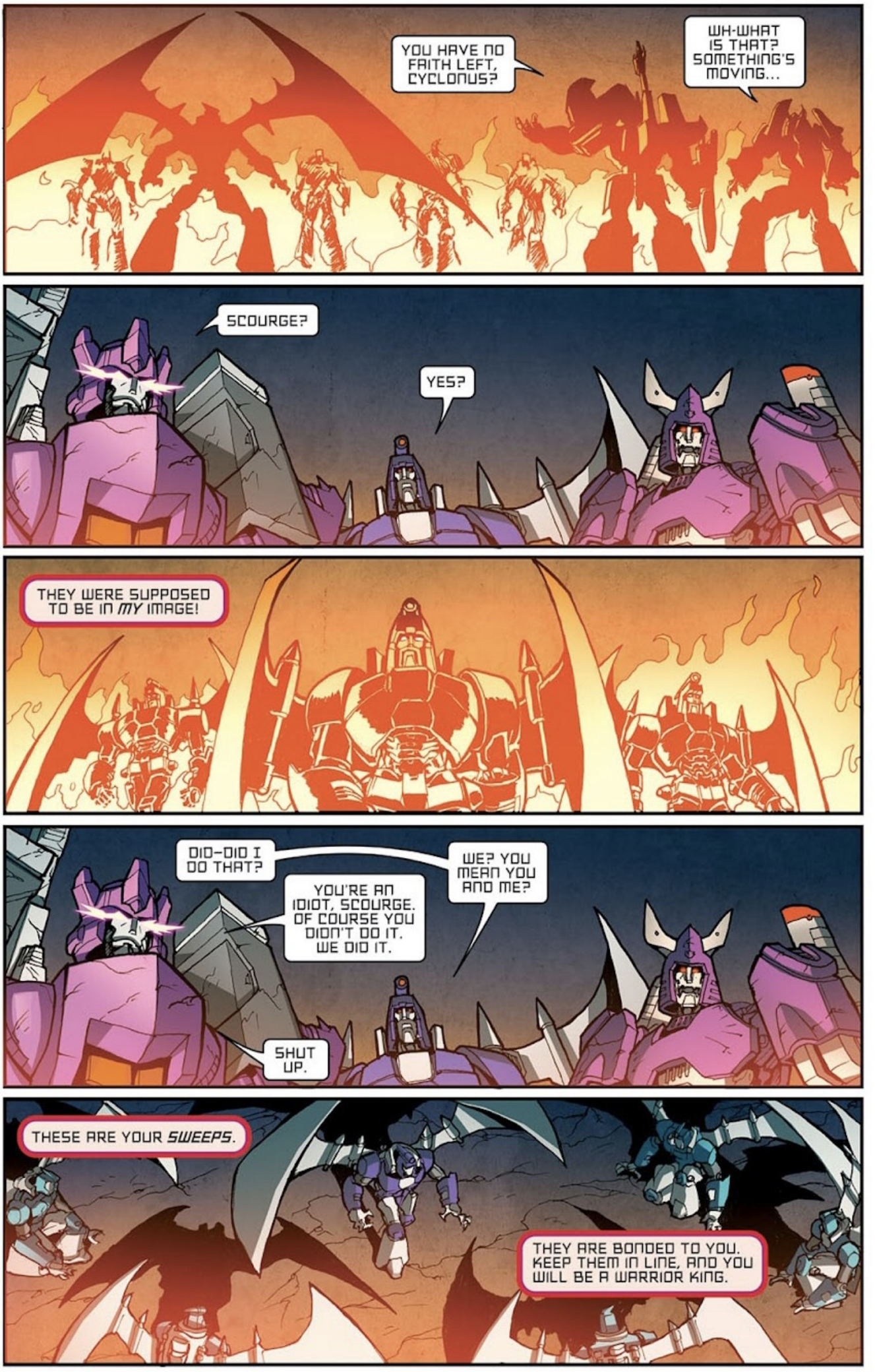

CYCLONUS!
GALVATRON!

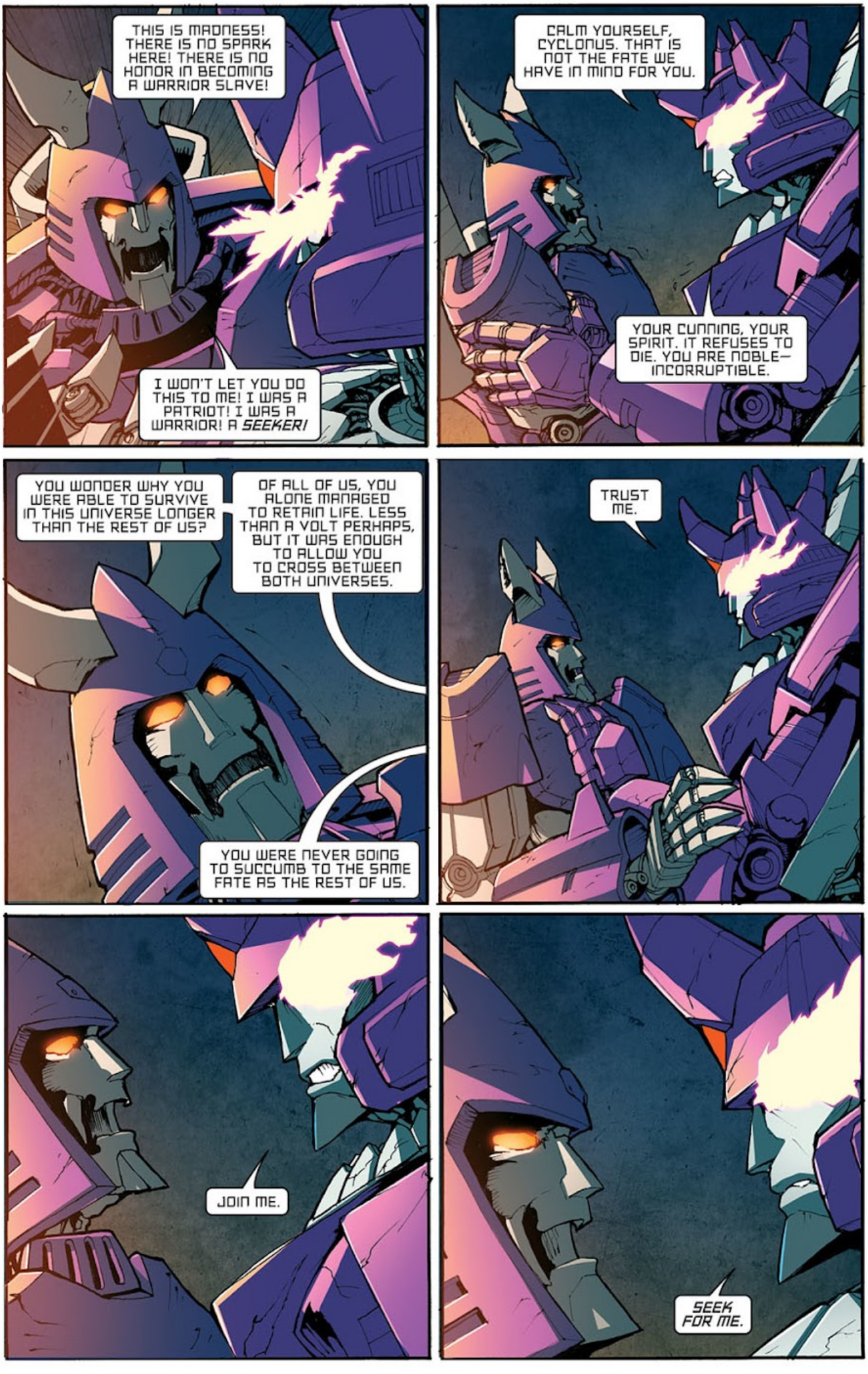

STOP.
WHY? LOOK AT US. WE'RE NO LONGER ALIVE.
WITH NO FUNCTION, NO PURPOSE, WE'RE LITTLE MORE THAN ILLUMINATION UNITS.
MELTING THESE SOLDIERS DOWN IS THE ONLY WAY TO GIVE THEM BACK THEIR HONOR...
...THE ONLY WAY TO GET BACK OUR DIGNITY.
YOU'RE WRONG, OLD FRIEND. YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN ME, CYCLONUS.
ALL OF YOU. I HAVE THE POWER. I HAVE THE WILL. AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, I HAVE A *MISSION*.
YOU WANT A FUNCTION? *I* WILL GIVE YOU A FUNCTION.
BA-WHOOM
WHAT THE—

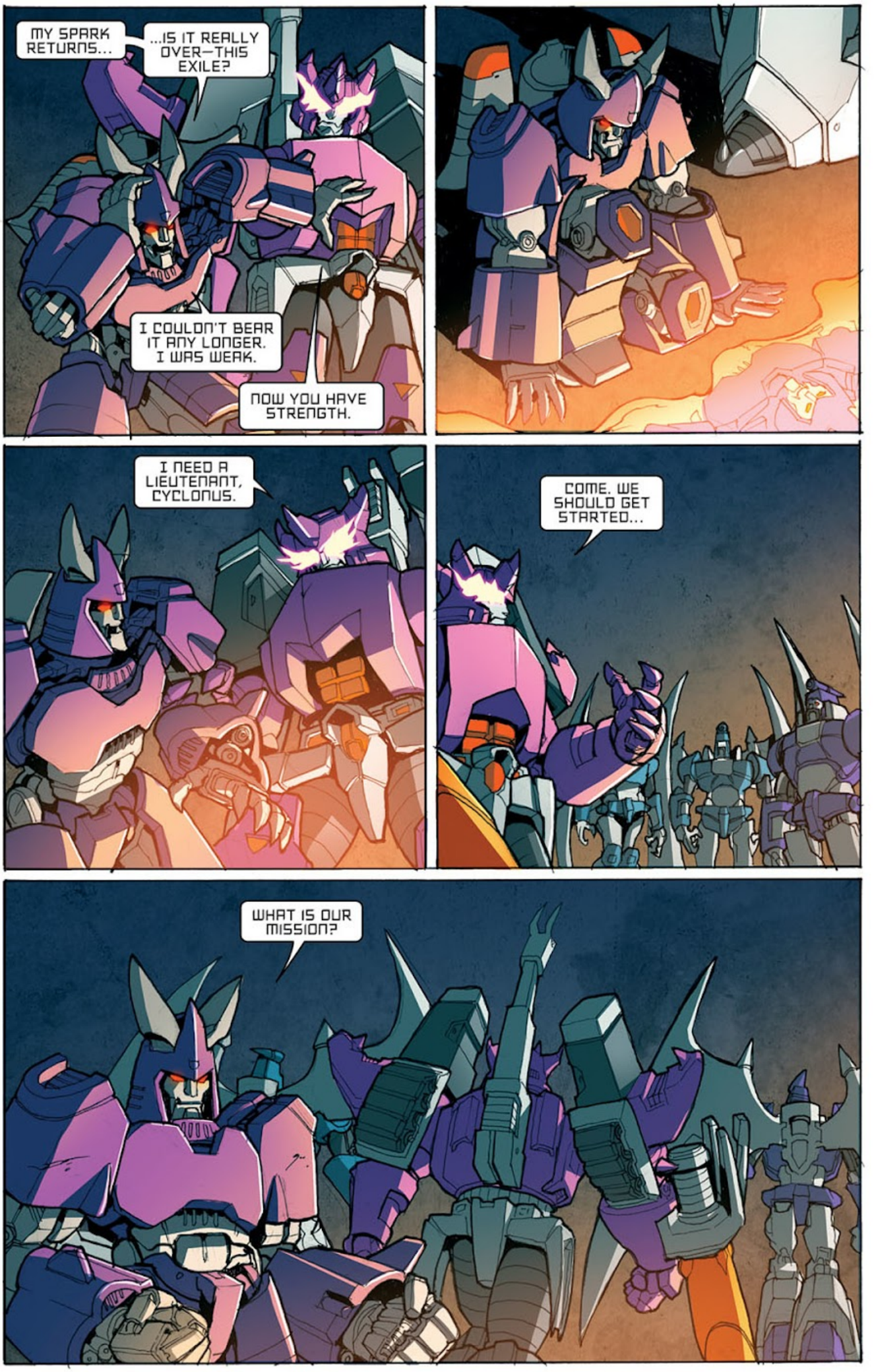

HAVE YOU GONE BINARY?!
ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND?
NOT LIKE THIS! WHAT OF THEIR HONOR?!
GALVATRON. P-PLEASE. I STILL FUNCTION...
I SEE THAT, SCOURGE.
SCOURGE, BY MY POWER, YOU'LL LIVE.
AAARRRR—I FEEL IT. THE POWER!
I NEED AN ARMY.
GO GET ME ONE.
WHAT—WAIT!

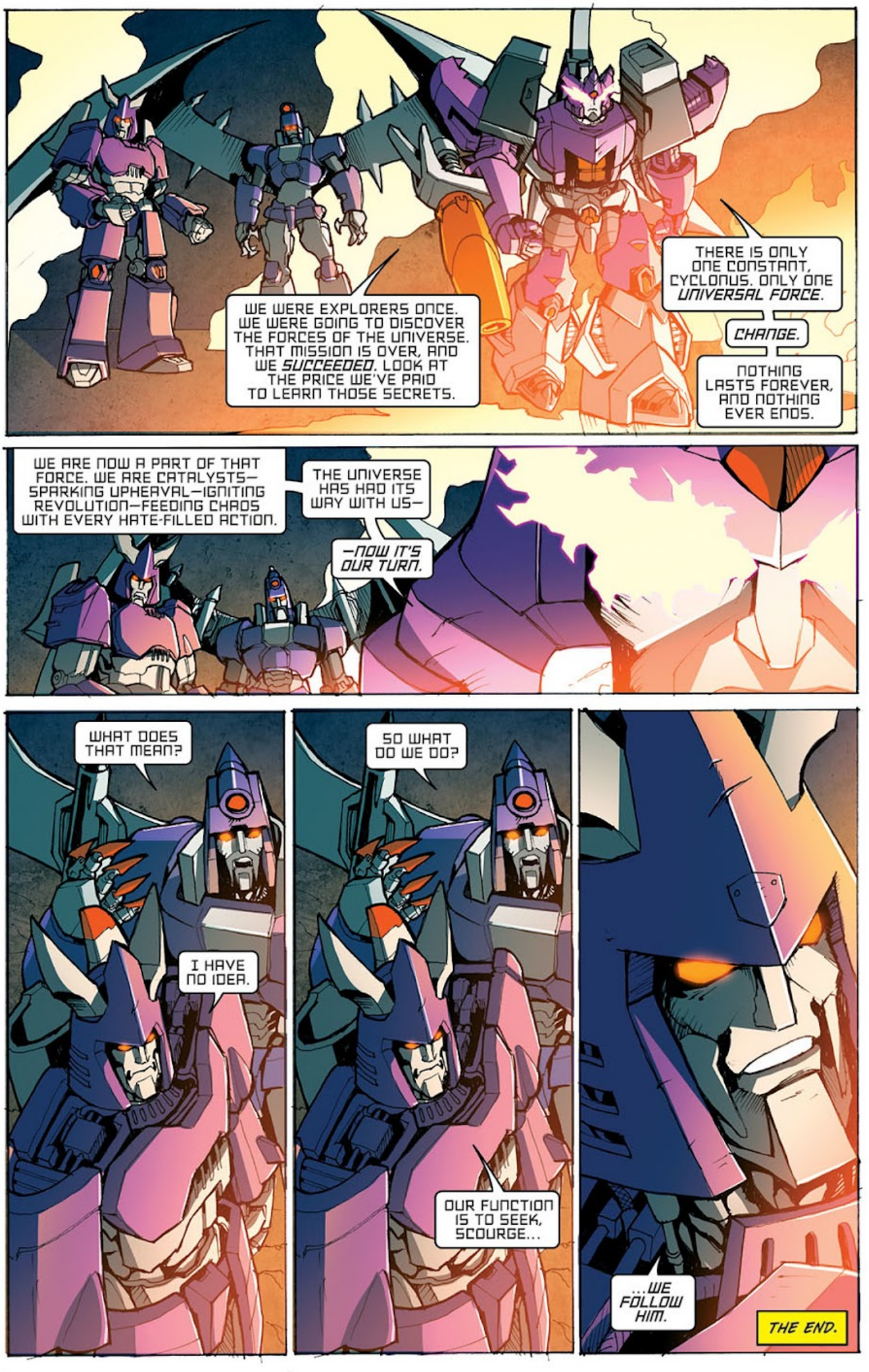

SHAAKAKKA-TOOM
BRAAKA-KOOM
BLUURP
SPUURT
AAAAIIIIEEEEEE!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?
NOT ME, CYCLONUS. THE *DARKNESS* WON'T LET HIM DIE.
GALVATRON!


HE SHOULD BE SO MUCH MOLTEN LIQUID...
THE PAIN. IT'S CORUSCATING THROUGH ME.
IT HURTS, CYCLONUS.
BUT THE PAIN—*THIS PAIN*—I *LIVE* AGAIN!
HOW?
I—WE ARE MORE THAN WE ONCE WERE.
THE DARKNESS THAT CONSUMED NOVA PRIME IS WITHIN ME.
I AM NOT THE GALVATRON YOU ONCE KNEW. AND THE DARKNESS IS NOT WHAT IT WAS WITH NOVA. WE ARE SOMETHING DIFFERENT...
...SOMETHING *NEW*.
NOW, MY ARMY ARRIVES...
WHAT ARMY?


YOU HAVE NO FAITH LEFT, CYCLONUS?
WH-WHAT IS THAT? SOMETHING'S MOVING...
SCOURGE?
YES?
THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN *MY* IMAGE!
DID-DID I DO THAT?
WE? YOU MEAN YOU AND ME?
YOU'RE AN IDIOT, SCOURGE. OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T DO IT. WE DID IT.
SHUT UP.
THESE ARE YOUR *SWEEPS*.
THEY ARE BONDED TO YOU. KEEP THEM IN LINE, AND YOU WILL BE A WARRIOR KING.


THIS IS MADNESS! THERE IS NO SPARK HERE! THERE IS NO HONOR IN BECOMING A WARRIOR SLAVE!
I WON'T LET YOU DO THIS TO ME! I WAS A PATRIOT! I WAS A WARRIOR! A SEEKER!
CALM YOURSELF, CYCLONUS. THAT IS NOT THE FATE WE HAVE IN MIND FOR YOU.
YOUR CUNNING, YOUR SPIRIT. IT REFUSES TO DIE. YOU ARE NOBLE— INCORRUPTIBLE.
YOU WONDER WHY YOU WERE ABLE TO SURVIVE IN THIS UNIVERSE LONGER THAN THE REST OF US?
OF ALL OF US, YOU ALONE MANAGED TO RETAIN LIFE. LESS THAN A VOLT PERHAPS, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH TO ALLOW YOU TO CROSS BETWEEN BOTH UNIVERSES.
YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO SUCCUMB TO THE SAME FATE AS THE REST OF US.
TRUST ME.
JOIN ME.
SEEK FOR ME.


MY SPARK RETURNS...
...IS IT REALLY OVER—THIS EXILE?
I COULDN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER. I WAS WEAK.
NOW YOU HAVE STRENGTH.
I NEED A LIEUTENANT, CYCLONUS.
COME. WE SHOULD GET STARTED...
WHAT IS OUR MISSION?


WE WERE EXPLORERS ONCE. WE WERE GOING TO DISCOVER THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE. THAT MISSION IS OVER, AND WE *SUCCEEDED*. LOOK AT THE PRICE WE'VE PAID TO LEARN THOSE SECRETS.
THERE IS ONLY ONE CONSTANT, CYCLONUS. ONLY ONE *UNIVERSAL FORCE*.
CHANGE.
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, AND NOTHING EVER ENDS.
WE ARE NOW A PART OF THAT FORCE. WE ARE CATALYSTS— SPARKING UPHEAVAL—IGNITING REVOLUTION—FEEDING CHAOS WITH EVERY HATE-FILLED ACTION.
THE UNIVERSE HAS HAD ITS WAY WITH US—
—NOW IT'S OUR TURN.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
I HAVE NO IDEA.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?
OUR FUNCTION IS TO SEEK, SCOURGE...
...WE FOLLOW HIM.
THE END.


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THE TRANSFORMERS
ALL HAIL MEGATRON

THE TRANSFORMERS

ALL HAIL MEGATRON #15





"EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE"

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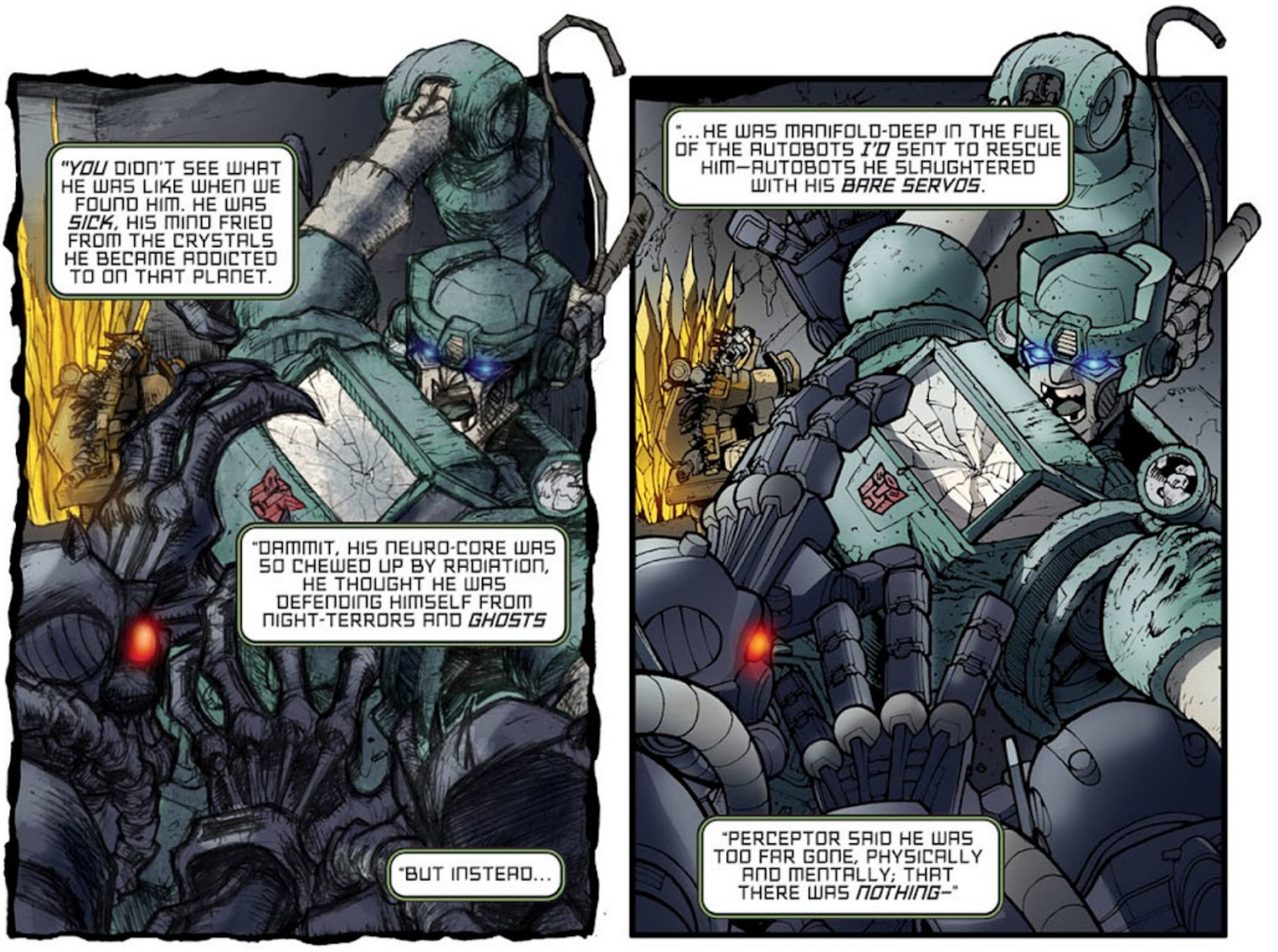
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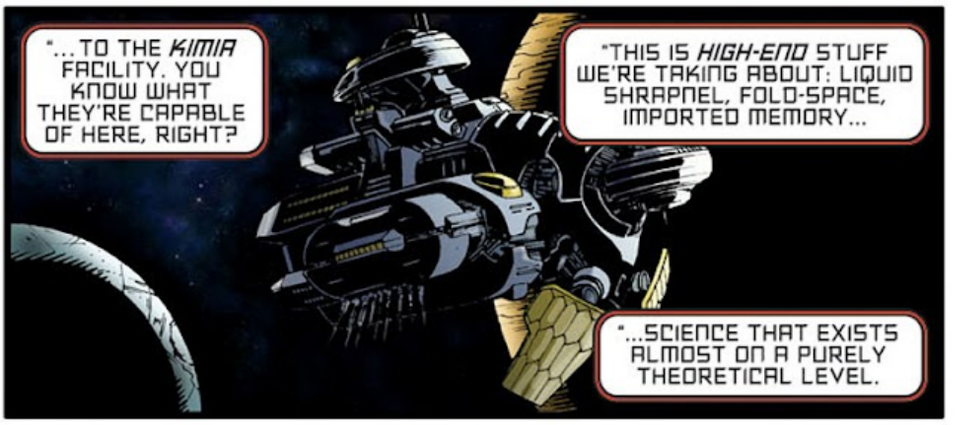
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"EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE"
EVERY ONE OF MY PROGNOSTIC EVALUATION PROGRAMS PREDICTED, WITH 98% CERTAINTY...
THWACK
WHERE'S KUP?
...THAT THIS WOULD BE HIS REACTION.


SEEMINGLY, SPRINGER HAD JUST MADE ONE OF HIS REGULAR TRIPS TO THE SCIENCE VESSEL ARK-17, TO CHECK ON THE PROGRESS OF THE VENERABLE—BUT CURRENTLY INCAPACITATED—KUP...
...HE WASN'T THERE.
AND WHERE'S PERCEPTOR?
NEITHER WAS PERCEPTOR.
TAKE IT EASY, SPRINGER...
SPRINGER...
...AS THE LEADER OF CRACK COMMANDO UNIT THE WRECKERS, HIS HANDS HAVEN'T BEEN CLEAN IN YEARS.
WHY DO WE AUTOBOTS RELY ON AN EXTREME LAST LINE OF DEFENSE WHEN WE SHOULD MAKE OUR FIRST ONE COUNT?
HIS DEFAULT SETTING IS TO OVERREACT. WITH ONE UPPERCUT, HE EPITOMIZES THE UNCHECKED STREAK OF BRAVADO THAT COURSES THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE AUTOBOTS.
WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE OF VICTORY IF WE CONTINUE TO INDULGE LOOSE CANNONS AND WILD CARDS?
...WE GOT HIM BACK.
WHAT I SET IN MOTION HERE, TODAY...WILL MARK THE TURNING POINT.
KUP'S BACK.
THAT'S... NOT POSSIBLE...


"YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT HE WAS LIKE WHEN WE FOUND HIM. HE WAS SICK, HIS MIND FRIED FROM THE CRYSTALS HE BECAME ADDICTED TO ON THAT PLANET.
"DAMMIT, HIS NEURO-CORE WAS SO CHEWED UP BY RADIATION, HE THOUGHT HE WAS DEFENDING HIMSELF FROM NIGHT-TERRORS AND GHOSTS
"BUT INSTEAD...
"...HE WAS MANIFOLD-DEEP IN THE FUEL OF THE AUTOBOTS I'D SENT TO RESCUE HIM—AUTOBOTS HE SLAUGHTERED WITH HIS BARE SERVOS.
"PERCEPTOR SAID HE WAS TOO FAR GONE, PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY; THAT THERE WAS NOTHING—"


YES. AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I HAD PERCEPTOR BRING KUP HERE...

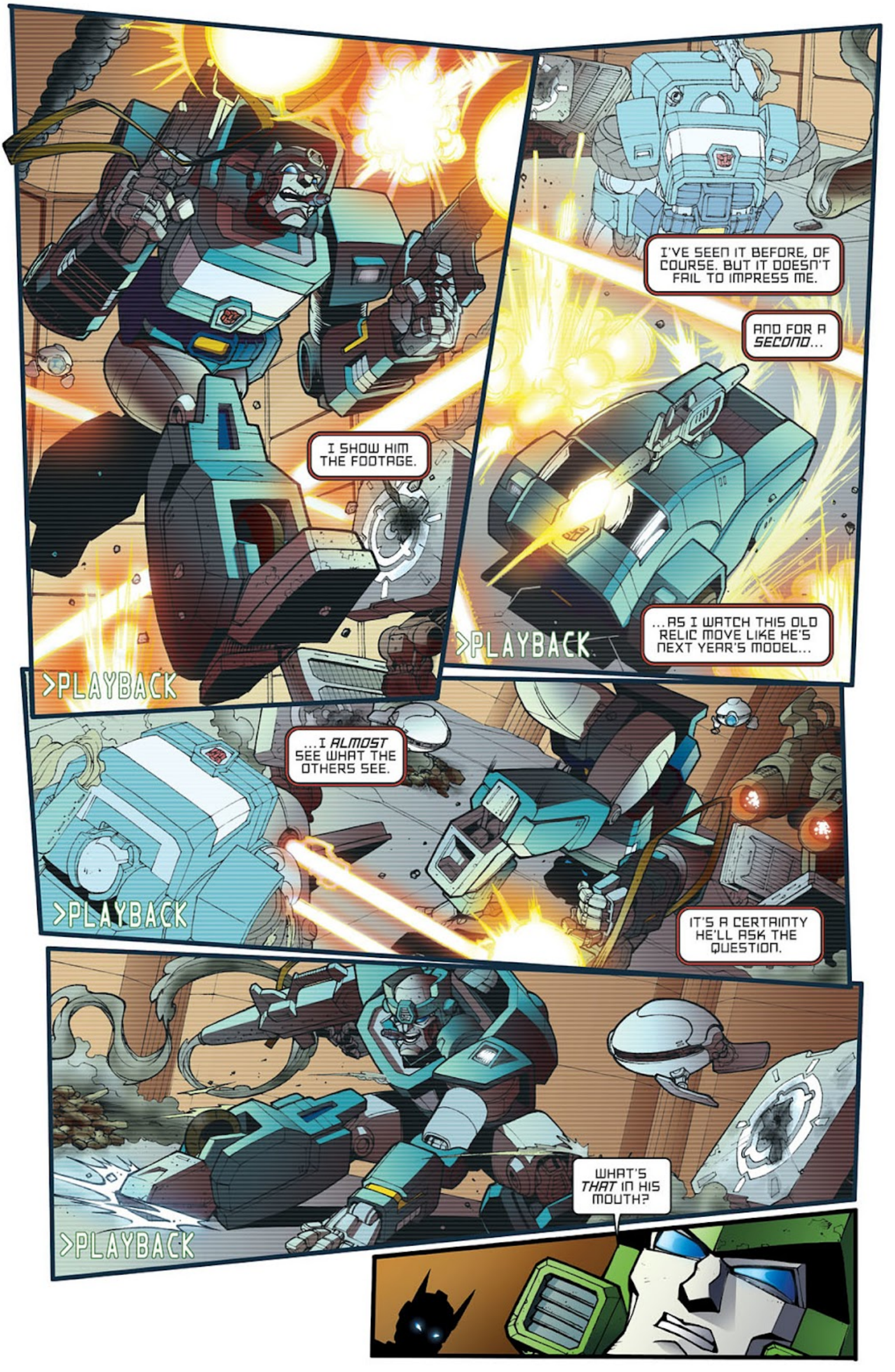

"...TO THE KIMIA FACILITY. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF HERE, RIGHT?
"THIS IS HIGH-END STUFF WE'RE TAKING ABOUT: LIQUID SHRAPNEL, FOLD-SPACE, IMPORTED MEMORY...
"...SCIENCE THAT EXISTS ALMOST ON A PURELY THEORETICAL LEVEL.


"I TEAMED PERCEPTOR WITH AN AUTOBOT WHO'S MADE SOME HUGE LEAPS RECENTLY DEVELOPING SOME VERY UNUSUAL TECH FOR US—"
"SCROLL BACK... 'UNUSUAL TECH'? THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF..."

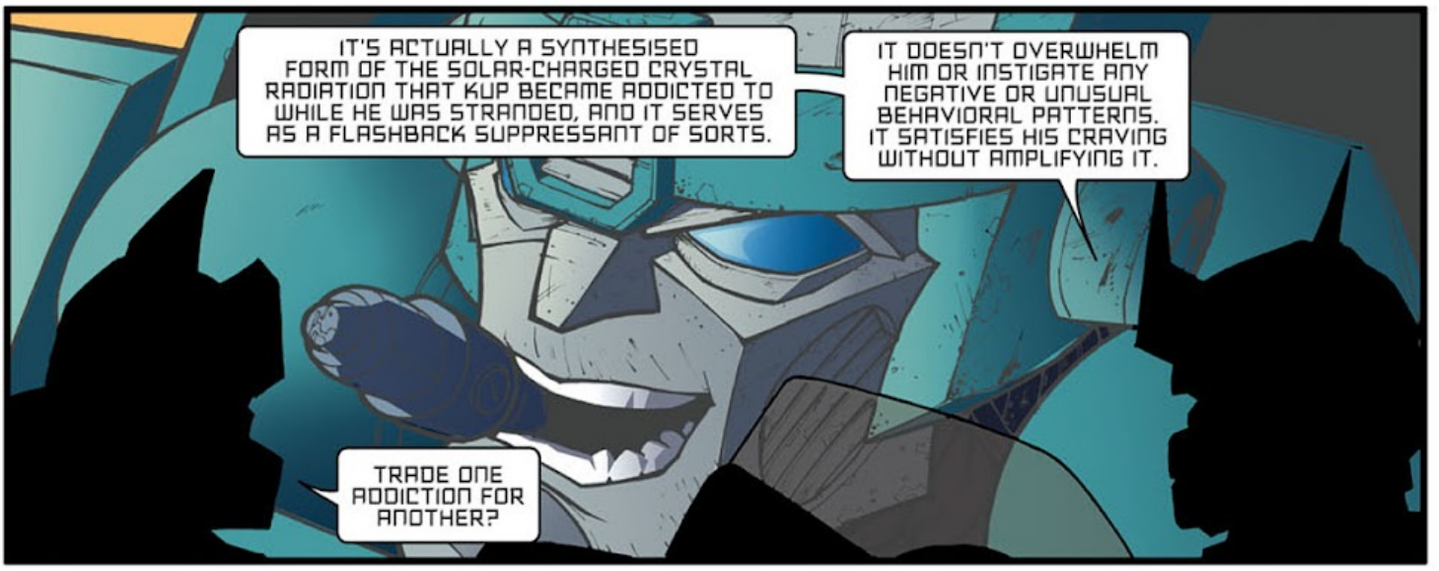

...I KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS PLACE, PROWL. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY FREAKY GRAVITON BLASTERS AND CHRONAL-DISPLACEMENT GRENADES THE WRECKERS HAVE TESTED OUT FOR KIMIA? THE STUFF THESE GUYS COOK UP...


...WAIT A CYC'...


...TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST DRAG KUP HERE TO REVERSE-ENGINEER SOME KIND OF WEAPON THAT CAN INFLICT THAT SORT OF RADIATION DAMAGE ON A DECEPTICON?
NO, SPRINGER—
BUT DON'T THINK I DIDN'T CONSIDER IT.
—I HAD KUP BROUGHT HERE BECAUSE *THIS* WAS WHERE BREAKTHROUGHS WERE BEING MADE... WITH THE *PRETENDER PROCESS*.
OVER-REACTION PREDICTED WITH 89% ACCURACY.
WAIT—*THE PRETENDER PROCESS?!*
THE *SAME* PRETENDER PROCESS THAT 'CON ZEALOT *BLUDGEON* HOME-BREWED? THE *SAME* ONE THAT LED TO THE WHOLE *THUNDERWING* MESS, WHICH MEANS *WE* DON'T GET TO LIVE ON *CYBERTRON* ANYMORE?
NICE PLAY, PROWL. THIS SCHEME MAKES KUP'S RESCUE MISSION LOOK AS SMOOTH AS A GEAR CHANGE FROM *BLURR*.
I HAVE HEARD THIS EXACT *SPRINGERISM* PRECISELY *76* TIMES OVER THE LAST THREE-DOZEN DECA-CYCLES. THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT HIM I CANNOT PREDICT.
YOU MUST HAVE MISSED THE PART WHERE I MENTIONED THE *BREAKTHROUGH*, SPRINGER. *JETFIRE* STABILIZED THE PROCESS DURING HIS DEFENSE AGAINST THE *EXPANSION*,* GIVING THE TECHS AT THE FACILITY A WAY FORWARD TO REBUILD KUP.
THIS STATEMENT IS 100% FACTUAL. AS IS THE POINT THAT THE SCIENTISTS HERE CAN MAKE THE *IMPROVEMENTS* IN KUP THAT I WILL LATER REQUIRE.
WE ALWAYS KNEW THAT UPGRADING HIM WOULD BE AN ISSUE DUE TO HIS *PHYSICAL INCOMPATIBILITY* WITH CURRENT TECH, BUT BLUDGEON'S SEEMINGLY FLAWED IDEA OFFERED US A SOLUTION.
*SEE *TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT: SIDESWIPE*
YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THIS REBUILT KUP... IS A *PRETENDER?*
NEVER WAS TRUER SYNTAX VOCALISED.
GOT IT: THERE'S NO INNER-ROBOT BODY PER SE, BUT THE *CEREBRAL INTERFACE* OPERATES ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE.
HOW?
HOW CAN YOU *HAVE* A CEREBRAL INTERFACE WHEN HE BARELY HAS A CEREBRO-CORTEX LEFT TO INTERFACE WITH?
I DON'T HAVE TO RUN PROJECTED PERSONALITY SIMULATIONS TO KNOW THAT GUILT, WORRY, AND A REFUSAL TO MOVE ON ARE FUELLING HIS DISBELIEF. BUT HE CAN BE SO TIRING...
THE SCIENTISTS MADE A BREAKTHROUGH, SPRINGER. THAT'S THEIR JOB. DON'T YOU GET IT? THIS IS REAL. KUP'S *BACK*. WATCH.


I SHOW HIM THE FOOTAGE.
>PLAYBACK
I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE, OF COURSE. BUT IT DOESN'T FAIL TO IMPRESS ME.
AND FOR A *SECOND*...
...AS I WATCH THIS OLD RELIC MOVE LIKE HE'S NEXT YEAR'S MODEL...
>PLAYBACK
...I *ALMOST* SEE WHAT THE OTHERS SEE.
>PLAYBACK
IT'S A CERTAINTY HE'LL ASK THE QUESTION.
>PLAYBACK
WHAT'S *THAT* IN HIS MOUTH?

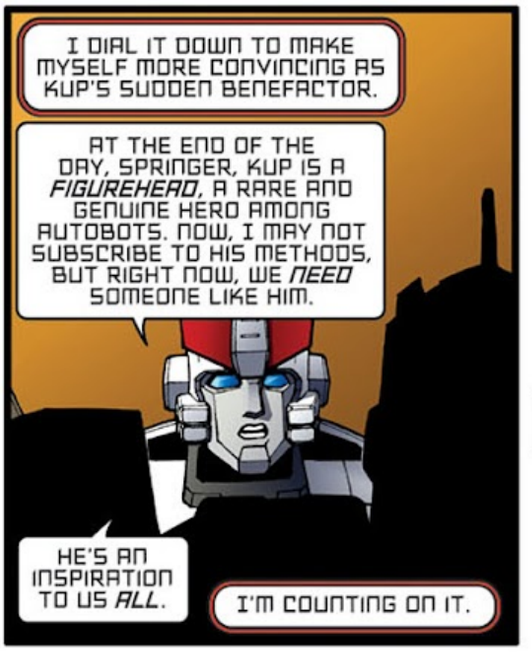

WHY IS HE SUCKING ON A *CY-GAR*?
THAT'D BE THE BREAKTHROUGH PERCEPTOR AND HIS TEAM MADE.
THAT WOULD BE SOME RETROGRADE POISON HE'S SUCKING ON. WHY THE HELL DID THESE SCIENCE-BOTS SHOVE A CY-GAR IN HIS FACE?


IT'S ACTUALLY A SYNTHESISED FORM OF THE SOLAR-CHARGED CRYSTAL RADIATION THAT KUP BECAME ADDICTED TO WHILE HE WAS STRANDED, AND IT SERVES AS A FLASHBACK SUPPRESSANT OF SORTS.
IT DOESN'T OVERWHELM HIM OR INSTIGATE ANY NEGATIVE OR UNUSUAL BEHAVIORAL PATTERNS. IT SATISFIES HIS CRAVING WITHOUT AMPLIFYING IT.
TRADE ONE ADDICTION FOR ANOTHER?

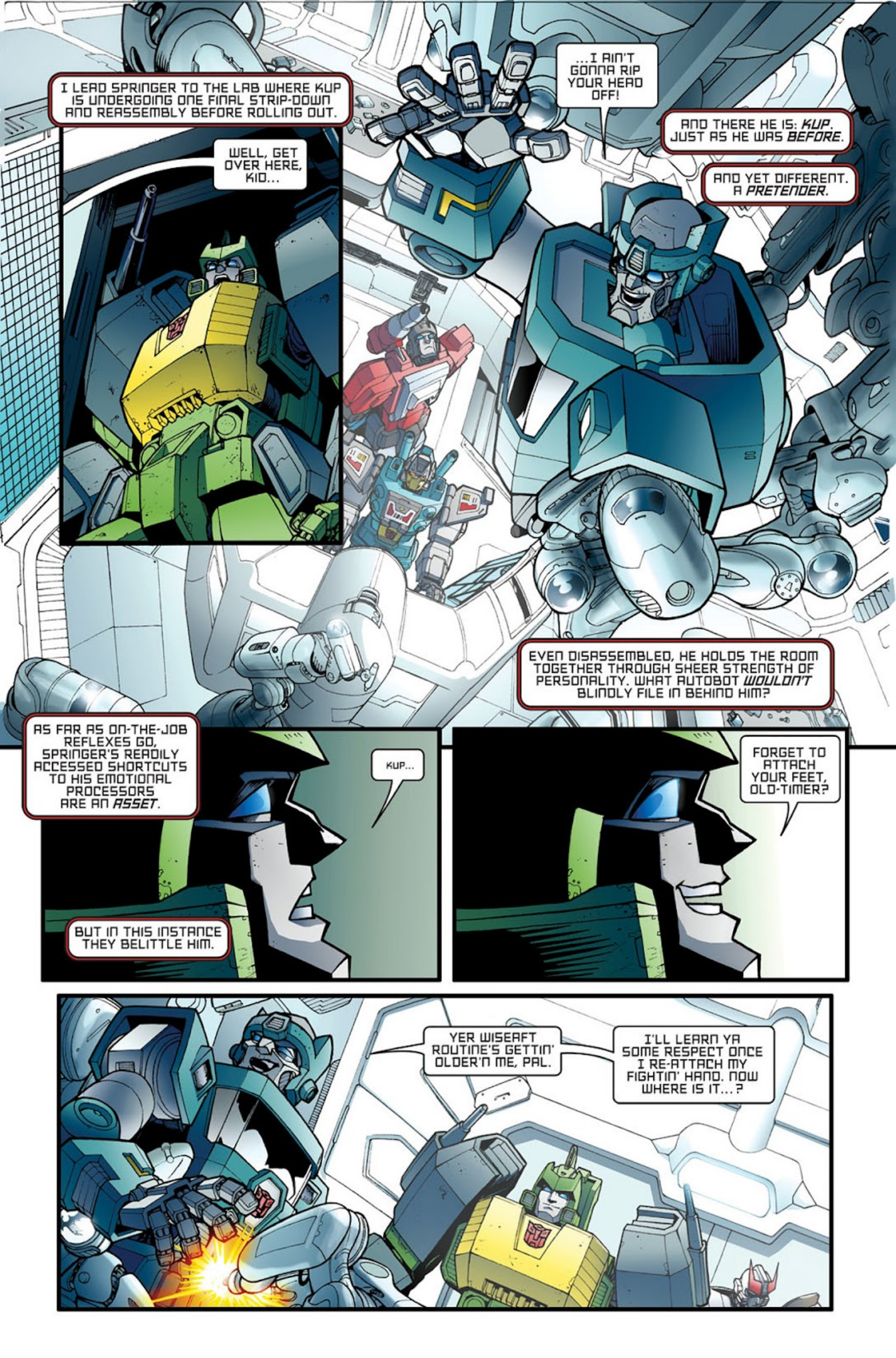

BETTER TO THINK OF IT AS KEEPING HIS PERSONALITY PROPPED UP.
WHICH IS EXACTLY HOW I NEED HIM.
BECAUSE IF KUP LOSES STABILITY, THEN HIS WHOLE REASON FOR BEING HERE—THE *SPECIALLY ENCODED PERSONALITY SUBROUTINES* I HAD PERCEPTOR INSTALL—JUST WON'T TAKE EFFECT.
THE ETHICS CAUSE ME NO GUILT. OBVIOUSLY, I KEEP ALL THIS FROM *SPRINGER*, JUST AS I'M CERTAIN HE WOULD KEEP FACTS ABOUT HOW UNPLEASANT HIS JOB CAN GET WHEN HE'S WITH *THE WRECKERS*.
NECESSITY RULES.

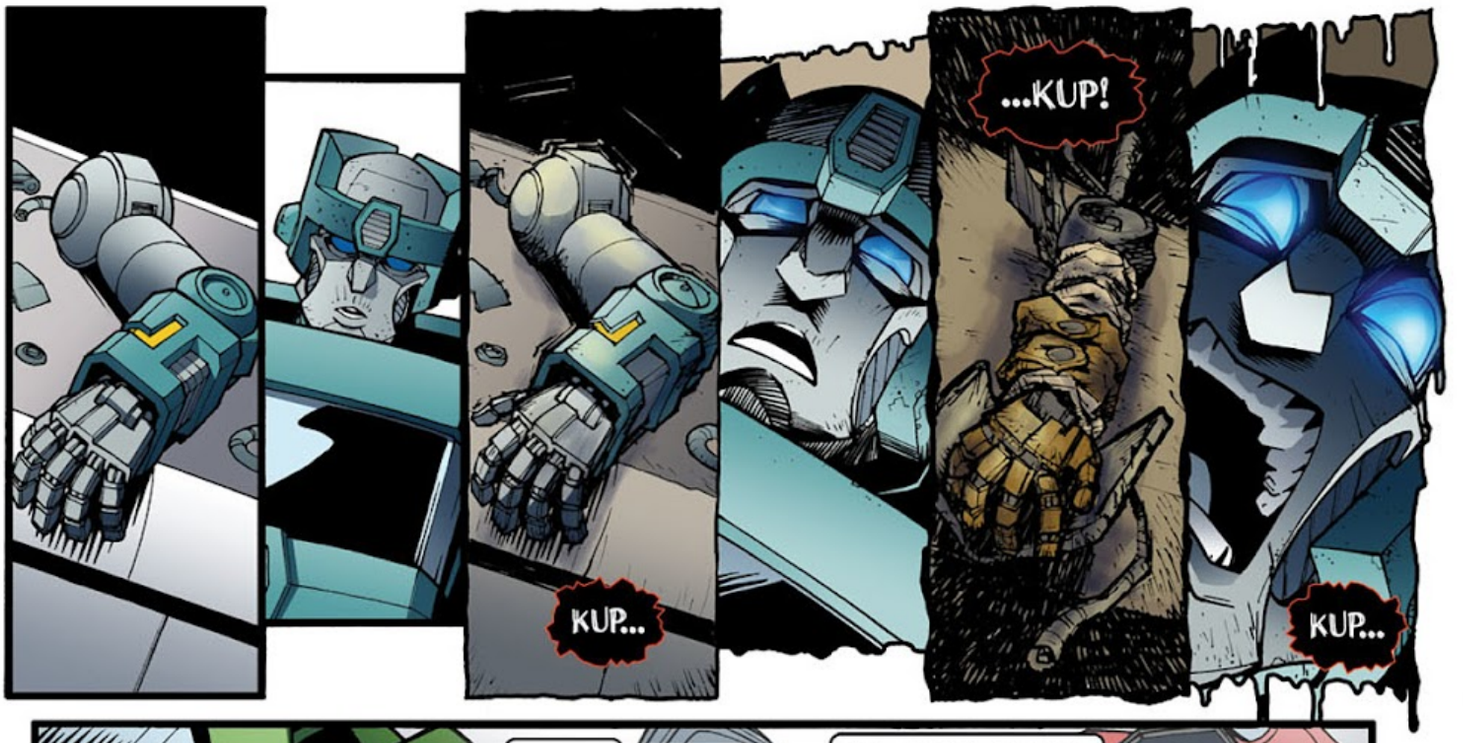

LOOK SPRINGER, IT'S NOT IDEAL. BUT AS LONG AS HE KEEPS *IT*, WE KEEP *KUP*.
AND THAT'S SURELY THE LOWEST PRICE WE'VE PAID SO FAR?

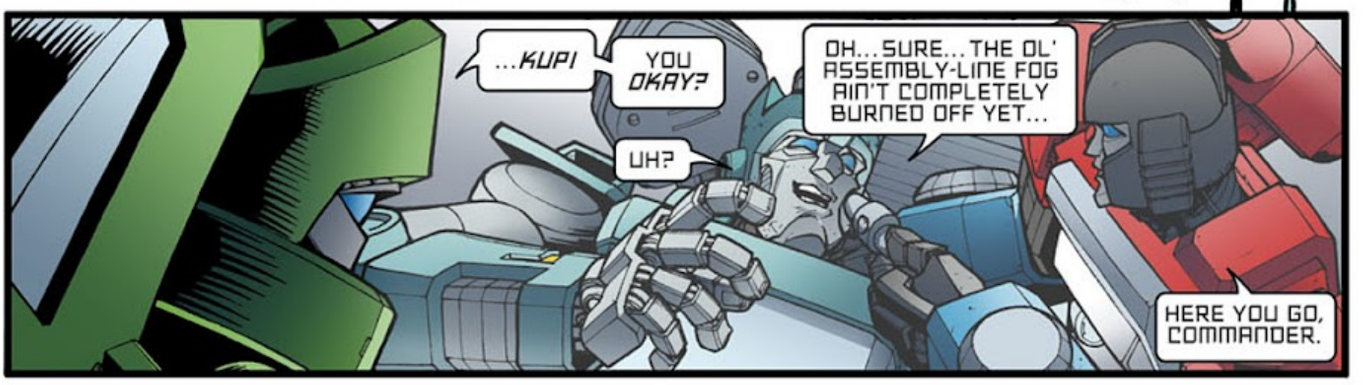

THAT'S WHAT I LOVE ABOUT YOU, PROWL: YOU EVEN CALCULATE YOUR OFF HAND REMARKS TO MAXIMUM EFFECT.


I DIAL IT DOWN TO MAKE MYSELF MORE CONVINCING AS KUP'S SUDDEN BENEFACTOR.
AT THE END OF THE DAY, SPRINGER, KUP IS A *FIGUREHEAD*, A RARE AND GENUINE HERO AMONG AUTOBOTS. NOW, I MAY NOT SUBSCRIBE TO HIS METHODS, BUT RIGHT NOW, WE *NEED* SOMEONE LIKE HIM.
HE'S AN INSPIRATION TO US *ALL*.
I'M COUNTING ON IT.

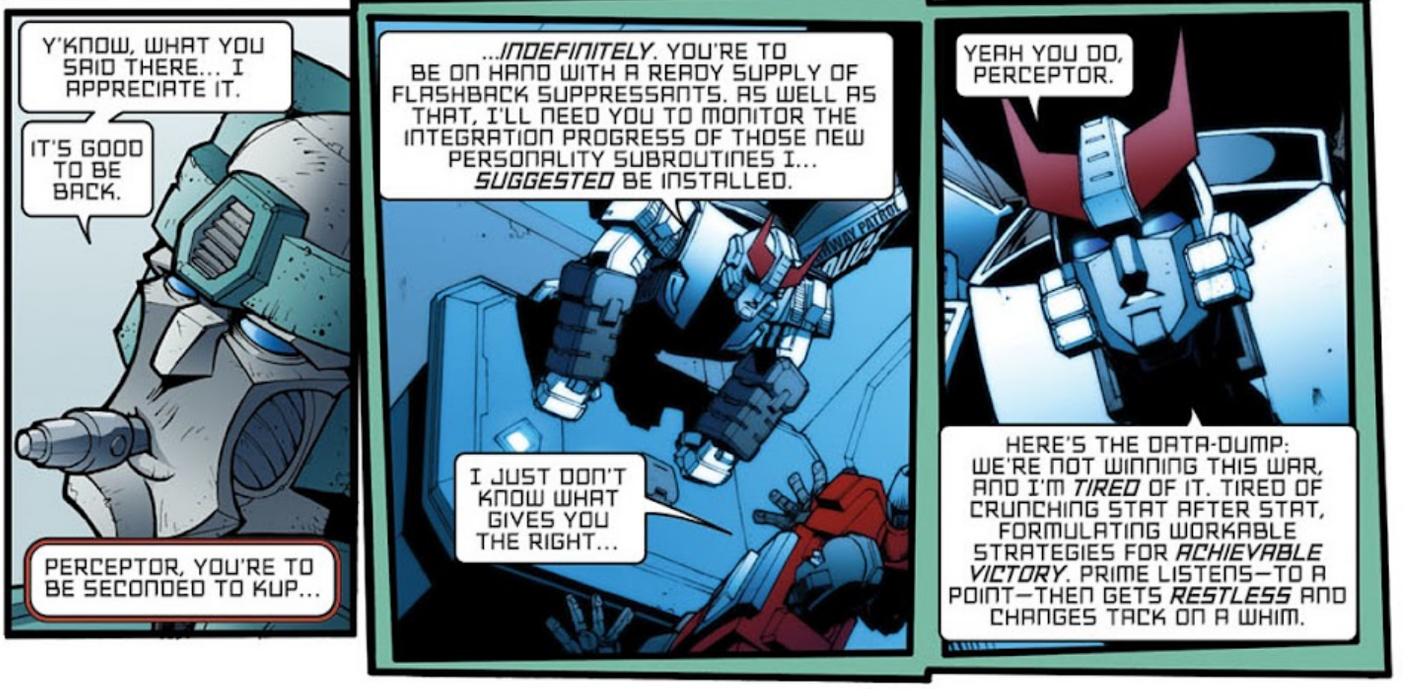

LET ME SEE HIM.

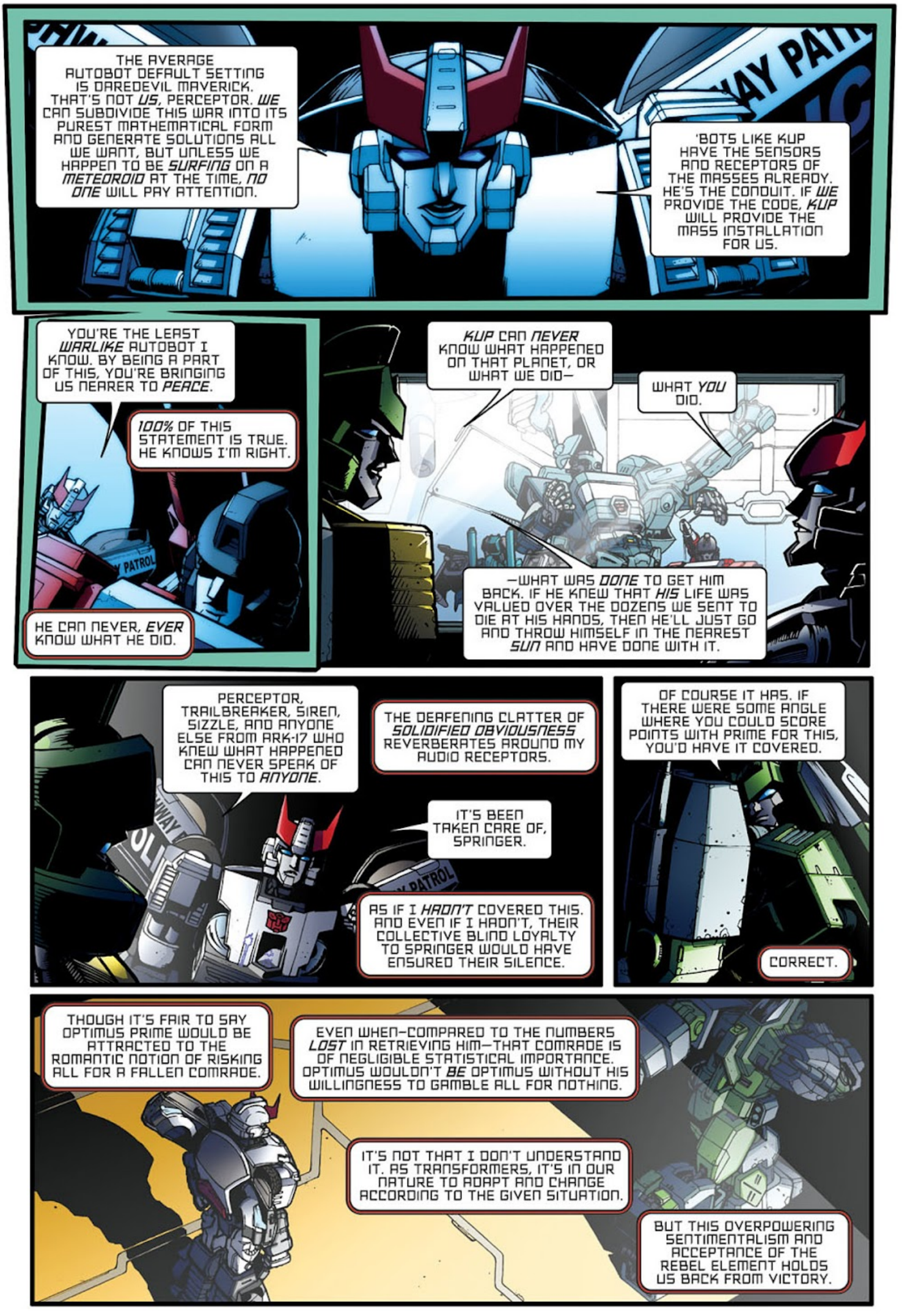

I LEAD SPRINGER TO THE LAB WHERE KUP IS UNDERGOING ONE FINAL STRIP-DOWN AND REASSEMBLY BEFORE ROLLING OUT.
WELL, GET OVER HERE, KID...
...I AIN'T GONNA RIP YOUR HEAD OFF!
AND THERE HE IS: *KUP*. JUST AS HE WAS *BEFORE*.
AND YET DIFFERENT. A *PRETENDER*.
EVEN DISASSEMBLED, HE HOLDS THE ROOM TOGETHER THROUGH SHEER STRENGTH OF PERSONALITY. WHAT AUTOBOT *WOULDN'T* BLINDLY FILE IN BEHIND HIM?
AS FAR AS ON-THE-JOB REFLEXES GO, SPRINGER'S READILY ACCESSED SHORTCUTS TO HIS EMOTIONAL PROCESSORS ARE AN *ASSET*.
KUP...
BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THEY BELITTLE HIM.
FORGET TO ATTACH YOUR FEET, OLD-TIMER?
YER WISEAFT ROUTINE'S GETTIN' OLDER'N ME, PAL.
I'LL LEARN YA SOME RESPECT ONCE I RE-ATTACH MY FIGHTIN' HAND. NOW WHERE IS IT...?


KUP...
...KUP!
KUP...

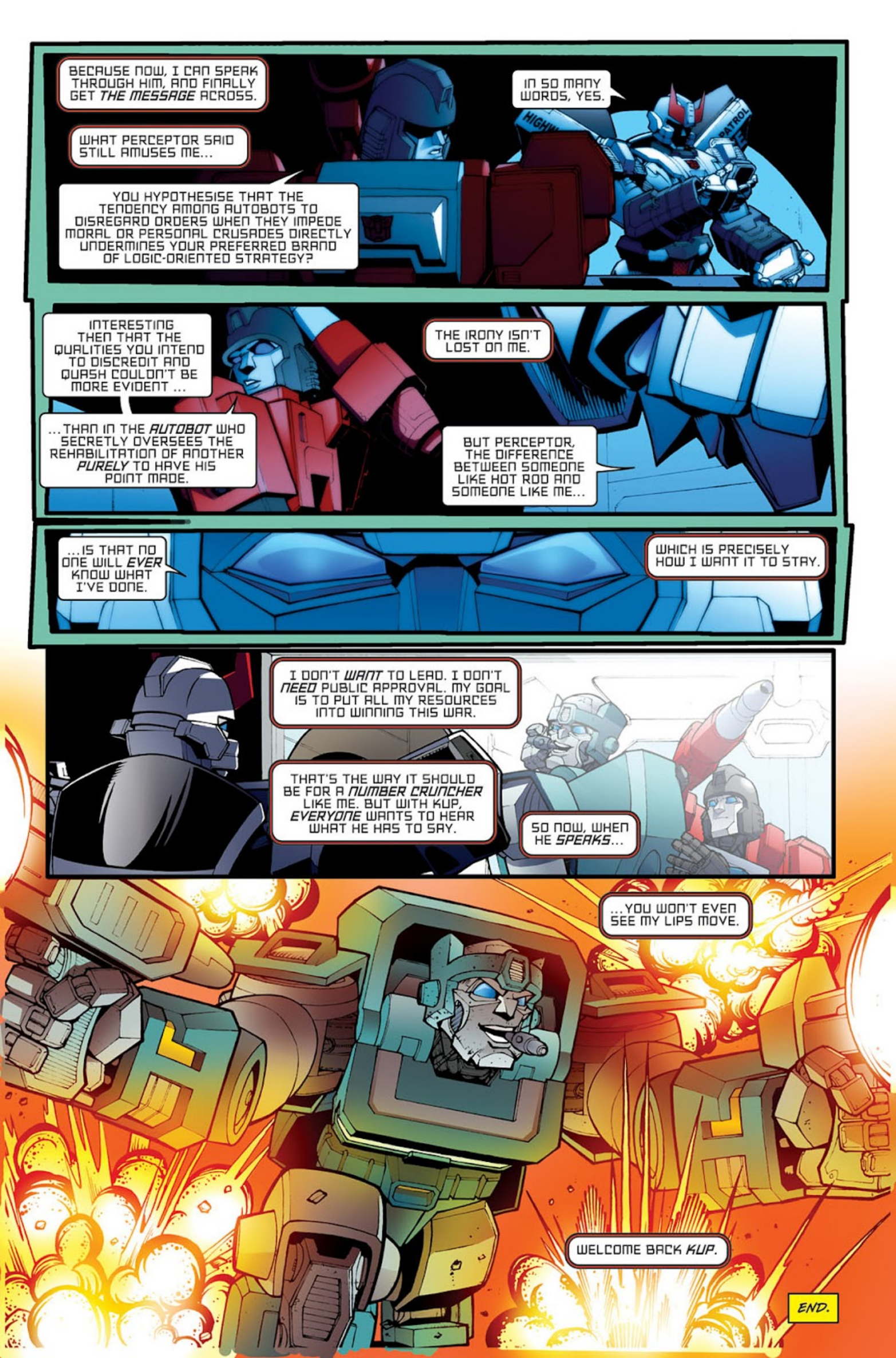

...KUP!
YOU OKAY?
UH?
OH... SURE... THE OL' ASSEMBLY-LINE FOG AIN'T COMPLETELY BURNED OFF YET...
HERE YOU GO, COMMANDER.

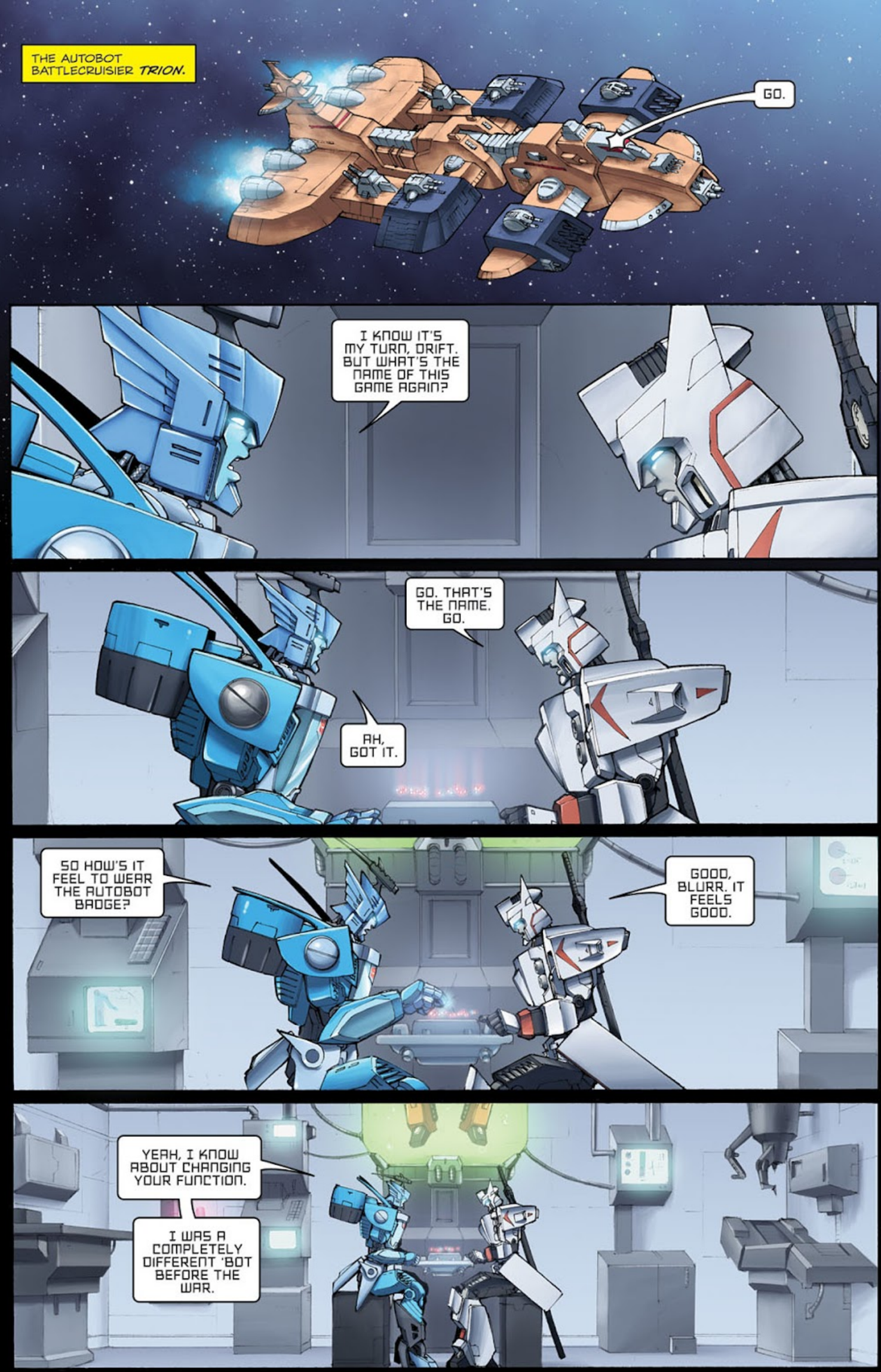

HEY! NICE JOB, PERCEPTOR! THE SCIENCE OF CONVALESCENCE HAS COME A LONG WAY, HUH? Y'KNOW THEY GOT THIS SPECIALLY *MADE* FOR ME?
KUP, I... ON BEHALF OF... I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH YOU MEAN... TO *US*. TO THE *AUTOBOTS*.
I CAN SAFELY AFFIRM THAT HE'S NEVER MEANT MORE TO *ME*.

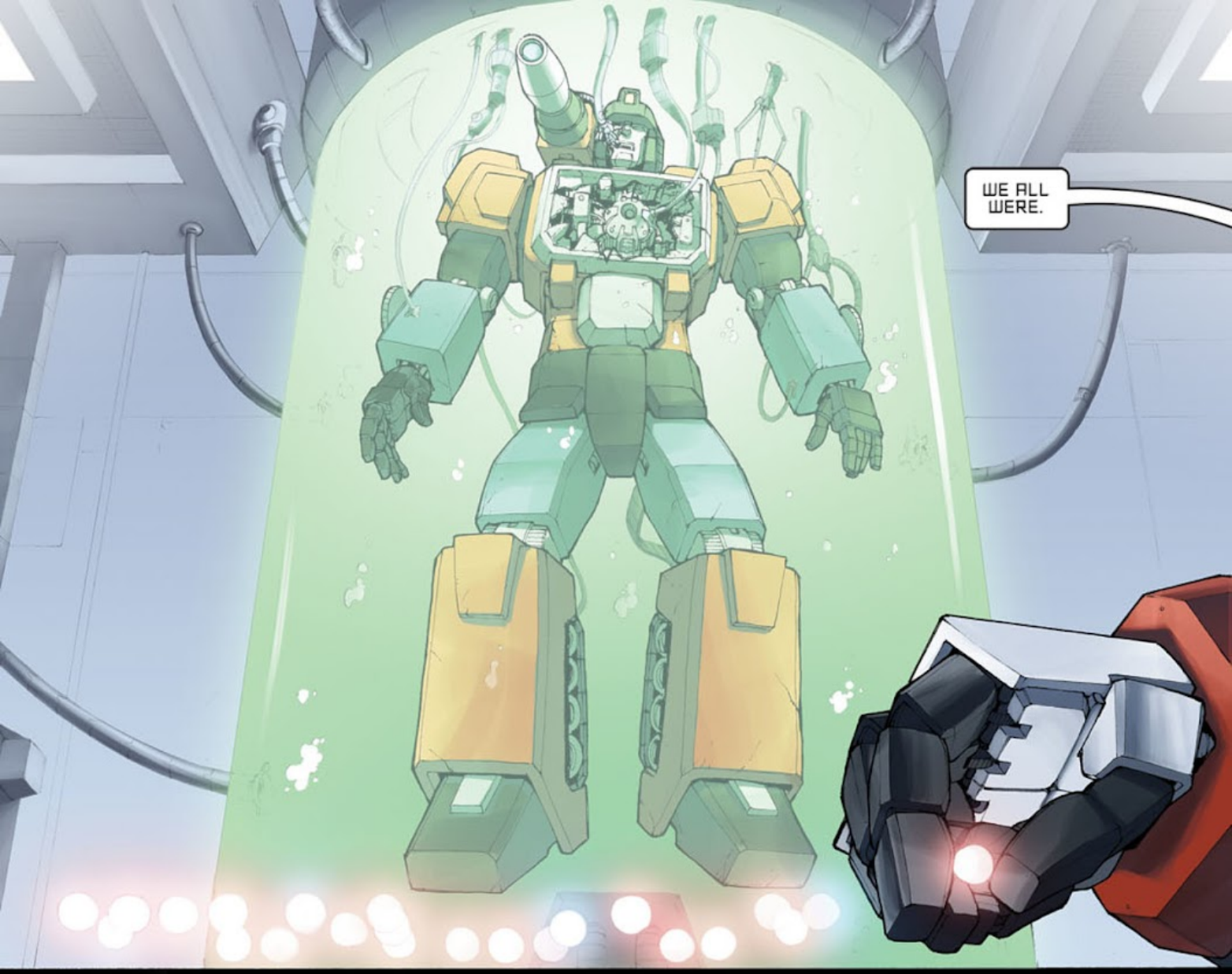

Y'KNOW, WHAT YOU SAID THERE... I APPRECIATE IT.
IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK.
PERCEPTOR, YOU'RE TO BE SECONDED TO KUP...
...*INDEFINITELY*. YOU'RE TO BE ON HAND WITH A READY SUPPLY OF FLASHBACK SUPPRESSANTS. AS WELL AS THAT, I'LL NEED YOU TO MONITOR THE INTEGRATION PROGRESS OF THOSE NEW PERSONALITY SUBROUTINES I... *SUGGESTED* BE INSTALLED.
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT...
YEAH YOU DO, PERCEPTOR.
HERE'S THE DATA-DUMP: WE'RE NOT WINNING THIS WAR, AND I'M *TIRED* OF IT. TIRED OF CRUNCHING STAT AFTER STAT, FORMULATING WORKABLE STRATEGIES FOR *ACHIEVABLE VICTORY*. PRIME LISTENS—TO A POINT—THEN GETS *RESTLESS* AND CHANGES TACK ON A WHIM.


THE AVERAGE AUTOBOT DEFAULT SETTING IS DAREDEVIL MAVERICK. THAT'S NOT *US*, PERCEPTOR. *WE* CAN SUBDIVIDE THIS WAR INTO ITS PUREST MATHEMATICAL FORM AND GENERATE SOLUTIONS ALL WE WANT, BUT UNLESS WE HAPPEN TO BE *SURFING* ON A *METEOROID* AT THE TIME, *NO ONE* WILL PAY ATTENTION.
'BOTS LIKE KUP HAVE THE SENSORS AND RECEPTORS OF THE MASSES ALREADY. HE'S THE CONDUIT. IF *WE* PROVIDE THE CODE, *KUP* WILL PROVIDE THE MASS INSTALLATION FOR US.
YOU'RE THE LEAST *WARLIKE* AUTOBOT I KNOW. BY BEING A PART OF THIS, YOU'RE BRINGING US NEARER TO *PEACE*.
100% OF THIS STATEMENT IS TRUE. HE KNOWS I'M RIGHT.
HE CAN NEVER, *EVER* KNOW WHAT HE DID.
KUP CAN *NEVER* KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT PLANET, OR WHAT WE DID—
WHAT *YOU* DID.
—WHAT WAS *DONE* TO GET HIM BACK. IF HE KNEW THAT *HIS* LIFE WAS VALUED OVER THE DOZENS WE SENT TO DIE AT HIS HANDS, THEN HE'LL JUST GO AND THROW HIMSELF IN THE NEAREST *SUN* AND HAVE DONE WITH IT.
PERCEPTOR, TRAILBREAKER, SIREN, SIZZLE, AND ANYONE ELSE FROM ARK-17 WHO KNEW WHAT HAPPENED CAN NEVER SPEAK OF THIS TO *ANYONE*.
THE DEAFENING CLATTER OF *SOLIDIFIED OBVIOUSNESS* REVERBERATES AROUND MY AUDIO RECEPTORS.
IT'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, SPRINGER.
AS IF I *HADN'T* COVERED THIS. AND EVEN IF I HADN'T, THEIR COLLECTIVE BLIND LOYALTY TO SPRINGER WOULD HAVE ENSURED THEIR SILENCE.
OF COURSE IT HAS. IF THERE WERE SOME ANGLE WHERE YOU COULD SCORE POINTS WITH PRIME FOR THIS, YOU'D HAVE IT COVERED.
CORRECT.
THOUGH IT'S FAIR TO SAY OPTIMUS PRIME WOULD BE ATTRACTED TO THE ROMANTIC NOTION OF RISKING ALL FOR A FALLEN COMRADE.
EVEN WHEN—COMPARED TO THE NUMBERS *LOST* IN RETRIEVING HIM—THAT COMRADE IS OF NEGLIGIBLE STATISTICAL IMPORTANCE. OPTIMUS WOULDN'T *BE* OPTIMUS WITHOUT HIS WILLINGNESS TO GAMBLE ALL FOR NOTHING.
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. AS TRANSFORMERS, IT'S IN OUR NATURE TO ADAPT AND CHANGE ACCORDING TO THE GIVEN SITUATION.
BUT THIS OVERPOWERING SENTIMENTALISM AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE REBEL ELEMENT HOLDS US BACK FROM VICTORY.

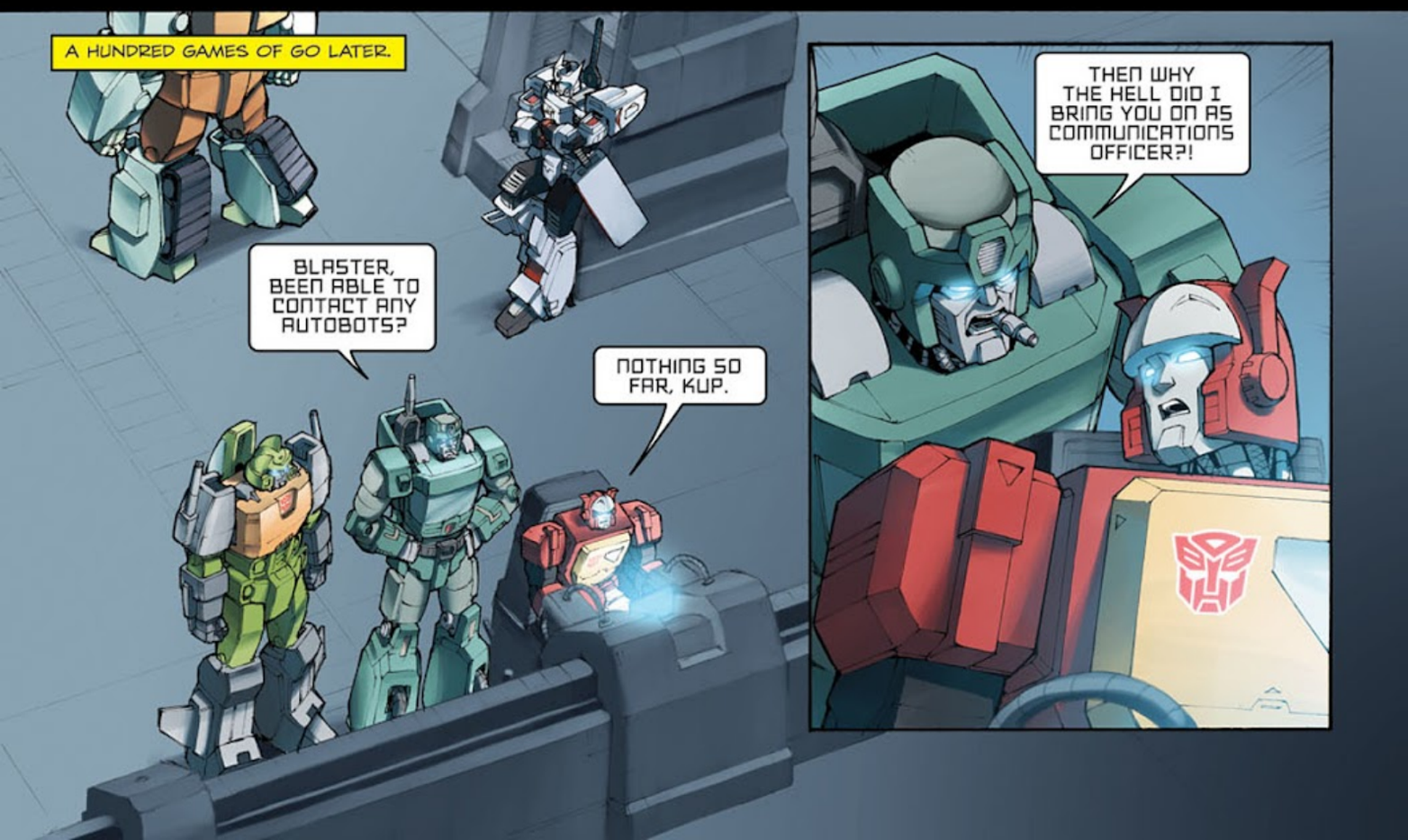

I CAN SEE THE CRACKS STARTING TO SHOW. INTEL ON THE CURRENT DECEPTICON SITUATION DRIES UP.
STILL NOTHING, PRIME.
...“STILL NOTHING”...
STATISTICALLY, IT’S A CERTAINTY THAT HIS NEED TO BE ACTIVE WILL BE *SEVERELY* COUNTERPRODUCTIVE.
MY PROJECTIONS AND STRATEGIZING ALL SAY THE SAME THING: DO *NOTHING*.
WAIT.
PRIME TRUSTS MY ADVICE. HE LISTENS TO ME.
BUT SOON, PRIME WON’T BE ABLE TO HEAR ME ANYMORE, MY VOICE JUST A CONDUIT FOR FACTS AND FIGURES. IT DOESN’T SPEAK TO THE *WARRIOR* INSIDE.
NOT LIKE *IRONHIDE* DOES...
YOU KNOW WHAT *I* THINK...
BUT WE ALLOW RATCHET, HOT ROD, GRIMLOCK, AND SPRINGER—SANCTIONING UNTRAINED AUTOBOTS TO RESCUE A DERANGED VETERAN—TO BUCK THE SYSTEM.
REPEATED LOSS OF LIVES UNDER HIS COMMAND WHILE ON NON-ESSENTIAL MISSIONS
FAILURE TO COMPLY WITH PLANET-EVACUATION ORDER
SEE FILES 0001 THROUGH 0113
*SANCTIONED SCIENCE TEAM TO ENTER COMBAT SITUATION
AND THEN *CELEBRATE* THEM.
COMPARE THESE EXAMPLES WITH THE DECEPTICONS. OF COURSE, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN ROGUE ELEMENTS—THE *SCORPONOKS*, *BLUDGEONS*, AND *THUNDERWINGS*—BUT FOR THE MOST PART, THEY ACT AS *ONE*.
THEY MAY HAVE SINISTER GOALS, BUT THERE’S NOTHING EVIL ABOUT REASON, ANALYSIS, DISCIPLINE... *LOGIC*.
WHY CAN’T THESE BE THE *TOOLS* OF THE *AUTOBOTS*?
I’M JUST NOT THE FIGUREHEAD AUTOBOTS SEEM TO *NEED*. BUT THEN, I DON’T *WANT* TO BE. I DON’T *THRIVE* ON ATTENTION. IT’S THE BADGE ON MY CHEST THAT MATTERS, NOT MY FACE.
SO FROM NOW ON, *KUP’S* MY FACE.
OR ONE OF THEM.
HE WAS ALREADY A LIVING LEGEND. NOW HE’S BACK ONLINE, HE’LL BE IN THE SPOTLIGHT EVEN MORE, ALL OPTICS LOCKED ON *HIM*. GOOD.


BECAUSE NOW, I CAN SPEAK THROUGH HIM, AND FINALLY GET *THE MESSAGE* ACROSS.
WHAT PERCEPTOR SAID STILL AMUSES ME...
YOU HYPOTHESISE THAT THE TENDENCY AMONG AUTOBOTS TO DISREGARD ORDERS WHEN THEY IMPEDE MORAL OR PERSONAL CRUSADES DIRECTLY UNDERMINES YOUR PREFERRED BRAND OF LOGIC-ORIENTED STRATEGY?
IN SO MANY WORDS, YES.
INTERESTING THEN THAT THE QUALITIES YOU INTEND TO DISCREDIT AND QUASH COULDN'T BE MORE EVIDENT ...
...THAN IN THE *AUTOBOT* WHO SECRETLY OVERSEES THE REHABILITATION OF ANOTHER *PURELY* TO HAVE HIS POINT MADE.
THE IRONY ISN'T LOST ON ME.
BUT PERCEPTOR, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOMEONE LIKE HOT ROD AND SOMEONE LIKE ME...
...IS THAT NO ONE WILL *EVER* KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE.
WHICH IS PRECISELY HOW I WANT IT TO STAY.
I DON'T *WANT* TO LEAD. I DON'T *NEED* PUBLIC APPROVAL. MY GOAL IS TO PUT ALL MY RESOURCES INTO WINNING THIS WAR.
THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE FOR A *NUMBER CRUNCHER* LIKE ME. BUT WITH KUP, *EVERYONE* WANTS TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.
SO NOW, WHEN HE *SPEAKS*...
...YOU WON'T EVEN SEE MY LIPS MOVE.
WELCOME BACK *KUP*.
END.

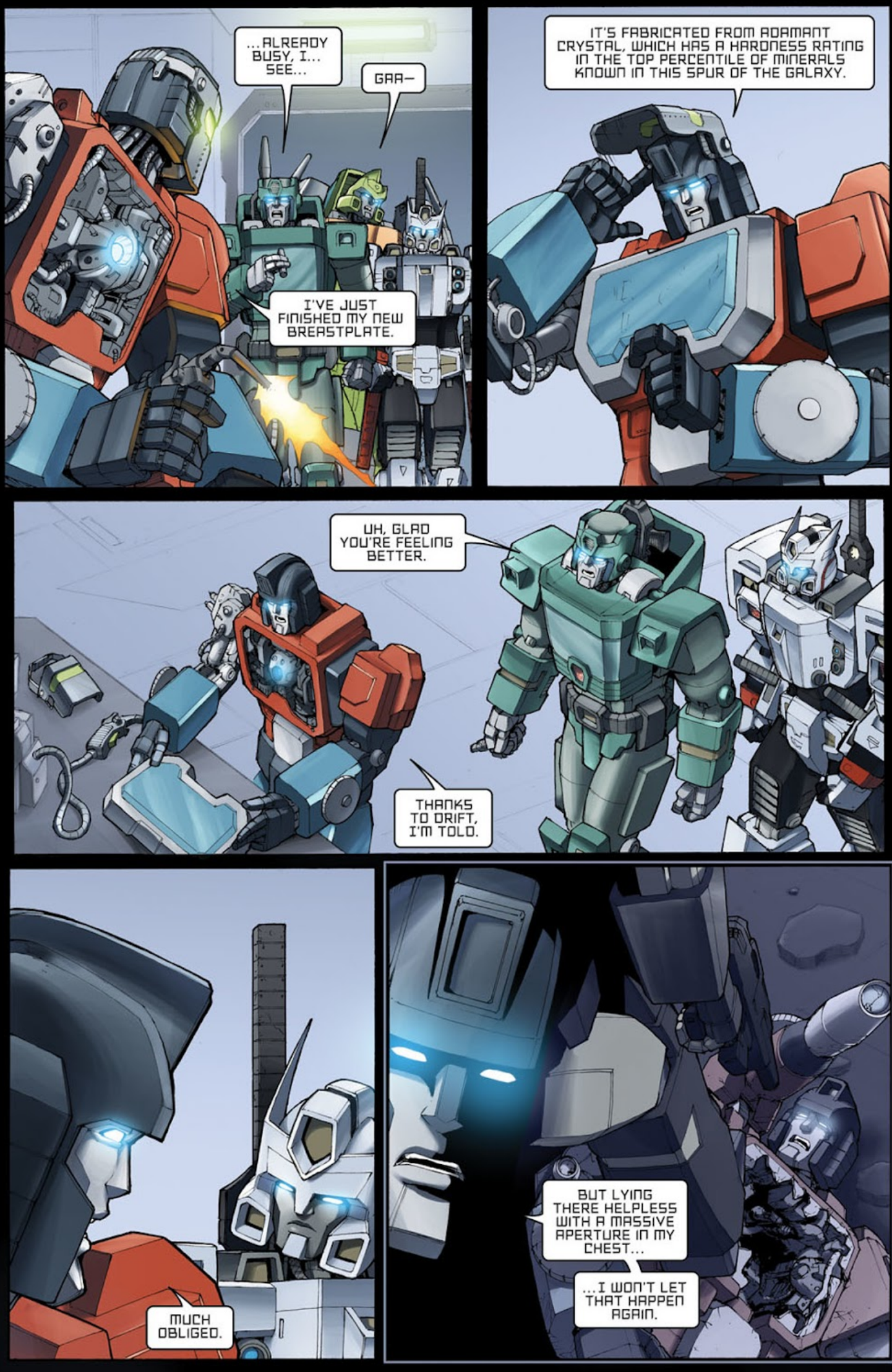

THE AUTOBOT BATTLECRUISER *TRION*.
GO.
I KNOW IT'S MY TURN, DRIFT. BUT WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS GAME AGAIN?
GO. THAT'S THE NAME. GO.
AH, GOT IT.
SO HOW'S IT FEEL TO WEAR THE AUTOBOT BADGE?
GOOD, BLURR. IT FEELS GOOD.
YEAH, I KNOW ABOUT CHANGING YOUR FUNCTION.
I WAS A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT 'BOT BEFORE THE WAR.


WE ALL WERE.

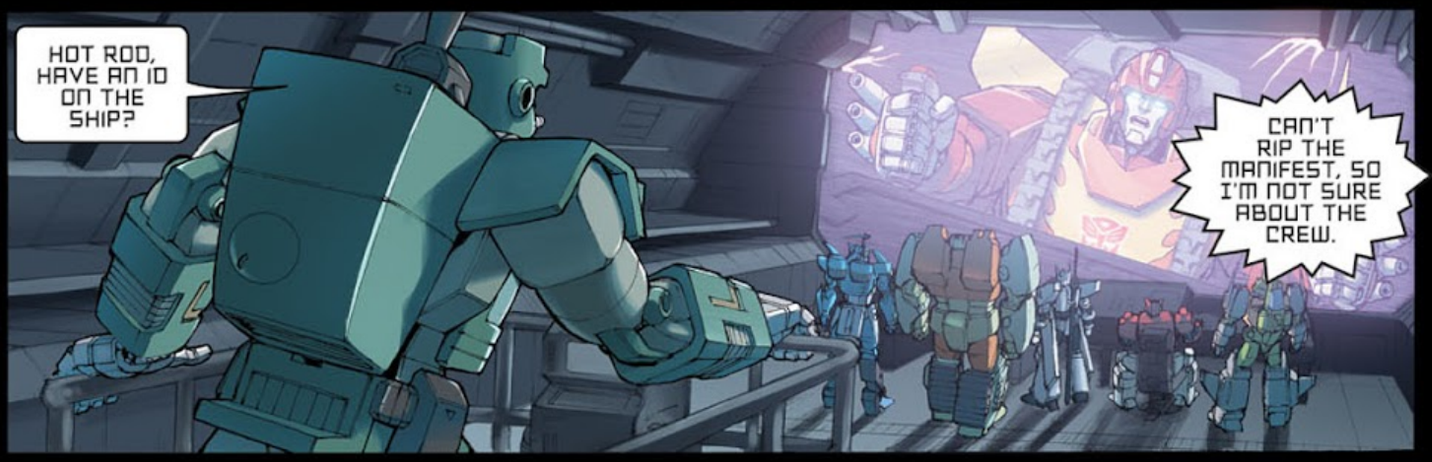
"LOST & FOUND"


A HUNDRED GAMES OF GO LATER.
BLASTER, BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT ANY AUTOBOTS?
NOTHING SO FAR, KUP.
THEN WHY THE HELL DID I BRING YOU ON AS COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER?!

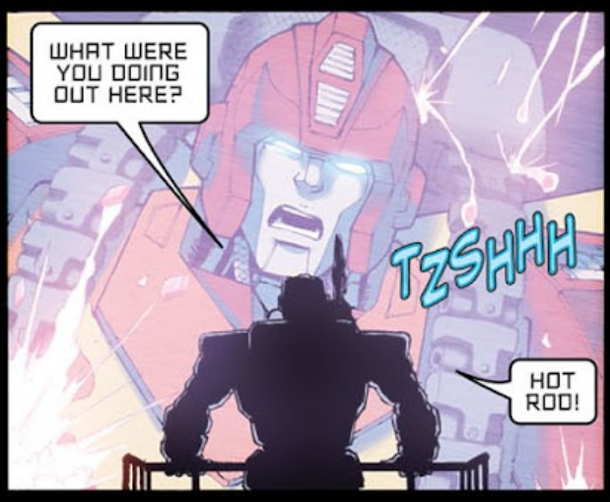

KUP—
SORRY. ALL THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS, NOW NOTHING. CAN'T EVEN RAISE THE COMMAND HUB...
...SOMETHING BAD IS HAPPENING.
PERCEPTOR'S BACK ONLINE.
THANK PRIMUS.
GREAT NEWS, KID.
BUT SOMETHING'S UP. HE'S NOT QUITE UP TO SPEED YET.
THERE'S OUR BRAINIAC...


...ALREADY BUSY, I... SEE...
GAA—
I'VE JUST FINISHED MY NEW BREASTPLATE.
IT'S FABRICATED FROM ADAMANT CRYSTAL, WHICH HAS A HARDNESS RATING IN THE TOP PERCENTILE OF MINERALS KNOWN IN THIS SPUR OF THE GALAXY.
UH, GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.
THANKS TO DRIFT, I'M TOLD.
MUCH OBLIGED.
BUT LYING THERE HELPLESS WITH A MASSIVE APERTURE IN MY CHEST...
...I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN.


LATER.
THESE STABILIZERS WILL HELP IMPROVE MY AIM.
WHY? WE NEED YOU AT WORK IN THE LAB.
MY SCOPE CAN BE USED FOR OTHER THINGS, THINGS MORE USEFUL IN THIS WAR.
AND IN REPAYING MY DEBT TO DRIFT.
THERE'S NO DEBT. I DON'T FEEL I OWE YOU FOR HELPING PUT ME BACK TOGETHER.
JUST DOIN' YOUR JOB. THAT'S ALL ANY 'BOT CAN ASK.
WE ALL HAVE A DEBT TO PAY.
KUP, WE'VE GOT A TRANSMISSION. IT'S FAINT... IT'S... HOT ROD...
"...HE'S GOT A DECEPTICON BATTLECRUISER HOT ON HIS TAIL."
"ON OUR WAY, BLASTER."


HOT ROD, HAVE AN ID ON THE SHIP?
CAN'T RIP THE MANIFEST, SO I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE CREW.

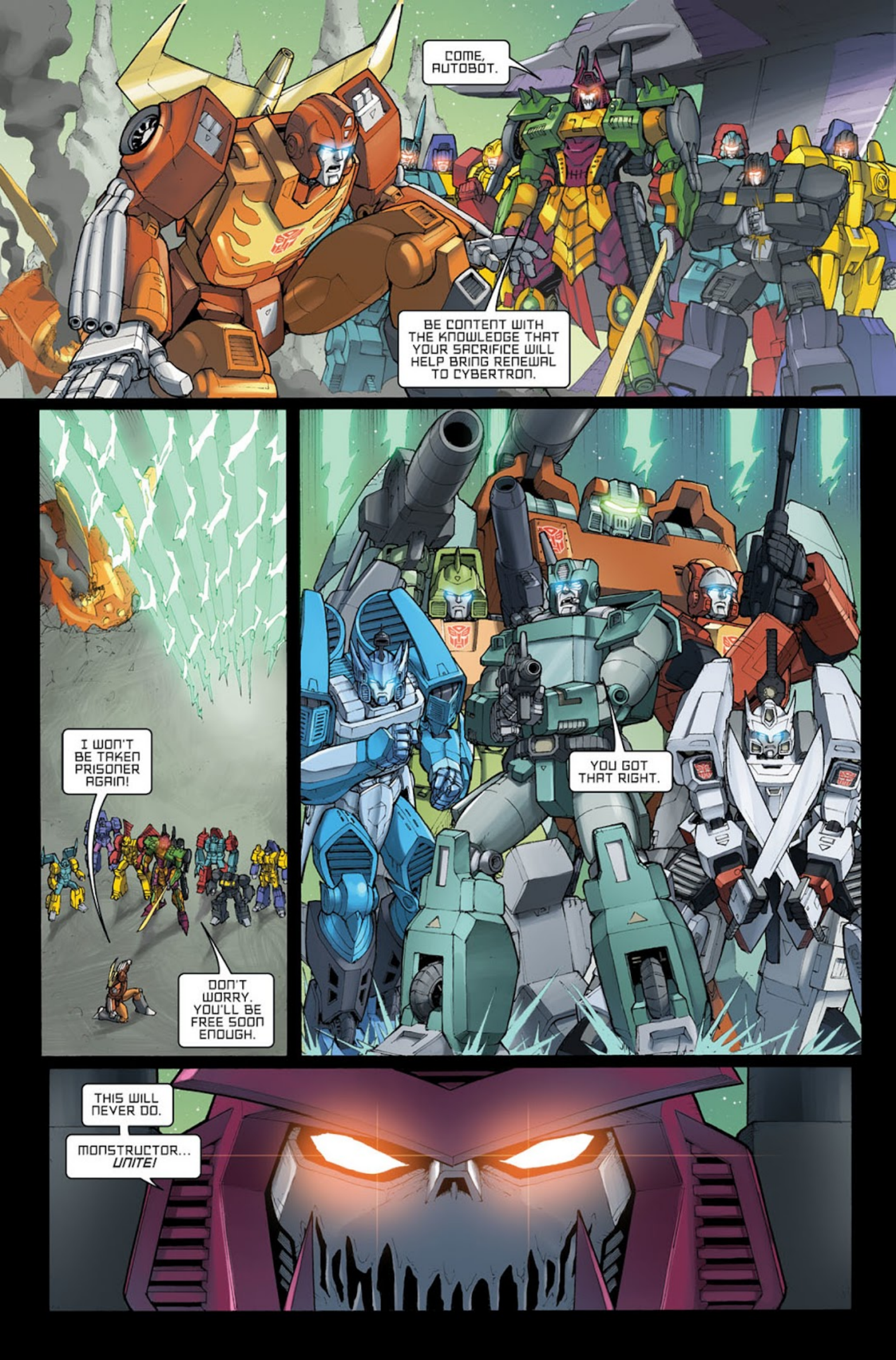

"WELL, EXCEPT FOR THIS 'BOT WITH A FEW SENSOR CABLES LOOSE... BLUDGEON...
"...HE SENDS THE MOST CHARMING TRANSMISSIONS THAT DESCRIBE HOW I'LL 'BURN IN THE PURIFYING FLAMES' OR 'BE TURNED INTO A CINDER.' "


WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
TZSHHH
HOT ROD!


EVERYBODY, LOCK IN!
WHERE'S PERCEPTOR?
STILL IN THE INFIRMARY. DOING PRIMUS KNOWS WHAT TO HIMSELF.


PERCEPTOR, WE'RE ABOUT TO GO ON A LITTLE RESCUE MISSION. IF THINGS GET HAIRY, I NEED YOU TO STAY WITH THE SHIP AS BACKUP.
YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THIS YET.
YOU'RE RIGHT, KUP. I'M NOT READY—YET.


I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS FROM HERE.


COME, AUTOBOT.
BE CONTENT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR SACRIFICE WILL HELP BRING RENEWAL TO CYBERTRON.
I WON'T BE TAKEN PRISONER AGAIN!
DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE FREE SOON ENOUGH.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.
THIS WILL NEVER DO.
MONSTRUCTOR... *UNITE!*




KLANG
THIS IS GONNA GET UGLY.


SSSSS


WHAM


HIT IT HARD WHERE THE TORSO COMPONENTS CONNECT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
BADA-BOOM


JUST DOIN' MY JOB.

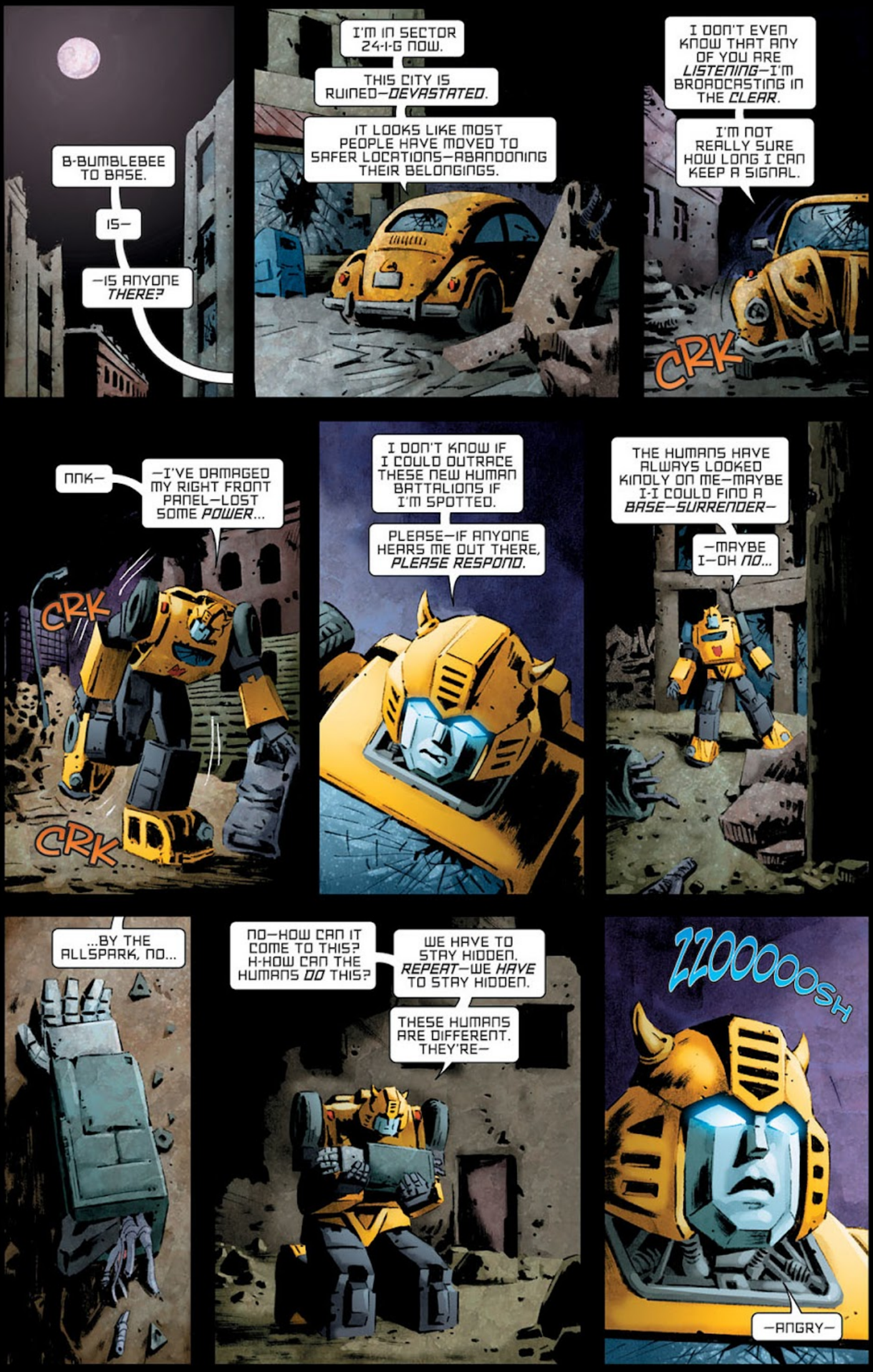

YOUR JOB? THAT WOULD BE *SCIENTIST*. *NOT* SHARPSHOOTER.
I HAVE A NEW PURPOSE NOW.
YOU'VE DEFILED YOURSELF.
OUR RACE'S DISTINCT NATURE IS BASED UPON OUR ADAPTABILITY. THAT'S LARGELY BEEN FORGOTTEN SINCE THE WAR BEGAN.
UH, GUYS. THE 'CONS ARE GETTING AWAY.
BLASTER, SEE TO SPRINGER.
WE'LL GO AFTER THEM IN THE TRION...
...THOSE 'BOTS HAVE A DEBT TO PAY.
END.


IDW
#16
Cover A
$3.99
THE TRANSFORMERS
ALL HAIL MEGATRON


HIDDEN
TUNK
TUNK
TUNK
BUMBLEBEE TO BASE.
BUMBLEBEE TO BASE.
COME IN, BASE.
HMM.


SERGEANT! MOVEMENT IN QUADRANT DELTA!
SQUAD 4—MOVE IN.
HE'S OVER THIS RISE!
I CAN HEAR HIM!
CLUNK
CLANK
CRUNCH
WELL, I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'.
ARE YOU SURE THAT GIZMO OF YOURS CAN ACTUALLY FIND THESE—
SERGEANT! LOOK!
WHAT IS IT?
HA.
YOU WANT TO KNOW IF THOSE THINGS ARE IN THIS SECTOR?
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER.
ALL RIGHT...
...LOPEZ! KLONOWSKI! COVER THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS BUILDING.
THIS FOOTPRINT'S FRESH.


HEY, DAN-O, Y'HEAR WHAT COLLINS WAS SAYIN' BACK AT SAT-COM?
NO, WHAT?
HE SAID THAT THE CARS ARE THE GOOD ROBOTS. IT'S THE PLANES THAT ARE BAD.
PFF! WHAT DOES COLLINS KNOW?
HE JUST SITS IN FRONT OF A SCREEN WHILE WE'RE THE ONES TAKIN' THESE MACHINES DOWN.
BESIDES...
...I SAW THAT BIG CONSTRUCTION ONE TAKE OUT THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.
THAT WAS NO PLANE. IT WAS LIKE 60% CARS—MORE IF YOU INCLUDE BULLDOZERS.
NO, NO...
...HE SAID IT'S JUST PRODUCTION CARS—STREET LEGAL ONES.
WELL, THAT'S WORSE THEN, AIN'T IT?
HELL...
...AN F-15 AND AN EXCAVATOR YOU CAN SEE COMING. BUT A ROBOT DISGUISED AS A CAR...
...THEY CAN BE RIGHT UP ON YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
WELL, COLLINS SAYS—
YEAH, YEAH, "COLLINS SAYS." AND IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, KID, I GOT A BRIDGE TO SELL YA...
...ONE THAT TRANSFORMS INTO A BEAUTIFUL RAINBOW!
HA HA HA!
OW!
SHUT UP!


B-BUMBLEBEE TO BASE.
IS—
—IS ANYONE THERE?
I'M IN SECTOR 24-I-G NOW.
THIS CITY IS RUINED—DEVASTATED.
IT LOOKS LIKE MOST PEOPLE HAVE MOVED TO SAFER LOCATIONS—ABANDONING THEIR BELONGINGS.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT ANY OF YOU ARE LISTENING—I'M BROADCASTING IN THE CLEAR.
I'M NOT REALLY SURE HOW LONG I CAN KEEP A SIGNAL.
CRK
NNK—
—I'VE DAMAGED MY RIGHT FRONT PANEL—LOST SOME POWER...
CRK
CRK
I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD OUTRACE THESE NEW HUMAN BATTALIONS IF I'M SPOTTED.
PLEASE—IF ANYONE HEARS ME OUT THERE, PLEASE RESPOND.
THE HUMANS HAVE ALWAYS LOOKED KINDLY ON ME—MAYBE I-I COULD FIND A BASE—SURRENDER—
—MAYBE I—OH NO...
...BY THE ALLSPARK, NO...
NO—HOW CAN IT COME TO THIS? H-HOW CAN THE HUMANS DO THIS?
WE HAVE TO STAY HIDDEN. REPEAT—WE HAVE TO STAY HIDDEN.
THESE HUMANS ARE DIFFERENT. THEY'RE—
ZZOOOOOSH
—ANGRY—




IDIOT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I—I—


—I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THEM—!
IT LOOKED LIKE A-A REGULAR CAR, BUT IT CHIRPED AT ME LIKE A BIRD—
LIKE A BIRD?!
YOU MORON—


—THAT WAS THE SECURITY SYSTEM!
OUR CAR!


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO OUR CAR?
WHA—WHO ARE YOU?
THERE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ANYONE IN THIS SECTOR.
YEAH, I KNOW! NOT IN ANY OTHER SECTOR, EITHER—WE'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL DAY, AND WE NEED A PLACE TO REST. WE'VE GOT LITTLE KIDS!
AND NOW YOU'VE BLOWN UP ALL OF OUR STUFF—DAMN IT, WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
W-WELL...
GET THE PEOPLE-MOVERS.
WE GOT A GUY LOSIN' IT HERE.
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO GET OURSELVES AND OUR FRIENDS TO—
FRIENDS? YOU GOT OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS BUILDING?
LOOK, CIVILIAN—THIS AIN'T SAFE. WE GOTTA GET YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OUT TO ONE OF THE CAMPS. THESE CITIES ARE EVACUATED.
NO!
THOSE CAMPS AREN'T SAFE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
THE MACHINES CAN HIT THEM AT ANY TIME.
WE'RE SAFER IN THIS BUILDING.
WHAT THE—?
RANGE 20 M.
SIDE OF BUILDING.
>ZOOM[]
RANGE 25 M.
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY COMPROMISED.
EXPLOSION DAMAGE.
HEAT EXCEEDING BUILDING MATERIAL LIMIT.
>DISENGAGE SCOPE[]
COME ON, COME ON...
GET THEM OUT...
LOOK, FORGET IT, MISTER. OUR RELOCATION TEAM IS ALMOST HERE.
YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE ARE COMING WITH US.


GET YOUR KIDS, GET WHATEVER STUFF IS LEFT, AND GET YOUR PEOPLE DOWN HERE...
...WE'RE DUSTING OFF IN FIVE MINUTES.
YOU CAN'T MAKE US! I'VE SEEN THE PLANES THAT TURN INTO ROBOTS—THEY CAN GET YOU OUT IN THE OPEN.
PLEASE—AT LEAST HERE WE HAVE A CHANCE!
MY KIDS—THEY HAVE NIGHTMARES EVERY NIGHT. HELL, SO DO I...
...ABOUT THESE METAL CREATURES CHARGING IN AND—
RANGE 10 M.
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY CRITICAL.
>ENGAGE SPRINT MODE[]
—AND, UH...
...OH, GOD...
TH-THIS IS IT!
FIRE!
FIRE!
BRTTTT
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BACKUP! BACKUP NOW! WE'VE GOT A YELLOW 604 HERE IN SECTOR 8G!
PYANG
PTINK
PTINK
ZANG
VIP
WE'VE—
STOP IT! STOP THAT THING BEFORE IT GETS TO OUR KIDS! IT—
—IT—


HNNK—
WAIT— WHAT IS HE—
POUR IT ON!
WHILE HE'S STUNNED! NAIL HIM!
NO! NO, LOOK! THE BUILDING IS CRUMBLING UNDER—
SHUT UP, SIR—GET INSIDE AND LET US HANDLE THIS!
THAT ROBOT IS GOING DOWN! TAKE COVER, NOW!
BRTTTTTT
KAREN! KAREN, GET THE KIDS OUT!
VIP
ZING
ZANG
PANG


BRTTTTT
PZANG
BRTTTTT


REINFORCEMENTS ARE HERE! HIT IT! HIT IT HARD!
VIP
HKK— COME... ON...


I'VE GOT THE KIDS—EVERYONE ELSE IS OUT—
C'MON, KAREN, DOWN THE STAIRS—
RANGE 10 M.
>CORE AT HALF POWER[]


COME O—HKKH!
PZANG
YEAH!


HE'S DOWN! MOVE IN—FINISH HIM OFF!
HGLK—


WHERE'S THE VITAL SPOT ON THESE THINGS?
THE HEAD! THE HEAD!
NO, NO, PUT TWO IN THE CHEST!


OKAY, THEN, SAYONARA, YOU METAL SON OF A—GHAGH!
ZAKK
NO.


YOU WILL LEAVE HIM ALONE.
...PRIME...
LOOK OUT—THE BUILDING'S FALLING!
RUN!
GET BUMBLEBEE—GET HIM!
RANGE 5 MXM.
>REROUTXE PXOWER[]
...PRIME...
...YOU FOUND ME...
XBGT 55 XXF
>GLBGTX[]


HEY...
>INITIALIZING[]
...ANYONE IN THERE?
TAP TAP
RR—
RATCHET?
THERE HE IS.
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE—
TAKE IT EASY, SON. YOUR HYDRAULICS STILL AREN'T ALL CONNECTED.
YOU TOOK A BIT OF A BEATING OUT THERE.
I-I GUESS YOU GOT MY BROADCAST, HUH...
WITH THE WAY YOUR RADIO WAS BUSTED? NOT LIKELY.
NO, WE CAUGHT YOU ON THE HUMANS' CHANNEL.
T-THE HUMANS' CHANNEL...?
WE HEARD YOU AS THE "YELLOW 604" THAT THEY WERE YELLING ABOUT TO THEIR REINFORCEMENTS.
YOU KNOW, IT'S FUNNY, REALLY. I GOTTA ADMIT, PRIME CALLED IT.
P-PRIME?
HE SAID, "LISTEN TO THE HUMANS.
"THERE'S NO WAY BUMBLEBEE CAN STAY HIDDEN. SOONER OR LATER...
"...HE'S JUST GOING TO HAVE TO SAVE SOMEONE."
NOW YOU SHOULD REST, SOLDIER.
REST...
...AND RECHARGE.
END.


SO HE'S KEPT ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE?
I TOLD YOU, THIS GUY IS THE BEST.
D-72
C-
YEAH, OR SOMEBODY'S DAD PULLED SOME STRINGS.
LISTEN TO ME, GENTLEMEN. YOU WEREN'T HERE FOR IT. YOU DIDN'T ACTUALLY SEE WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE AROUND HERE.
SO I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE WE GET IN THERE, JUST SO YOU HEAR IT DIRECTLY FROM ME.
WHAT THAT KID DID IS THE FINEST PIECE OF SOLDIERING I'VE EVER SEEN. WHAT WE ALL OWE HIM IS BEYOND EVALUATION.
HE'S THE CLOSEST THING TO A SUPERHERO WE'VE GOT.
GENTLEMEN...


...SPIKE WITWICKY.
THE MAN OF STEEL


HEY, GUYS. I THINK THERE'S ROOM DOWN AT THE FOOT OF THE BED.
OKAY, LADIES. I THINK THERE'S SOME OLD LADY CHOKING ON HER JELL-O DOWN THE HALL.
THIS IS PETER DILLE, AND THIS IS FRANK SHIN, FROM THE U.N.
MAJOR WITWICKY.
COLONEL.


MAJOR WITWICKY. PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.
YEAH, HI, GUYS. IT'S GONNA BE A FEW WEEKS BEFORE I CAN DO AUTOGRAPHS. SORRY.
MAJOR...
MAJOR, WE'RE HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS.
WELL, I'D HOPE SO. OTHERWISE YOU JUST SCARED OFF THE VIEW FOR NO REASON. NOT A GREAT WAY TO MAKE A FRIEND.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?
WELL... WHY DON'T YOU START BY TELLING US HOW YOU ENDED UP IN THIS BED?

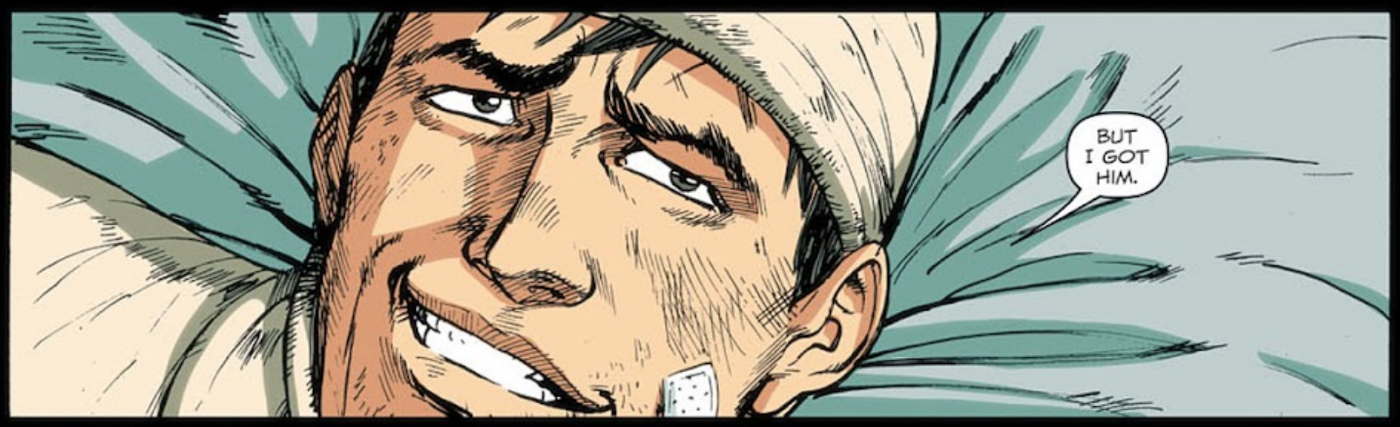

"AFTER THE NEW YORK INCIDENT, THE U.S. ARMY HAD AN ENTIRE DIVISION DEPLOYED TO THE CITY FOR OVER A YEAR.
"FOR MY PART, I GOT A MEDAL, GOT A PROMOTION, AND I GOT MY OWN UNIT.
"THEY HAD PLENTY OF PEOPLE FOR THE REBUILDING EFFORTS. ME AND MY MEN WERE GIVEN ANOTHER MISSION.
"WE WERE GONNA GO HUNT DOWN WHICHEVER OF THOSE THINGS WERE LEFT."


"YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN WE FOUND ONE HALF-SMASHED, HIDING OUT IN ONE OF THE VACANT BUILDINGS.
"AND LAST TUESDAY HAPPENED TO BE ONE OF THOSE DAYS."
SIR, I REALLY THINK WE SHOULD CALL IN AIR SUPPORT ON THIS ONE. IT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE WOUNDED. AND IT'S... IT'S REALLY FAST.
SERGEANT, THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S NEARLY FINISHED RECONSTRUCTION. PEOPLE ARE SUPPOSED TO START MOVING BACK IN A FEW WEEKS.
I'M NOT HAVING SOME HOT-HEAD FLYBOY STREAK IN HERE AND TURN IT BACK INTO RUBBLE.
MAKE SURE NOTHING COMES OUT OF THERE.
BURROW




OH SP—
GREAT JOB, GUYS. MAYBE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN IT ANOTHER FEW WEEKS.
UH-OH.


VAP


BUT I GOT HIM.


WELL, THAT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE WORK, MAJOR. WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR BUSINESS. ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH SKYWATCH?


I'VE HEARD THINGS. MOST OF THEM BAD.
WELL, THAT WAS THE OLD REGIME. SKYWATCH IS UNDER THE UMBRELLA OF THE U.N. NOW. WE HAVE A NEW MAN IN CHARGE. TRUSTWORTHY.
AMERICAN.


WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR CAN NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. THE U.N. HAS CREATED A COMMITTEE TO MONITOR AND OVERSEE ALL OF THE ALIEN ACTIVITY ON THE PLANET. SKYWATCH WILL BE THE AGENCY WE RUN OUR OPERATIONS THROUGH. WE'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN.


GUYS, LOOK AT ME. I'M IN TRACTION FROM FIGHTING A ROBOTIC PUMA. I'M NOT A BUREAUCRAT.
WE KNOW. WE WANT YOU TO HEAD UP FIELD OPERATIONS.


BASICALLY, WE WANT YOU TO TAKE YOUR CRUSADE GLOBAL. FIND THESE THINGS. STOP THEM. ALL THE RESOURCES OF 192 NATIONS.
ARE YOU IN?
AND HERE I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A BORING MONTH.
EXCELLENT. WE'LL HAVE YOUR ROOM MOVED TO OUR FACILITY TONIGHT.
HEY, ONE LAST THING. THIS TRUSTWORTHY AMERICAN. DO I KNOW HIM?
YES. YES, YOU DO.
HE'S YOUR FATHER.
END.